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THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MILTON; with *Notes of various Authors. The Third Edition. With other Illustrations, and with some Account of the Life and Writings of Milton; derived principally from Documents in his Majesty's State-Paper Office, now first published.* By the Rev. H. J. Todd, &c. 6 vols. 8vo.

We are sorry to be opposed on any occasion to the authority of the learned and venerable Bishop of Salisbury; but that the recently discovered Treatise of Christian Doctrine is the long lost work of Milton, appears to be now established beyond all controversy. By evidence from the state-paper office, brought to light since Dr. Sumner's translation appeared, and incorporated in the present edition of Mr. Todd's *Life of the great poet*, it seems that Daniel Skinner, a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and probably nephew of Cyriack, consigned such a treatise, together with Milton's state-letters, to the hands of Elzevir, to be printed at Amsterdam—that Elzevir declined publishing them, as containing things which, in his opinion, had better be suppressed, and wrote to that effect to Sir Joseph Williamson, then one of the secretaries of state—that meanwhile Dr. Barrow, the master of Trinity, sent a peremptory order to Skinner, who was at Paris, to repair immediately to college, and to desist from making public “any writing mischievous to church or state,” on pain of forfeiting his fellowship; and, by a conjecture, almost amounting to certainty, it is supposed, that the said Daniel Skinner did, in obedience to this summons, return to England, and deliver up the suspected papers to the secretary.

It was natural enough that the exhumation of such a work should again direct the attention of the world more particularly to the writings of its illustrious author; and that, after the lapse of a century and a half, we should look on the relic with the feelings of the Roman peasant whose ploughshare happened to turn up the bones of his forefathers, and, with him, wonder at the gigantic stature of the men who lived in the civil wars.

Still we must not suffer a great name to lead us astray—“*Unusquisque valeat in arte sua.*” Cicero was an admirable orator, yet a very ordinary writer of verse; and Sir Isaac Newton

is pronounced, by no mean authority, to have been, out of his own province, but a common man. Whilst we bow, therefore, to Milton as the poet,—in Milton as a divine or a statesman we can only see a visionary; and cannot but think that, to assert his merits in these latter departments, is to come forward (if we may use the words of a great master of eloquence) “with hymns and cymbals to adore the mighty luminary when he is suffering an eclipse.”

The character of Milton, long as it has been before the world, has, until lately, been but partially understood. It is not to be gathered from his poetry alone, and his prose (vigorous as some of it is) has been little studied; nor indeed are his views on many points so fully developed in any of his former works as in this most curious Treatise of Christian Doctrine. In him we now possess, filled up with all the accuracy of detail, a magnificent specimen of the Puritan in his least offensive form; the fervour, the devotion, the honest indignation, the moral fearlessness, the uncompromising impetuosity, the fantastic imagination of the party, all conspicuous; unalloyed, however, by the hypocrisy, the vulgarity, the cant, the cunning, and bad taste, which have so generally made the name to stink in the nostrils of men.

It is only by the study of individuals that we can make a tolerable estimate of the merits and defects of a body of men, which is one of the most remarkable in our annals, and which has not left itself without witness in the civil, religious, and even domestic relations of our country to this very day. Happily materials for forming such a judgment are abundantly supplied in the fruitful biography of those times: for ill indeed should we fare were we compelled to put our trust in the professed historian of Non-Conformity. With Neal, we must even walk like Agag, when suspicious of danger, “*delicately.*” He may not always directly assert what is false, but he perpetually suppresses what is true—where he has not the boldness to make a charge, he can imply a suspicion—where a plain tale would set him or his party down, he can be ambiguous as an oracle, prepared with one sense to mislead his reader, with another to save himself. It would be at least as fair to go to Hudibras or Drunken Barnaby for a picture of a Non-Conformist, as to trust to Neal for that of a Churchman. With him, every refractory freak of a Puritan is a struggle of conscience, and every act of resis-

tance in a bishop an argument of bigotry. The one the most reasonable, the other the most narrow-minded of men; the scruples of the Roundhead are to be treated with tenderness, as respectable and innocent, those of the ecclesiastic to be over-ruled as mere cloaks to ambition and avarice; the crazy projects of the one are so many instances of lofty and seraphical virtue, the prudential considerations of the other are low, timeserving, and earthly.

That many amongst the Puritans acted in the most perfect sincerity of heart, there can be no dispute. They no doubt believed that the doctrines they taught, and the schemes they proposed, were for the best—and the same may be said of most of the inmates of Bedlam. Certain, however, it is, that had it fallen to their lot to conduct the Reformation under Elizabeth, the great cause would have run infinite risk of miscarriage. That arbitrary monarch had a leaning towards Rome in almost every thing but the doctrine of papal supremacy. To the real presence she was understood to have no objection; the celibacy of the clergy she decidedly approved; the gorgeous rites of the ancient form of worship she admired, and in her own chapel, retained. There wanted little but a Sampson or a Cartwright at the head of affairs at this critical period, instead of a Parker or a Whitgift, to put out the candle that old Latimer had lighted, and to sacrifice the substantial interests of religion to a cope and surplice.

Those, truly, were days when gnats were strained at and camels swallowed; else it should seem strange indeed, that persons who could not tolerate a piece of innocent Irish linen because it had decorated the shoulders of a priest, should find no qualms at abandoning their congregations (which was often the alternative) to that very priest in disguise; or that men, who in all things professed to take the scriptures for their guide, should have forgotten that those very scriptures do not require us to consult the conscience of every capricious humorist—that St. Paul would not circumcise Titus to please the captious brethren; nor our Lord himself forbid his disciples to eat with unwashed hands, or to pluck ears of corn on the Sabbath, for fear of giving offence to those who had no right to be offended.

It is most true that we owe much of the present beauty of our constitution to this rigid scrupulosity; and so is it true that we owe much of the present beauty of our metropolis to the great fire; yet small praise is due to the element itself, in either case, for the good of which it was the accidental cause. Out of the fury of the flames arose spacious and regular streets; out of the commotions of the zealots the Bill of Rights and Act of Toleration. But we should feel more grateful for the benefit, did we perceive less selfishness in the benefactor. The Puritans, like many others, were just patriots enough to struggle manfully for the possession of power, and to keep it carefully in their own hands when they had got possession. Tithes, pluralities, the disabilities of dissenters, and the restrictions of the press, were the *anathema maranatha* of the conscientious Presbyterian in distress. No sooner is it his turn to be king, than he seizes for himself be-

nefices with both hands, preaches extirpation of schism, and the necessity of a censorship; in short, (as Swift says,) "gets on a horse and eats custard," with as few compunctions visitings as the worst of those whom he had supplanted. The scene again changes, and enter the Independents—men who had been, of all others, the most clamorous for liberty, and most abusive of the parliament for their cruelty to the king—and how do they act? Scarcely are they firm in their seats, before they publish their repentance of their former clemency; cry God mercy for their kindness to a forlorn and fallen monarch; confess that they were under a temptation, deprive him of his chaplains, and cut off his head.

If Cromwell himself was more magnanimous than his party, it was probably from policy rather than principle—more from expansion of head than of heart, though that heart was not always dead to kinder impulses. It is certain that he sanctioned some measures of gross oppression and intolerance, (that of the Tryers for instance,) where he could so act without dread of consequences. Like Frederick of Prussia, however, he in general felt himself above the fear of "paper pellets," or divisions of the people: he kept aloof, with the lion in the fable, till the contending bulls had exhausted one another, and then he well knew the spoil would be his own.—It was his strength to sit still.

After the defeat of Worcester, (the period when the lord-general began to know his own purposes, and to discover that the vision which flitted before him, "the semblance of a kingly crown had on,") the Royalists lay grovelling and prostrate; they, therefore, might be safely neglected. The Presbyterians, who had been made drunk by success, only needed to be left to themselves, that they might uncover yet more of their own nakedness, and sink themselves into a contempt that should render them harmless, by the gross inconsistency of their practice with their professions—"the latter end of their commonwealth most grievously forgetting the beginning." The Independents, the friends of the usurper whilst he allowed every man to vent what nonsense and run into what extravagances he pleased, would have soon discovered that he no longer wielded "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," had he used it to suppress those fantastic movements amongst them, which, as many believed, and many more affected to believe, were the suggestions of the Spirit. To constrain them was, therefore, no policy for him. They were salminating balls, which would be quiet till they were crushed. Indeed, of the explosive materials of which this latter body consisted, it is difficult to form a notion in these less tumultuous times. Every man amongst them thought for himself, and probably no ten men of them all thought alike. If the world could have been emptied of all but John Lilburne, (it was said by Judge Jenkins,) John would have quarrelled with Lilburne, and Lilburne with John. Each individual had his peculiar political or religious nostrum at the service of his friends, who wondered in their turn that he could be so absurd as not to see the superiority of their own. It would be as rational, therefore, to pro-

duce the single brick for the sample of a house, as the single Independent, for that of the party to which he belonged. In every sense of the word, both as politicians and divines, their name was "Legion." Nevertheless, as it is only by an induction of particulars that we can come to a general conclusion, we shall venture to attempt one portrait, out of many belonging to this heterogeneous body; and at the same time, by collecting our facts from his several writings, and bringing them together, endeavour to show at a single view the British constitution in church and state, as it would have come fresh from the hands of the Arch-Puritan, John Milton. We commend it to those who look to this great poet for maxims of practical wisdom in the affairs of men; declaring for ourselves, that we know not where a parallel case can be found to its extravagance, unless it be in the projects of some of the male and female reformers in Aristophanes, the notable commonwealth of Gonzalo, or, perhaps, in those still more insane burlesques, the prize-constitutions of the Harrington Club.

Detesting, as we do from our hearts, much of the conduct of the Parliament, we should equally scorn to justify every act of King Charles: yet this we cannot help remarking, that whatever disposition he might have had to conciliate and satisfy his people, his people were not in a condition to be satisfied or conciliated. He would have had as much chance of success as the Sicilians, when in terms the most insinuating they coax Mount Etna to abstain from an eruption: a crisis was at hand which had been in preparation through several reigns, and which no wisdom on the part of this unfortunate man could have warded off. Charles committed errors, no doubt; no doubt he struggled hard to retain that which he honestly believed he had inherited—the possession of absolute power: it was natural that he should; but, to make him and his obstinacy responsible for the great rebellion, is to argue without any reference to the temper of the people he had to rule. The elements of society were as ungovernable as the winds. The picture of the mental commotion in England, which Milton draws in his "Areopagitica," is truly appalling.

"Behold," says he, "this vast city, a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with its protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present as with their homage and their fealty the approaching Reformation: others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction; what could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful labourers to make a knowing people a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies?"

It is an easy matter for modern patriots, sitting over their claret and filling a bumper to the "Constitution," to bring heavy charges of

delinquency against Charles; but we must remind them that the Constitution, as it now is, even in theory, would have been far from satisfying the cravings of that unhappy monarch's subjects, who partook, in a very remarkable degree, of the taste of the horse-leech's daughters. That the king should have a negative voice on the decisions of his parliament, Milton treats as a mere chimera,—or that a law should not be binding without the consent of the Lords,—or that taxes cannot be legally levied by the Commons alone.* But we need not stay to examine how Milton read the constitution, as it had been: it is better to proceed, as we promised, and set forth what he wished it to be for the time to come.

The Miltonian government of England, then, is to consist of a grand council, elected by the people, and supplied from time to time with new members, as vacancies may occur, but in itself perpetual. It is curious, however, and it is a fact which it would be unfair to suppress, that the poet's plan of election is that recently adopted, with some modifications, in France,—“which does not commit all to the noise and shouting of a rude multitude, but permits only those of them who are rightly qualified to nominate as many as they will, and out of that number others of a better breeding to choose a less number more judiciously, till, after a third or fourth sifting, or refining of exactest choice, they only be left chosen who are the due number, and seem by most voices the worthiest?” Nor is it less singular that he suggests, in case objection be made to a permanent council, the annual retirement of a third part of the Senators, according to the precedence of their election, a provision which, like the former, has been admitted by the French, though not exactly in the proportion here assigned, and of which David Hume is commonly supposed to have originated the idea. Meanwhile, every county is to be erected into a separate and subordinate republic, the chief town being the seat of the local government, whither the gentry who compose it may resort, to appoint their own judges, model their own courts, and execute their own laws in their own way, without revision and without appeal—a plan in some sort resembling what has been adopted in the United States of North America.

Should the grand council propose enactments affecting the country at large, it shall be left to these lesser commonwealths to express, within a limited time, their assent or dissent, so as to be bound, however, by the opinion of the majority of the shires. The specific nature of the changes which Milton contemplated in the laws of the land does not fully appear: it seems probable, however, from a passage in the "Samson Agonistes," that in this he would have gone hand-in-hand with Ludlow, making a clear stage in the constitution, sweeping away all existing statutes, and so giving room for others more conformable to the new order of things—the sin of omission being that which he has the modesty to think brought

* Vol. i. p. 405, *Iconoclast*; vol. ii. p. 212, *Defence*, &c.; vol. ii. p. 222, *Burnett's abridged edition*.

upon the saints their political reverses and the indignation of heaven.*

The question of the Church is to be disposed of next, a subject upon which he explains himself in yet more ample detail. Now, the bishops having been found to infect religion with the "dead-palsy," the clergy in general being "hirelings and grievous wolves," and their proctors a "hell-pestering rabble," it is high time that these should be all done away. It being possible, however, that ministers may not be found ready to teach for nothing,—(which is much to be desired, and the primitive practice),—tithes, moreover, being "unjust and scandalous," and all fees "accursed and simoniacal,"—it remains for the clergy to depend for support on the voluntary alms of their hearers; but, it being hard, and altogether contrary to the freedom of the gospel, that people should go to their own parish church, where they might possibly sit with as much profit as "the sheep in their pews at Smith-field," they are to follow, whom they will, and bestow their charity on him they like best. Here, however, it occurs that, under such a dispensation, some luckless mar-texts might be left without sheep or shearing: to them, therefore, it is humanely suggested that they may go preaching through the villages, where their audience will be less critical, or add to their pastoral charge the more lucrative functions of tradesmen, surgeons, bricklayers, and carpenters.—(C. D. 489. v. i. 169. Burnett's Edition.) Thus would they resemble St. Paul, at least by working with their own hands, and (in the characteristic language of the great anti-puritan divine) have the advantage of "being able to *drive the nail home*, in the literal sense, and to *make a pulpit* before they preached in it."

It may be true that, under such a system, the learning of the church would be but scanty: ecclesiastical literature, however, is worthless, or worse, for "whatsoever time, or the heedless hand of blind chance hath drawn down from of old in her huge drag-net, whether fish or sea-weed, shells or shrubs, unpicked, unchosen—these are the Fathers." The study of the Fathers, therefore, may be safely dismissed;—it is enough that the Bible be read without comment, without prejudice, and without fear. Then will it be perceived that the great doctrine of *Christian liberty* is the master-key of the whole: use this, and it will be found that the minister needs no call besides the consciousness of gifts within him—no interpreter besides his own assurance of the truth. Let him be fully persuaded of any proposition in his own mind, and it is enough: even the Scripture may deceive him, for its text may be corrupt—the Spirit cannot, for its characters are portrayed fresh from the finger of God. The evidence, therefore, of his own heart is the paramount evidence of all.

* "Nor dost thou only degrade them, or remit To life obscured, which were a fair dismissal, But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high; Unseen falls in human eye, 'Too grievous for the trespass of omission.'"

v. 630.

"He who receives

Light from above, from the fountain of light,
No other doctrine needs, however, true."

P. R. iv. 290. C. D. 476.

The Scriptures being yet further opened by the same key of Christian liberty, it will be manifest that prayers are not to be circumscribed by place or time, by church or Sabbath, all situations and all seasons being equally suitable—that set forms of devotion are to make way for extempore effusions, the Lord's Prayer itself being intended rather to be copied in its spirit than used in its letter—that acts of self-denial and bodily mortification profit not, and therefore are to be discarded as onerous—that the whole law of Moses, moral as well as ceremonial, the Decalogue no less than the ritual, is abolished, and that the love of God, and of our neighbour, enjoined in general terms, and admitting of an enlarged and liberal interpretation, has superseded all specific injunctions—that marriage is to be disencumbered of its inconvenient restrictions, and a greater latitude allowed it, the unmeetness of the parties being a satisfactory ground of divorce, and the rigidly allowance of one wife at a time being a frivolous and vexatious regulation."

Measures, however, so novel, and so much in advance of the times, require a corresponding change in the system of education. Our universities and public schools, therefore, are to give place to "spacious houses fit for academies," one of which is to be established in every city, offering a wholesome and happy nurture to our youth, instead of that "asinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles which is commonly set before them, as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docile age." Here will every stripling, by the time he is one-and-twenty, have read more Latin and Greek authors than, perhaps, the most veteran scholar in these degenerate days: he will, besides, have mastered the Italian, the Hebrew, the Chaldee, and Syrian at "odd hours." He will have made himself, in his school-room and play-ground, a complete farmer, architect, engineer, sportsman, apothecary, anatomist, lawgiver, philosopher, general officer of cavalry, skilled in "embattling, marching, encamping, fortifying, besieging, and battering," equal to the command of an army the moment he has escaped from the rod; and thus will he prove himself, "in a dangerous fit of the commonwealth, no poor, shaken, uncertain reed, of such a tottering conscience as many great counsellors show themselves, but a steadfast pillar of the state."†

Inconsistency in its notions was the natural infirmity of a spirit thus visionary, acting, as such a spirit is wont to do, on momentary impulse rather than mature principle; and surely no man's conclusions are more discordant with one another than those of Milton—"Nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi." He reviles Charles I.

* We wish we could afford room for quoting at length the defence of polygamy. It is perhaps the most curious thing in the whole Treatise of Christian Doctrine.

† See Treatise "of Education," pp. 266-268, 269, 270-274, vol. i.

for interfering in the return of members to parliament by "intimations and court-letters," and commends Cromwell for his discretion in nominating them by *his own writ*, and thus "allowing the privilege of voting to those only to whom it was expedient to allow it;"—the privileged,—it is needless to say,—being Cromwell and his council—the happy result of their choice, the Bare-bones parliament. He abhors every restraint upon the freedom of the subject, yet would put into the hands of the magistrate "the managing of our public sports and festival pastimes," that mirth might not become licentiousness. He reproaches, in the bitterest terms, the weakness of those who (in the language of his day) "did the work of the Lord negligently;" yet denies not but "it is the part of prudence to comply with the necessities of the times, for the sake of public peace and private safety."—(C. D. 704.) He ascribes every "sociable perfection in this life, civil or sacred," to discipline, (v. i. 54.) yet discovers from the church claiming to herself "worldly authority," (without which, in some degree, there can be no discipline) that the "apostolical virtue is departed from her."—(p. 80.) He despises the idea of making the senses auxiliary to devotion, yet he loves, poetically at least, "the cloyster," the "pealing organ," and the cathedral's "dim religious light." He allows of individual inspiration, and yet pronounces a general council of bishops and elders altogether incompetent to making decrees.—(C. D. 493.) He considers the Mosaic law, moral as well as ceremonial, abolished; yet, throughout his book on Christian Doctrine, proves moral obligations to be binding, by texts from that law. He advocates the interpretation of Scripture exclusively according to its spirit, yet argues the questions of polygamy, divorce, and falsehood, on grounds of the most servile adherence to its letter. He reproaches Tertullian (when it answers his purpose to shake his authority on the subject of episcopacy) as an unfaithful expounder of Scripture, "because he goes about to form an imparity between God the Father and God the Son" (v. i. p. 40.); yet himself, in his *Paradise Lost*, makes the Son only the first of created things, (iii. 383.) and again shifting his ground, maintains, in the same poem, the pre-existence of angels (v. 600.); and in his *Treatise of Christian Doctrine*, expressly and distinctly avows his Arianism.

"Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?"

Need we then wonder that Milton should have had so little influence on the age in which he lived, and even with the party to which he had attached himself? Removed from him by many generations, and regarding him (who can help so regarding him?) as one of the most gifted men that our country has produced; thrown, too, upon times eminently calculated (as might have been supposed) to bring his talents into play;—it is not without surprise that we find him considered by the rulers of his day, chiefly, if not altogether, as a person possessing an unusual flow of Latin and vehemence of invective, and in so far fit to be made the minister of their purposes, but not the partner of their counsels. The master-spirits of that

age might talk, and pray, and sing psalms with those who had the innocence of the dove, but they preferred consulting with such as had the subtlety of the serpent. Milton was too visionary to be followed; too sincere to be controlled; too ambitious of what he thought perfect, to acquiesce in what others might think practicable. He would admit of no compromise; he would hear of no obstacles: seasons were never to be watched; prejudices to be respected; nor allowance to be made for inveteracy of habit, dulness of apprehension, or conflict of opinion. On he would go right to his end, through flood and fell, with the obstinacy of a Roman road.—"Inveniam viam, aut faciam." In Milton's phrase, Cranmer and Ridley were "time-serving and halting prelates;" yet, whilst the sublime reveries of himself and his friends are now scarcely known to the antiquary, the changes which those "time-serving and halting prelates" wrought in the religion of their country, are to this day steadfast as ever; and the mighty effects with which their measures, their *tame* measures were pregnant, have only been made more manifest by the revolution of years. Milton was about as well qualified to act a part in the practical business of life as Plato would have been, if, according to his wish, he could have "unspersed him." He might, for aught we know, have legislated admirably for the inhabitants of the moon, but for those of the earth it was out of the question. He lived in a world of his own creation, and peopled it with beings of other passions than ours. Jacob Behmen, who could teach his followers to smell angels, was not too mystical for him; and had he been born in later times, he would probably have preferred Joanna Southcote, or William Huntington, S.S., to the whole bench of our bishops, and the Fastidious Woman of Tisbury to the most florid of her sex.

Those temptations which practically fill the world with confusion and misery, which stock our prisons, and mad-houses, and hospitals, he threw out of his reckoning, as utterly contemptible and powerless. In his sight they, doubtless, were so; for far are we from charging him with any deliberate intention of producing the mischief to which his system would have necessarily led. The Sabbath might have been abolished, and Milton would still have employed it in devotion; the Liturgy might have been suppressed, and he would still have poured out his soul before God with the eloquence of a prophet; churches might have been demolished, but still would he have erected for himself a chapel in his heart; austerities might have been discouraged, but his rule would have ever been that which the "strictest temperance taught;" indolence might have been made no reproach, but he would still have been stirring before the chime of the matin-bell; libertinism might have rejoiced at his doctrines of polygamy and divorce, but their author would still have remembered that the high reward of accompanying the lamb with celestial songs is reserved for those who have not "defiled themselves with women."

We do not charge him with bad intentions, but with bad theories—with making no allowance in his machinery for friction. He forgets

that men are made of flesh and blood; he only sees them, as Madame de Staël says, *en buste*; he supposes that, "because *he* is virtuous, there will be no more cakes and ale:" in all his speculations the body is regarded as a mere engine, which the soul condescends to employ for the present, and over which its control is as absolute as that of an astronomer over his telescope, or a carpenter over his plane;—"animus cujusque, is est quisque." Is the king to be imprisoned? Then why not killed, for what matters it whether the "useless bulk of his person" be stowed in a coffin or a gaol? Is the marriage-bed violated? Why call for a divorce, whilst mutual aversion is not permitted to annul the contract? The injury of a worthless vessel is not to be compared with that of a wounded spirit. Do the martyrs expire in the flames? What of that? Who would not give his body to be burned, if the occasion called for it?

A man who was thus all his life long dwelling in the third heaven, was not the material out of which Cromwell could fashion an adviser, or a confidant. Time was, when the Protector had been living there himself, but he had thought better of it, and was now content to walk the earth. Accordingly, Milton had not interest enough to procure for his friend Marvell a laborious appointment of two hundred pounds a-year (*Todd*, v. i. 163); and when Peter Heimbach solicits his good offices towards obtaining a subordinate situation in the embassy to the Dutch, he at once declares his inability to serve him by reason of his very little intimacy with those in power (p. 246); so ludicrous is the effort of his biographer, Dr. Symmons, to exalt the secretary of foreign tongues into the secretary of state for foreign affairs! (*Life*, p. 230.)

We do not speak thus of Milton wantonly. Who would take delight in using irreverently a name which is bound up with the glories of England? But, surely, in proportion as his authority is great, we ought to be jealous of its misapplication:—"Decipit exemplar vitii imitabile." The most judicious of his admirers will admit that, in his political writings the author of *Paradise Lost* has fallen; and their aim will be, not to expose that fall, by making it a subject of eulogy, but to contribute towards its decency, and to hide it with their mantle. Nor do we speak thus of Milton unadvisedly; it is his own acknowledgment, that, in writing on matters of polity, "he knew himself inferior to himself;" and that, "led by the genial power of nature to another task, he had in this, but the use of his left hand." Clarendon, who omitted none of the men who stamped the times in which he lived, makes no mention of Milton, either in his *History*, or (where he had a fair opportunity of introducing him, incidentally, amongst the other great wits of his day) in his *Life*; Baxter, a voluminous writer on the side of the Presbyterians, and who severely censures some of the coadjutors of the poet in the cause of independency, passes him over in profound silence. His doctrine of divorce was received with ridicule; and when he was summoned before the House of Lords, at the instigation of the Presbyterians, to answer for this

act of heterodoxy, he was speedily dismissed, as though the sentiments were too absurd to do injury, or to provoke censure. On the eve of the restoration came out his "Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth," which met with a jocular reply, and scarcely deserved any other; and though after the return of the king, he was taken before the House of Commons, in custody of the sergeant-at-arms, he was forthwith released on paying the fees. Persecution, to a man of Milton's spirit, would have been a mercy; toleration and neglect he could not endure, nor forgive. In the querulous address to Heaven of his *Samson*, we may recognise the language of the mortified politician:—

"He led me on to mightiest deeds,
Above the nerve of mortal arm,
Against the uncircumcised, our enemies,
But now hath cast me off, as never known."

The fact is, that the estimation in which Milton is now held disables us from judging calmly of the rank in which he stood with his contemporaries. Many years after the publication of the delightful poems of his youth, he speaks of himself to Salmasius as of a person but little known (v. ii. 381). Waller, not Milton, was long reckoned the "Virgil of the nation;" and, strange as it may now seem, there were probably very few, even among scholars, during any part of Milton's life, who would not have preferred the posthumous fame of the elegant panegyrist of Cromwell and Charles the Second, to that of the author of *Comus* and *Paradise Lost*. Milton's lesser poems, indeed, (unaccountable as it may seem,) appear, for a long while, to have fallen into utter neglect; and the first attention paid to the *Penseroso* and *Allegro*, by a writer of any note, is in the *Eloisa* of Pope, where some remarkable expressions from those exquisite pieces are adopted without acknowledgment, and, perhaps, under the impression that, to works so little known, no acknowledgment was due. Even in a paper of the *Spectator*, some lines are quoted by one of the correspondents, as taken from "a poem of Milton's, which he entitles *Il Penseroso*," a form of speech which, as the context shows it not to be intended for something characteristic of the individual using it, argues the poem itself to have been but little read at the time. It is difficult to conceive a stronger proof of the gross depravity of taste which prevailed during the reign of Charles II. than the simple fact, that these two noble efforts of human imagination for a season expired under its sensual influence:—

"Fie on sinful phantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!"

We have thus entered into the personal character of Milton somewhat more at large, because its leading feature has not been hitherto sufficiently marked. All the world knew that he was an eloquent, a high-minded, "an austere man," mighty in the Scriptures; but how visionary he was (though Warburton threw out hints that could not have been altogether neglected by able inquirers) none of his biographers ever told us,—not indeed, perhaps, until the *Treatise on Christian Doctrine* was

* See Sonnet XI., and Warton's Note.

brought to light, could they tell us at full; yet here, and here alone, will be found the solution of many anomalies in his history, and of many peculiarities in his poems. A life of Milton is yet a desideratum in our literature. Johnson hated his democratic principles, and despised his impracticable philosophy: the severity with which he handled him was only restrained by veneration for his piety, and perhaps ignorance of his Arianism; but the bias of his mind is not more discoverable in the sternness of his criticism, than in his selecting for his dictionary, as an example of a sonnet, that very one by Milton which he pronounces "contemptible." Johnson was in nothing more remarkable than in his reverence for common sense; to this he appeals on all occasions—in his maxims of government, in his regulations of society, in his canons of criticism: his wisdom was the wisdom of Socrates, practical rather than speculative, homely rather than sublime; he thought that its true province was on the earth, not in the clouds; in his proper minister, experience, not conjecture: all this was against Milton, and in favour of Pope; the latter of whom he, perhaps, extravagantly commends,—from the former he no less extravagantly detracts. Dr. Symmons, (who has since produced a life of the poet, has the advantage of admiring his subject to idolatry, but his style is pitiable,—feeble, inflated, aiming at that of Johnson, and succeeding, as he who stuffs himself as large as Falstaff, makes himself a prince of wits. This Doctor is a great lover of liberty in church and state, and, therefore, chants forth Milton and independence for ever, with the discrimination of a Burgess for Westminster: yet discrimination he has, for he characterises Ovid as "diffuse and languid;" talks of the "flexibility of Dr. Parker," "who might be regarded" (we presume on that account) "as the *Horsley* of his age;" discovers a still more accurate knowledge of this latter prelate, by ascribing (because others had done the same) a famous sermon, which he preached before the House of Lords, (or, at least, the appendix to that sermon,) to Bishop Watson, who, as any Doctor ought to have known, would have been the last man on earth to preach, or write, any thing like it; wastes, accordingly, much good sarcasm upon that excellent whig; and, with a blind determination to run a-muck in his politics at every man whose memory we have been accustomed to respect, he creates an opportunity of ascribing "Burke's crusading zeal against the French Revolution" to his pension, —alike unmindful, that, when his own hero defended the regicides, he was writing by order of a council, and upon an annual stipend, while the calumniated Burke, when he published his "Reflections," &c. had neither superior to control, nor pension to pervert him.

We have seldom met with a finer example of "the thread of your verbosity spun beyond the staple of your argument," than the following:—The egregious Doctor introduces Milton to Grotius, and, after a flourish of trumpets, such as might precede a Dialogue of the Dead in Lucian or Erasmus, thus continues—

"Were we able to ascertain with precision all the circumstances of this interview between two extraordinary men, eminently raised above

the level of their species by their talents and their attainments,"—[well, what then?] "we should probably acquire nothing from our knowledge to excite our wonder, or, if our expectations were high, to save us from disappointment. In the formality and coldness of a first meeting, and especially where one party would be restrained by the consciousness of having much to lose, and the other by the felt impropriety of *pressing upon established rank and reputation*, no great display of erudition, or brilliant interchanges of fancy, were likely to take place—compliments requited with civilities; some inquiries respecting the traveller's plans, and some advice respecting their execution, constituted, perhaps, the whole of the conference between these two memorable men."—p. 80.

The laudable delicacy of Milton upon this occasion we venture to recommend to Dr. Symmons's consideration; and then (we trust) we shall have no more talk of Dr. Symmons' "honouring with his notice" a work of Dr. Johnson, nor hear a pigmy like this begging pardon of the admirers of a giant, whilst he assures them, that "Johnson actually wanted the power to comprehend the greatness and elevation of Milton's mind."

The new Life by Mr. Todd will not supply the defect of which we have spoken. It disarms criticism by its perfect modesty and absence of pretension—but it has more the air of a legal instrument than of a poetical memoir. It contains, indeed, some novel facts, the fruits of Mr. Lemon's researches in the State-paper office, and it was the announcement of these in the title-page that turned our attention to an edition of Milton with which, in all other respects, we had long been sufficiently acquainted. Those facts, however, are few in number, and (except so far as they decide the *Treatise on Christian Doctrine* to be Milton's) of trifling importance; for it scarcely can be considered a matter of grave concern to know that Milton received his orders from the council, as a clerk from his employers—that his salary was 28*l.*, which was afterwards, on his blindness, commuted for a pension of 150*l.*—that he was reluctant to pay his mother-in-law, Ann Powell, (with whom probably he had no great reason to be satisfied,) her thirds, out of the estate of her deceased husband, to which he had succeeded, by discharging the fine upon it—or that she, on the other hand, was afraid to press her suit against a man, who held her daughter as a hostage, and whom she represents as "hasty and choleric." Mr. Todd is, no doubt, a laborious man, but he is miserably out of his vocation as an editor of our poets. To edit an author is not to empty upon him the contents of a pedantic common-place book; notes are only useful or desirable when they serve to illustrate. If the writer has stolen from others, let him be exposed—if he has adverted to an obsolete custom or an obscure history, let him be explained—if his readings be doubtful let him be corrected by appropriate reference to the phraseology of the times. But Mr. Todd's quotations seldom show any thing but that other writers have expressed a common thought like Milton, where it would not have been easy for them to have expressed it

differently; and, after the fashion of his craft, he is apt to desert us in our distress, and cumber us with help when we are safe on land. Thus the meaning of

"Smoothing the raven-down
Of darkness till it smiled,"

is left to the reader to discover how he can; whilst the phrase "bosky bourn," which occurs shortly after, elicits a whole page of needless exposition—

"For commentators each dark passage shun
And hold a farthing candle to the sun."—

If our memory does not fail us, he gives a couple of pages of notes, in his edition of Spenser, on that dark phrase—

"A gentle knight was *pricking* on the plain."

And so he goes on through the two great poets who have had the misfortune to engage his kind offices. Of Milton's *peculiar* sources of thought and illustration—of the rabbinical writings, for example,—he knows absolutely nothing. But enough of Mr. Todd: his edition of "Paradise Lost" is so heavy a disgrace to our literature, that we may, perhaps, be induced, on some future occasion, to make it the subject of a separate critical notice; and, for a similar reason, we shall certainly ere long devote some pages to his edition of Johnson's Dictionary.—But our present concern is with Milton.

Let us now turn to him in a new character;—and here we are ready to avow that the same quality of mind which made his politics worthless, gave to his poetry its superlative charm. The very

"Light which led astray
Was light from heaven"—

Excess of imagination is commonly to be paid for, whether dearly or not, by defect of judgment. The growth of the one faculty is the decline of the other: years, which make us more wise, make us less imaginative; and, in the madman, where the reason is prostrate, the fancy triumphs. Shakspeare, who in this, as in almost every thing, was a splendid exception to all general rules, united both these faculties in their exuberance—and, of all the singular features of his mind, none is perhaps so singular as this. The opinion of Shakspeare would have been worth having not merely on the construction of a poem, but on the making of a will, on the purchase of an estate, or the committal of a culprit at a justice's meeting. This union of powers nature denied to Milton: she gave him an imagination equal to that of the great dramatist, but she refused him his common-sense. Nothing was ever so *near* as his poetry. The most unpromising subject, after passing through his heated mind, comes out purged, and purified, and refined; the terrestrial body dissolves in the process, and we behold in its stead a glorified body. That which was by nature a frail and perishable flower, when transplanted to his fancy, becomes "immortal amaranth."

A young girl and her brothers are benighted and separated as they pass through a forest in Herefordshire. How meagre is this solitary

fact!—how barren a paragraph would it have made for the Herefordshire journal, had such a journal been then in existence. Submit it to Milton, and beautiful is the form which it assumes. Then rings that wood with the jocund revelry of Comus and his company, and the maiden draws near in the strength of unblemished chastity, and her courage waxes strong as she sees

"A sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night"—

and she calls upon Echo to tell her of the flowery cave which hides her brothers, and Echo betrays her to the enchanter. Then comes the spirit from "the starry threshold of Jove's court," and in shepherd-weeds leads on the brothers to her rescue;—and the necromancer is put to flight, but not till he has bound up the lady in fetters of stone;—and Sabrina hastens from under her "translucent wave" to dissolve the spell—and again they all three bend their happy steps back to the roof of their fathers.

This is not extravagant rhapsody—the tale is still actually preserved; but it is preserved like a fly in amber. The image is a mere thing of wood, but Milton enshrines it, and it becomes an object of worship. Deprive Milton of the privilege of sending Milton's thoughts forth, and the secret of his strength is gone. In translation he is not only below himself, but below those who have not a thousandth part of his genius. His version of the Psalms is not above that of Sternhold and Hopkins.

The arrival of Lady Derby at Harefield is to be greeted by her friends and household. Then is Harefield (after the fashion indeed of the times, but by no common artist) converted into an Arcadia, and the noble guest is ushered in by a company of peasants, and their homage is directed by the genius of the wood, who chaunts the praises of the new queen of Arcady in strains of exquisite delicacy—"ipsa melitias"—strains which he had learned to sing by listening, "in deep of night," to the harmony of the spheres.

His friend perishes by sea as he passes from Chester to Ireland. Again, Milton clothes this naked fact in imagery of his own, and Mr. King is no longer his college companion, but the shepherd with whom he had been accustomed "to drive a-field under the opening eyelids of the morn"—and the crazy vessel is no more a material hulk, but capable of peridy, and rigged with curses, and built in an eclipse;—and the church does not lament the loss of a promising member, but the pilot of the Gallean lake moans over one who would so well have plied the herdman's art, and put to shame the careless hinds;—and his fellow-students are not besought to honour his memory with their funeral songs, but the muses who loved him are called upon to purple the ground where, in imagination at least, he lies, with fresh flowers, and to lavish upon it the embroidery of spring.

It has been said that this is not the natural mode of expressing passion—that where it is real, its language is less figurative—and that "where there is leisure for fiction there is little grief." In general this may be true; in

the case of Milton its truth may be doubted. In his verses on the death of an infant he indulges a similar vein, yet the concluding stanza could hardly have been written by one who wrote without sympathy—and in his Epitaphium Damonis, where he laments the early death of Deodati, his school-fellow, his coeval, him in whom his soul delighted, and whom he lost before civil war could have hardened his heart, it is still under the same pastoral figures.

The mind of Milton was perfect fairy-land; and every thought which entered it, whether grave or gay, magnificent or mean, quickly partook of a fairy form. It is in illustration of this circumstance, and with a view to the vindication of Milton's better feelings, that we have given a brief analysis of one or two of his lesser poems. We do not believe that he loved his friend less because he chose to call him Lycidas instead of Mr. King; and we are sure that he did not love the clergy more because he represented them as shepherds instead of rectors. He thought in romance; the daily occurrences of life were translated into romance almost before his mind could act upon them. It happened as naturally as an analyst mechanically translates his propositions into algebra before his investigation begins. There is no universal language of grief. It takes its complexion from the country, the age, the individual. In its paroxysm no man thinks of writing verses of any kind; then the rhymes of a ballad-singer would be as much out of place as the strains of a Theocritus. We exclaim, as King David does, "My son! My son!" When the paroxysm is past, every man will write such verses (if he write them at all) as the ordinary turn of his mind dictates. Bishop Andrews said his prayers in Greek: who would, on that account, doubt the sincerity of the great scholar's devotion? Milton lamented his friend in the language of romance: who would, on that account, deny that the poet's sorrow was unfeigned? Men act and speak under suffering agreeably to the manner in which they act and speak in general. Cicero was, by habit, a reader and writer of philosophy; and therefore, when his daughter dies, he gives vent to his grief by studying philosophical treatises on that affection of the mind. Marmontel was, by habit, a reader and writer of plays; and, therefore, when he loses his favourite child, and witnesses the affliction of his wife, he betakes himself to composing, (so he tells us,) as an analogous subject, the opera of Penelope. The one acted like a Roman, the other like a Frenchman; yet the distress of both parents was, no doubt, sincere. The objection which has given occasion to these remarks has arisen, in our opinion, from that imperfect view of Milton's character, with which we have charged both his enemies and his friends. They forget that he was a visionary—they insist upon his grieving like a man of this world, though he lived in a world of his own—they expect that Tippoo Saib's dreams should be those of an European prince, instead of an Asiatic sultan—that the stuff they are made of should be the clamours of the people, the insolence of the press, the intrigues of a diplomatist, instead of tributary monarchs, and white elephants, and extermination of the infi-

dels. Milton was a visionary: he was so by constitution—he was so through loss of sight—he was so through the form of religion which he had embraced. Even his earliest poems breathe little or nothing corporeal. A boy of eighteen must have had more than the usual share of taste for metaphysical masks, to put into the mouth of Ens a speech to his eldest son Substance, and to start a conversation between Quantity, Quality, and Relation. After he became blind, his images were supplied him by reflection more than by sense: they were, therefore, abstract, indistinct, undefined—the essentials present with him, the accidents perhaps absent. We may think that we have a good idea of a hippogriff; yet where were his wings, what was their construction,—was he ten hands high, or twice ten? Yet all this we should have known at once had we ever seen him in the yard at Tattersall's. The eye of flesh was wanting to Milton, and therefore he had to trust to that inward eye, before which, however he might desire it, all mist could not be purged and dispersed. His very colours in *Paradise Lost* and *Regained* are recollections: they are either *golden* or *black*; all the intermediates are forgotten.

But his religion was, perhaps, the most influential cause of the three: it was in the spirit of his party to despise all outward and visible signs, and herein Milton was a Hebrew of the Hebrews. The state of religion has in every country, and at every age, in a great degree, regulated literature and the arts. Sculpture never succeeded in Egypt, because scarcely one of all the gods of the Egyptians was of a human shape: monkeys, monsters, onions, and leeks, "these were thy gods, O Egypt!" The statuary, therefore, never felt his piety stimulate his chisel. In Greece, the artist was conscious that his own brain, like that of Jupiter, might give birth to a deity—his spirit kindled within him, and the marble started into a shape scarcely unworthy an immortal. After the revival of the arts, the Virgin Mary may be strictly reckoned the patroness of painters—devotion refined the conceptions, and guided the pencil of the Italian. There is scarcely a great picture of which the subject is not sacred: magnificent scenes were to be found elsewhere, but they would not do—Andromache was extinguished by the Madonna, and Priam by St. Francis. The religion of Protestants did not admit of pictures or statues, and consequently the art of making them with success in Protestant countries decayed—medals, academies, exhibitions were lavished in vain—they were beggarly substitutes for the *stiffness* from on high: wanting this, the painter became a worker on canvass, the sculptor a stone-mason. Nor have the effects of the Reformation been less perceptible on poetry. This was not necessarily confined, like painting and sculpture, to the expression of material and sensible objects. There was no need, therefore, for the Protestant to reject it altogether as a help to devotion; but he would be disposed to limit its province, far more than it had hitherto been, to the operations of pure spirit. An attempt, indeed, has since been made by the Moravians to restore the reign of anthropomorphism to sacred poe-

try; but the attempt was eminently unsuccessful, and has only proved the more clearly how offensive is that taste to the feelings and faith of a reformed people. There is wanted, for the endurance of such poetry, the spectacle, the sacrifice, the procession, the drama, the life and actions of the goddess or saint—all, in fact, which fills the hymns of Homer or Pindar with imagery appropriate to the appetite and experience of those for whom they were written: neither may it be here out of place to remark that the devotions of Protestant congregations are seldom, perhaps, improved by that spirit of theopathy sometimes perceptible in hymns selected for their use by individual ministers. It is well if such compositions do not more frequently disgust than edify—if they do not rather debase the Deity than elevate the man. For these reasons, wherever the Reformation has extended, poetry in general, and sacred poetry in particular, has assumed a new character. It is become more sublime and less picturesque, more philosophical and less popular, more argumentative and less descriptive.

And here, we conceive, is to be found the true cause of the remarkable difference which subsists between two poems written on somewhat similar subjects, and by authors of a somewhat similar taste—the “Divina Commedia” and the “Paradise Lost.” Dante had in him much of Milton—more of him than a cursory perusal of his writings would discover, for the direct coincidences between them are not numerous. We believe that Milton might be more frequently traced to Tasso and Ariosto than to Dante, though, in spirit, he had not much in common with either of them—with the former scarcely any thing. It is probable, indeed, that Dante was naturally more of an Epicurean than our great poet, yet it was by the influence of Divine Wisdom. (if Beatrice is to be considered in that light, which is questionable,) that he was preserved or rescued from the thralldom of the flesh, an influence to which the puritan ascribed the same practical and important consequences.—(*Purg.* xxx.) Both had a strong taste for satire, and were not unfrequently content to sacrifice poetry and propriety to the inordinate and unseasonable indulgence of it.—Both were remarkable for their love of political liberty, which drove them into active opposition to the governments under which they lived; nor was Dante less alive than Milton himself to the abuses of the church, or more temperate in the language with which he exposed them. Indeed, it is not without some astonishment that we perceive the boldness with which both he and succeeding poets of Italy (Bojardo, Berni, Ariosto, &c.) to say nothing of the novelists, levelled their ridicule and invective against the clergy: a good deal of this, however, was only ridicule and invective in manuscript. For a long while ignorance of the art of printing, and, subsequently, the paucity of those who could read, disarmed these weapons of their sting: it was probably on this account, no less than through the happy schism of the papal see, that Wickliffe was suffered to die quietly in his bed, and the vial of wrath reserved for later and more enlightened times. Dante does not confine himself to expressions of regret for the fatal gift of Constantine: he

attacks the Pope as an unclean thing, chewing, indeed, the cud, but not having the cleft hoof, and reprobates the “woman that sits upon the scarlet-coloured beast, and plays the wanton to the princes of the nations,” with the indignation of a soldier of Cromwell.

But, for all this, the rites and ceremonies of his gorgeous church had taken fast hold of him, and in spite of his inclination for an ideal world—which may often be traced both in the choice of his subject and in his treatment of it, and which, had he lived in Milton’s age and country, would have made itself more manifest;) in spite of a fondness for mysticism and theological speculation such as the Schoolmen taught him—in spite of a rage for the metaphysics of his day, in which he buries (especially in his “Paradise”) both himself and his reader beyond redemption—in spite of all this, the dramatic character of his church had made itself felt on his susceptible imagination, and the disposition of that church to embody every religious conception in some corporeal form had nurtured in him (that which he had not by nature) a taste for poetical materialism. Accordingly, the *Divina Commedia* is a Catholic poem, the *Paradise Lost* a Protestant, almost a puritan poem throughout. Milton was singularly happy in the choice of his subject, which, whether good or bad in itself, was admirably adapted to the temper and genius of the man: he had consulted well,—“*Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recusant.*” It is by no means certain that he could have written an *Iliad*, an *Æneid*, or a *Jerusalem Delivered*; it is by no means certain that he would have succeeded in “*Arthur*,” none of those themes would, in the same degree, have called forth that peculiar quality of mind, which is the only key to the right understanding of Milton. In *Paradise Lost* he could revel in a creation of his own: nothing like any part of it had ever been matter of human experience. The proceedings of good or evil spirits are things of which we are profoundly ignorant; they were fair subjects for speculation—so were the feelings, the occupations, and the circumstances of our first parents. They were living in a condition of which so little is known with certainty, that much might be conjectured without offence. They were living, too, in a state where Milton’s moral and political notions were in their proper place. The multiplication of mankind, and the depravity which attended it, had not as yet rendered restraints needful—no system of government was as yet called for—the rights of man were as yet uncircumscribed—forms and ceremonies were not as yet wanted. Milton’s visions of church and state were precisely intended for *Paradise*: they adorned and improved his subject. We would rather meet with them there, than with the schemes of the most rational and sober-minded statesman in the world. The very genius of human sagacity could never have legislated for the garden of Eden with half the effect.

“*Paradise Lost*” is a poem which a painter can scarcely touch: a living artist of considerable talent has been trying of late to illustrate it throughout, and the results are deplorable.

* *Purg.* xvi.† *Purg.* xxxii.

we doubt if they would have been much better had Martin been a Michael Angelo.* The "Divina Commedia" teems with subjects which challenge the bold brush and substantial colours of a mortal man: the one cannot be translated into bodily parts—much of the other may. There is that difference between them which subsists between the Tempest and Coriolanus, —both noble productions of the mind, but the one losing in representation on the stage as much as the other gains. Milton's similes exalt his subject but do not illustrate: Dante's illustrate, but do not always exalt. When the spirits in council applaud, it is "as the sound of waters deep,"—when they rise, "their rising is as thunder heard remote,"—when they pursue their sports, it is "as when armies rush to battle in the clouds." On the other hand, when the robber is dissolved into ashes by the sting of a serpent, he revives astonished like a man from an epilepsy. (*Infern.* xxiv.) When Beatrice casts upon Dante a look of pity for his ignorance, it is as when a mother gazes upon her crazy offspring. (*Par.* i.) When the halo of glory envelops the beatified spirits of the moon, it is like the ball which incloses the silkworm. (*Par.* viii.) When Dante and his companion shoot up into the second heaven, the immortal inhabitants congregate around them like fishes about a bait. (*Par.* v.) Milton delights in abstract terms, far more than his illustrious forerunner in the paths of Hell and Paradise. It is not the round shield that hangs upon the shoulders of Satan, but "its broad circumference." The swan does not row her proud body, but "rows her state with oary feet." The Tempter in the wilderness does not hypocritically bend his aged head to the Saviour, but "bows low his grey dissimulation."

Milton's descriptions, again, are broad, general, in the mass—Dante's sharp, dramatic, and touched from the life. The covetous spirit in Paradise lost admires—

"The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold."

In the Inferno he lies with his face upon the earth and exclaims—

"Adhesit pavimento anima mea."

Milton astonishes, but does not interest: we have too little in common with him or his. His subject does not allow him to be much conversant with human passions, for into Paradise human passions had not entered. We listen to the speeches of his mortal and immortal agents, as to the words of superior beings whom we may fear and reverence but—not love. Dante, on the contrary, is perpetually striking a note, by which all our sympathies are awakened: it is one of his characteristic charms, that he contrives to introduce man, and the feelings of

* We are not so absurd as to think that the "Paradise Lost" contains no passages which might inspire a true painter. Satan calling on his host to arise, by the present President of the Royal Academy, is one proof to the contrary—a noble picture, almost as much superior, we imagine, to any historical piece of any other living artist, as Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits are above contemporary rivalry.

man, into all his scenes, animate or inanimate. How exquisite is his picture of evening!—we know not how to translate it—indeed Gray knew not how, for he tried the last lines.

Era già l'ora che volge 'l disio
A' naviganti, e 'ntenerisce 'l cuore
Lo di, ch' han detto a' dolci amici, A Dio:
E che lo nuovo perigrin d'amore
Punge, se ode squilla di lontano,
Che paga 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.

Purg. viii.

Who would exchange this touching thought, which must come home to the heart of every man, (especially if his steps have ever led him to a foreign land,) for the most faithful representation of twilight, Hesperus, and the night-ingle?

We have said that Dante not unfrequently writes in Milton's vein, and, laying aside his materialism, assumes a lofty indistinctness, which gives abundant scope to the fancy of his readers. Thus, when Virgil inquires his way from the Souls of the Proud, an answer reaches him like that from the Spirit in Job: there comes a voice, but he can discern no form from which it comes. When the Spirits of the Envious fly rapidly past the two poets, they hear the rustle of their wings and their dolorous cry, till it dies in the distance; but the shades themselves are invisible. Of the same kind is his picture of the approach of an angel with a boat, freighted with souls for Purgatory, a mountain-island, according to Dante, on the opposite hemisphere.

"Meanwhile we tarried near the rippling tide

As men that muse upon their destined way,
Who move in thought, though still their limbs abide—

When lo! as sometimes Mars, with fiery ray,
Gleams through the grosser air at dawn of day,

From forth the western ocean—such the sight,

(Strongly my memory can that hour portray,)
As onward o'er the waters rush'd a light

In speed surpassing far the eagle's nimblest flight.

"Thence, for a little space, I turn mine eye,
Bent through my guide that mystery to explore,

And look I once again, and now espy
The object larger, brighter than before—
Somewhat of white on either side it bore,
But what I knew not—shapeless all it seemed,
And issuing by degrees; and somewhat lower,

A like appearance indistinctly gleamed,
Till plain, at length, confessed an angel's pinnions stream'd."—*Purg.* ii.

We may be forgiven for citing one passage more of the same character; for we do not think that credit has been always given to Dante for possessing the faculty of filling the mind by one ample undetailed conception. Access to the city of Dis, where the heretics receive their reward, is denied to Dante and Virgil by the refractory gate-keepers: they pause awhile, well assured that the Almighty will

soon despatch his swift angel to open for them a way. His advent is thus described.

"And now came up along that turbid tide
A crashing uproar pregnant with dismay:
Trembled theat the shores on either side,
No less than when the whirlwind tears his way,
Invited where the sultry vapours play,
To fill the void impetuous. At one swoop
It storms the wood—nor brooks it there delay;

Before its dusty vanguard proud trees stoop
Branchless and bloomless—flies each herd and shepherd troop.

"My eyes unhooding—'Now,' quoth he, 'thy nerve
Of vision stretch along yon ancient lake
Mantling with yeasty foam—and well observe

Where chief the dusky vapour throngs opaque."—

As scud the frogs at sight of hostile snake,
And hie them all for safety to the shore,—
So did I mark those abject spirits quake,
And haste their flight by thousands: one before

Who crossed with foot unstained the Stygian
torrent o'er—

"And he, his left hand waving to and fro,
Cleft from before his face that murky sky,
Unwearied but for this—and now I know
In him heaven's sovereign messenger was nigh.

Then turn I to my guide—his eloquent eye
Bade me be still, and lowly to the plain
Bow, as the spirit immortal passed me by—
He toward the gate, ah! in what huge disdain,

Advanced, and with his wand he smote and
oped again—

"'Outcasts of heaven! O race accursed!' he cries,

While yet his steps on that dread threshold stand,

'What hardihood is this? What bold emprise

Dares ye to kick against his high command
Whose word is steadfast—whose Almighty hand

Can vex your senses with a tenfold hell?
Have ye for this your mastiff's sufferings scanned,

Whose chain-worn throat and muzzle still may tell,

Where fate ordains her law, 'tis bootless to rebel?"

"He said—and back that noisome path pursued,

Nor word to us he spake—but seemed like one

Whose thoughts on other deeper subjects brood,

Than care of ought his eyes might light upon."

Infern. ix.

There are many other passages in this beautiful poet of a similar class, which justify us, we conceive, in our assertion, that the general style of his poetry was the result of the circumstances in which he was placed, rather

than of the temper with which he was born. Though Milton had been both an Italian and a Catholic, it may be doubted whether he would have been as graphic as Dante—but had Dante been an Englishman, and a Protestant, it is not improbable that he would have been as sublime as Milton.

In the foregoing passage will be seen some of that learning which Dante is so fond of producing, and so frequently misapplies. His gates of purgatory, on being opened, grate like the doors of the Roman treasury when Cæsar entered and plundered it. The indolent are punished not only like the Israelites, who were cut off in the wilderness, and did not live to see the promised land; but, like the Trojans, who deserted Æneas in Sicily, and thereby had no share in the glory of laying the foundation of Rome. Statius relates the primary cause of his conversion to have been the reading of Virgil's *Pollio*; and, in the true spirit of those times, when Christianity and Paganism were almost confounded, we hear of *Jupiter* having been crucified for the children of men. Often, indeed, he is more happy; but in general his mixture of the sacred and profane argues his participation in that depravity of taste, which has not been thoroughly corrected, even in our country, till very recent times; and the prodigality with which he illustrates his subject, by reference to Roman history, and occasionally to that of Greece, (which he obtained at second-hand,) savours, to us, of the crude learning of a school theme.

In the management of his scholarship, as, indeed, in the measure of it, Milton far surpassed him. It was said by Bentley, of Warburton, in relation to his learning, that he never knew a man with so great an appetite and so bad a digestion. Milton's digestion was admirable; whatever he borrowed from the ancients he made his own; in him it does not seem quotation, but coincidence. This was not the virtue of his day: applications of passages from the classics abound to profusion in contemporary authors; but they are seldom properly assimilated to the subject-matter—they are fragments of the Parthenon in the mud walls of a Turkish cottage: Milton used them (if we may be allowed so homely an illustration) as the manufacturer uses rags, not for patchwork, but for paper. His likeness to the ancients is much more often that of *expression* than of *feature*. Sometimes, indeed, he makes an open and lavish display of his vast acquirements; but even here there is a *ripeness* in his knowledge which bears witness that it is not forced for the occasion, but is the fruit of years. The catalogue of the evil spirits in *Paradise Lost* is, perhaps, the most masterly account of ancient idolatry, brief as it is, in the English language; and at the same time serves to show, that Milton had not only framed for himself a system of divinity, but a system of mythology also,—the latter, indeed, far the more mature of the two. But in none of his works is his reading made so *directly* subservient to his end, as in his *Paradise Regained*—a poem arguing in its author a more than common confidence in the exuberance of his own resources. It was a bold scheme, indeed, to undertake the structure of even so short an epic as this, out

of the history of our Lord's temptation,—compised, as that history is, in half a score verses of St. Matthew, and forbidding, by its very nature, any violent interference with recorded facts; yet the imagination of Milton, duly exercised upon those elements with which his memory was stored, enabled him to expand his subject without profaning it, into a poem, which, had it been only an episode, (as it should have been,) would have borne a comparison with the happiest that have been written. Our Lord is "an hungered," and through that appetite tempted of the devil. Narrow as this ground is, for Milton it is enough; and he forthwith raises a table in the wilderness, furnished from "Pontus and Lucrine lake and Attic coast," and the charming pipes are heard to play, and Arabian odours and early flowers breathe around, and nymphs and naiads of Diana's train are summoned forth to dance beneath the shade; and the whole is combined into one of those splendid banquets with which nothing but a most perfect knowledge of antiquity could have supplied him. Again, Satan takes "the Saviour up into an exceeding high mountain, and shows him the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them." Then is the scholar awakened once more: the hint suffices to unlock the magazines of his learning; the fountains of that great deep are broken up; and now the Parthians, with all their martial appointments, and the evolutions peculiar to them, appear before us in the most faithful array; and now, in her turn, Rome under Tiberius is depicted, with the spirit, indeed, of a poet, but with the accuracy of a contemporary annalist; and her imperial palace, the houses of her gods, the conflux of divers nations and languages at her gates; the embassies from far crowding the Eulian and Appian roads; the prætors and proconsuls hasting to their provinces, or on their triumphant return; all fill the mind's eye, till it is again carried away "to the westward," and the flowery hill of Hymettus offers itself to our notice; and Athens, with its picturesque suburbs, is unfolded with a perspicuity and precision that might challenge the most scrupulous critic to quarrel even with an epithet (so true is Milton to his Grecian masters); whilst her schools of philosophy, the sects into which they are divided, the dogmas they severally espoused—all pass in rapid review, leaving us confounded at the mental plenitude of this extraordinary man. Yet it has been argued by some modern critics, that Milton derived no benefit from his books; that he would have had fewer difficulties to encounter had he lived when the world was younger and refinement less. Many years before the appearance of Paradise Lost, however, he gave it as his own opinion, that "industrious and select reading" was demanded of him who would write an epic poem with success. Deprive him of those treasures "out of which he could bring things new and old," and his characteristic attribute of *force* is gone. If there be one circumstance more than another which sets him above Virgil and Homer, it is this, that he takes more violent possession of the mind of his reader by crowding upon him a phalanx of thick-coming thoughts. Satan's legions lie entranced upon the sea of fire, "thick as the leaves in the

brooks of Vallombrosa." Here another poet might have ended. Not so Milton:—they are, moreover, like the scattered sedge on the coast of the Red Sea, when Orion hath vexed it with fierce winds. Still something more is wanted—not to complete the simile, but to overwhelm the reader; and in throng Busiris and the Memphian chivalry, and floating carcasses, and broken chariot-wheels. The fallen Archangel is compared to the sun when he shines through the horizontal misty air, shorn of his beaus: this is a splendid picture in itself; but Milton does not think it enough: he presses on with another magnificent feature, the eclipse. Nor is this all: the concomitant horrors of the disasters it is believed to portend, perplexity to monarchs, and revolution to nations, are superadded,—and then "the charm's wound up." Now, for much of this profusion, the poet is indebted to his reading—probably a noble fragment of Pindar supplied him with no inconsiderable part of the latter passage. Be that, however, as it may, such copiousness, we maintain, can only belong to the poet of a civilized age—to the poet who can lay under contribution the stores of generations past—whose possessions are by inheritance as well as by acquirement;—without this, he would be apt to weary his reader, for want of affluence and variety of matter. He would be an Ossian, perpetually among mists and mountains. Natural objects may supply materials for an eclogue; but for an epic they will not suffice. It will not do to be "babbling of green fields" for four-and-twenty books, or even for twelve.

It must be confessed, that while knowledge thus accumulates and ideas multiply, *language* will be necessarily losing much of its primitive character—it will be rendered more expeditious—words will become *winged*—a syllable will express a sentence—a fable will contract itself into a simile—a simile into a metaphor, and the metaphor itself, by habitual use and novel application, be at length forgotten as a figure: just as, when property increases, barter gives way to copper-money, and that again to silver and gold, and these in their turn to pound notes, so called long after their name has ceased to excite any idea of real pounds. Poetry may lose something in expression by the one process, and commerce may lose something in security by the other; but the substantial gain will, in both cases, be far more than enough to balance the inconvenience. "Words are, after all, but the daughters of the earth; things are the sons of heaven." Milton came into the world when it was filled with knowledge, which he could employ in his art; and if this was a misfortune, it was the misfortune of him who eats the honey which he never helped to make. He came into the world when the language of his country was formed, and by consequence less figurative than it had been; but was it on that account an instrument less fitted for his peculiar genius? The vocabulary which he wanted, was one that should be rather conversant with spirit than matter; and we cannot but think that Milton's most sublime and unearthly conceptions would have sunk under the phraseology (however in many respects admirable) of Chaucer's times.

Let us not hear a polished language blamed for the defects of those who know not how to put it forth. It must be wielded by the master before its true force can be known. The philippics of Demosthenes were pronounced in the mother-tongue of every one of his audience; but who amongst them could have answered him in a single sentence like his own? Who amongst them could have guessed what Greek could do, though they had spoken it all their lives, till they heard it from his lips? The bow of Ulysses is not to be cast away, because in common hands it will not discharge an arrow.

The secret of using a language with effect, is to use it from a full mind. If it is the means by which we seek deliverance of thoughts that are struggling for a vent—

“Thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out,”

it will be almost infallibly eloquent. Indeed of eloquence, whether in speaking or writing—“*Supere est principium et fons.*” Let the same individual treat of a subject which he has mastered, and of one where his knowledge is only superficial, and how different will be his powers of expression—in the former case, how rich and elastic—in the latter, how poor and cramped! With what justice, then, can Milton complain of being born an age too late for epic poetry, when, had he been born earlier, his mind could not have been enriched with half the knowledge, nor, by consequence, his tongue with half the utterance? But what is to become of the poets of former times under such a theory? We have said that they are inferior to Milton, chiefly because they had not his knowledge: they could not, therefore, overwhelm their readers by such a tempest of thought; but, nevertheless, much knowledge they had, and without it, we maintain, could not have been what they were. No barbarous age has ever yet seen the birth of a great poem. Of the author of the *Inferno* we have already spoken—his settled intention to avail himself of the learning of former times is sufficiently manifested by his taking Virgil bodily for his guide. Of the latter, we need not say a word—his age was confessedly an epoch of intellectual refinement. But what is to be done with Homer? Let us but listen to the expounders “of his genius and writings,” and we must believe that, in his time, letters were unknown, or but newly known in Greece—that his poems—yes, poems of seven-and-twenty thousand lines—were preserved for some generations by memory;—nay, that the author of the *Iliad* could hardly count ten—that the word *πρωτογενεα*, applied to Proteus, when he was taking account of his sea-calves, indicates that he had a difficulty in getting beyond five,—and that his earnest invocation to the Muses, as the daughters of Mnemosyne, to help him in reckoning his ships and soldiers, is inspired from his own very limited knowledge of arithmetic! When the spirit of Homer was introduced to the spirits of his Commentators in the presence of Lemuel Gulliver, that sagacious observer remarked, that they appeared, on meeting, to have had no previous acquaintance whatever.

* See Wood's Essay.

We are not surprised at it. If we turn to the poet himself, we shall find indeed a few traces—voluntary in all probability, and assumed—of barbarism; but many, by no art to be explained away, of refinement. Were the case otherwise, we know not what right we have to identify the manners of the age in which he lived, with the manners of the age in which he wrote. But even if we take the standard of refinement from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, nothing appears to warrant the most improbable and monstrous conclusion, that in Greece literature had no infancy, but came forth at once in the fulness of the stature of a perfect epic. In extracting from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* proofs of barbarism, persons are too apt to measure other countries by their own: for instance, Englishmen have divided and subdivided labour, till some thirty or forty hands are wanted to make a pin; yet it does not follow that we are to set down the people of Ithaca as mere savages, because Ulysses, with an immense establishment, had his clothes manufactured in his own house. In this case, the age of Augustus would be an age of barbarism, for in classical Italy a similar system prevailed. Englishmen maintain a lofty carriage towards their servants; Telemachus allowed the keeper of his swine (who probably, however, was viewed in the light of a bailiff) to sit at his own table; yet nothing follows from this, except that the notions of the Greeks were less aristocratical than our own—not that they were less refined; for again we say, in the most polished ages of Greece and Rome, servants were treated with a familiarity that now astonishes us. Witness the scenes in Aristophanes, in Terence, in Plautus. Columella reproaches, with unheard-of barbarity, certain gentlemen of his time, who would not let their footmen talk whilst they were waiting at dinner—Homer's princes are often employed in operations that would devolve upon butchers in these days, and the halls and courts of their palaces converted into slaughter-houses and shambles; but with the Greeks and Romans, the butcher partook of the character of priest,—the cow, of the victim,—the shambles, of the altar. Their associations were, from ours, “wide as the poles asunder;” and those terms of sacrifice which are apt to set our thoughts to run upon a ruffian in a blue frock, with one spur and a carrion horse, would more probably have suggested to them a venerable man in a vesture of white, with a chaplet of flowers about his head, and clouds of incense shrouding his person.

On the other hand, we see positive symptoms of courtesy, of delicacy, of luxury, in the manners of Homer, which cannot be mistaken. The urn out of which water is poured on the hands of the guests, is of gold, and the ewer which receives it, of silver (*Od. i. 36*): the wine is preserved in earthen jars to be eleven years old, and is then drunk out of vessels of the precious metals (*Od. i. 142; ii. 290; iii. 330*): the plate is wrought and ornamented (*iii. 440*): Helen's distaff is of gold, the basket for the yarn of silver edged with gold (*iv. 132*): the chair of Penelope is of ivory and silver (*xix. 55*): the doors of the palace of Alcinoüs are adorned with gold, the posts with silver; and

figures of dogs, of the same metals, and worked with great perfection, repose on either side the entrance: golden images of boys, bearing torches, light the banqueting-room (vii. 91—100): servants are clad with something of the fastidious parade of modern times (xvi. 330). On the continent there were sufficient roads: Nestor offers Telemachus his carriage and horses, to convey him to Sparta, with the politeness of a modern squire (iii. 325): Menelaus presses him to prolong his stay; urges the pleasure he should have in showing him Greece; yields with perfect good-breeding to his earnest wish to go; presents him with a silver cup at parting; and, whilst Helen gives him a mantle to keep for his future bride, he conducts him to his carriage, and pouring forth a libation of wine, wishes him good speed (xv. 125): When Penelope determines to go down into the hall amongst the suitors, and boldly counsel her son to come out from among them, she shrinks from the indecacy of appearing alone,—requests two of her maids to attend her,—veils herself,—is received by the suitors on their feet,—and addressing Telemachus aloud, reproaches him with a want of spirit in suffering (as he had done) a stranger to be insulted under the roof of his father (xviii. 183-224).

In all this we profess ourselves unable to discover any think like a barbarous state of society; and think that, to draw such a conclusion from such premises, would require something of the ingenuity of Hardouin, who seriously assured the world that Virgil and Horace were the productions of the monks of the dark ages. But we must have done; we can see, then, no reason for despairing of another epic poem, at least on the score of the "age having become too picked." The true poet will find himself strengthened by the wholesome study of past times, and, like the "Matine Bee," extract, from whatever he settles upon, additional sweets. The renewed interest for the writings of Milton, which has recently manifested itself, is a proof that the taste of the public is still undepraved; and in the more diligent contemplation of those writings the seeds of future poetical excellence may at this moment be scattered abroad. At a period when the fugitive publications of the day are so apt to engross the time and attention of the reading world, to the reading world, to the utter neglect of the great authors who are gone, it is the duty of every well-wisher to the sound literature of his country, to take advantage of any temporary disposition to *try back* which may discover itself, and, as far as in him lies, to cherish the good spirit, and keep it alive. Therefore it is that we make no apology for having devoted so many of our pages to Milton, whose personal character the newly-discovered treatise has helped to develop, and whose defects we have set down, assuredly not in malice, but in honest opposition to those who would make them matter of praise; considering that the errors of Plato are the more dangerous, because, with such a man it is hardly a disgrace to err.

The politics of Milton had been consigned to oblivion by common consent, until recent circumstances accidentally revived them; and

now to oblivion they had better return—they are his "uncomely parts." Of his poetry, it would require a tongue like his own to speak the praise; it invigorates the understanding, it purifies the affections, it lifts up the heart to God—"Virtue goeth out of it." Ever will it endure, to put to shame those who pervert the noblest gift of heaven to low and sensual abuse. Ever will it remain a triumphant memorial that the lamp of genius shines with the brightest lustre when it is fed with the purest oil.

From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

GOOD-NIGHT TO THE SEASON.

Thus runs the world away.—*Hamlet*.

Good-night to the Season! 'tis over!

Gay dwellings no longer are gay;
The courtier, the gambler, the lover,
Are scatter'd, like swallows, away:
There's nobody left to invite one,
Except my good uncle and spouse;
My mistress is bathing at Brighton,
My patron is sailing at Cowes:
For want of a better employment,
Till Ponto and Don can get out,
I'll cultivate rural enjoyment,
And angle immensely for trout.

Good-night to the Season!—the lobbies,
Their changes, and rumours of change,
Which startled the rustic Sir Bobbies,
And made all the Bishops look strange:
The breaches, and battles, and blunders,
Perform'd by the Commons and Peers;
The Marquis's eloquent thunders,
The Baronet's eloquent ears:
Denouncings of Papists and treasons,
Of foreign dominion and oats;
Misrepresentations of reasons,
And misunderstandings of notes.

Good-night to the Season!—the buildings
Enough to make Inigo sick;
The paintings, and plasterings, and gildings,
Of stucco, and marble, and brick;
The orders deliciously blended,
From love of effect, into one;
The club-houses only intended,
The palaces only begun;
The hell where the fiend, in his glory,
Sits staring at putty and stones,
And scrambles from story to story,
To rattle at midnight his bones.

Good-night to the Season!—the dances,
The fillings of hot little rooms,
The glancings of rapturous glances,
The fancyings of fancy costumes;
The pleasures which Fashion makes duties,
The praaisings of fiddles and flutes,
The luxury of looking at beauties,
The tedium of talking to mutes;
The female diplomatists, planners
Of matches for Laura and Jane,
The ice of her Ladyship's manners,
The ice of his Lordship's champagne.

Good-night to the Season!—the rages
Led off by the chiefs of the throng,

The Lady Matilda's new pages,
 The Lady Eliza's new song:
 Miss Fennel's Macaw, which at Boodle's
 Is held to have something to say;
 Mrs. Splenetic's musical Poodles,
 Which bark "Batti, batti!" all day;
 The pony Sir Araby sported,
 As hot and as black as a coal,
 And the Lion his mother imported,
 In bearskins and grease from the Pole.

Good-night to the Season!—the Toso,
 So very majestic and tall;
 Miss Ayton, whose singing was so so,
 And Pasta, divinest of all;
 The labour in vain of the Ballet,
 So sadly deficient in stars;
 The foreigners thronging the Alley,
 Exhaling the breath of cigars;
 The "loge," where some heiress, how killing!
 Environ'd with Exquisites sits,
 The lovely one out of her drilling,
 The silly ones out of their wits.

Good-night to the Season!—the splendour
 That beam'd in the Spanish Bazaar;
 Where I purchas'd—my heart was so tender—
 A card-case,—a pasteboard guitar,—
 A bottle of perfume,—a girdle,—
 A lithograph'd Riego full-grown,
 Whom Bigotry drew on a hurdle,
 That artists might draw him on stone,—
 A small panorama of Seville,—
 A trap for demolishing flies,—
 A caricature of the Devil,—
 And a look from Miss Sheridan's eyes.

Good-night to the Season!—the flowers
 Of the grand horticultural fête,
 When boudoirs were quitted for bowers,
 And the fashion was not to be late;
 When all who had money and leisure
 Grew rural o'er ices and wines,
 All pleasantly toiling for pleasure,
 All hungrily pining for pines,
 And making of beautiful speeches,
 And marring of beautiful shows,
 And feeding on delicate peaches,
 And treading on delicate toes.

Good-night to the Season!—another
 Will come with its trifles and toys,
 And hurry away, like its brother,
 In sunshine, and odour, and noise.
 Will it come with a rose or a briar?
 Will it come with a blessing or curse?
 Will its bonnets be lower or higher?
 Will its morals be better or worse?
 Will it find me grown thinner or fatter,
 Or fonder of wrong or of right,
 Or married, or buried?—no matter,
 Good-night to the Season, Good-night! ☿

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE ANTIQUE SEPULCHRE.*

On! ever-joyous band
 Of revellers amidst the southern vines!

* "Les sarcophages même, chez les anciens, ne rappellent que des idées guerrières ou rian-

On the pale marble, by some gifted hand,
 Fix'd in undying lines;

Thou with the sculptured bowl,
 And thou, that wearest the immortal wreath,
 And thou, from whose young lip and flute the
 soul
 Of music seems to breathe;

And ye, luxuriant flowers,
 Linking the dancers with your graceful ties,
 And cluster'd fruitage, born of sunny hours
 Under Italian skies.

Ye, that a thousand springs,
 And leafy summers, with their odoriferous breath,
 May yet outlast; what do ye there, bright
 things,
 Mantling the place of Death?

Of sunlight and soft air,
 And Dorian reeds, and myrtles ever green,
 Unto the heart a glowing thought ye bear—
 Why thus, where dust hath been?

Is it to show how slight
 The bound that severs festivals and toms,
 Music and silence, roses and the blight,
 Crowns and sepulchral glooms?

Or, when the father laid
 Happy his child's pale ashes here to sleep,
 When the friend visited the cypress shade,
 Flowers o'er the dead to heap;

Say if the mourners sought
 In these rich images of summer-mirth,
 These wine-cups and gay wreaths, to lose the
 thought
 Of our last hour on earth?

Ye have no voice, no sound,
 Ye flutes and lyres, to tell me what I seek;
 Silent ye are, light forms with vine-leaves
 crown'd,
 Yet to my soul ye speak.

Alas! for those that lay
 Down in the dust without their hope of old!
 Backward they look'd on life's rich banquet-day,
 But all beyond was cold.

Every sweet wood-note then,
 And through the plane-trees every sunbeam's
 glow,
 And each glad murmur from the homes of men,
 Made it more hard to go.

But we, when life grows dim,
 When its last melodies float o'er our way,
 Its changeful hues before us faintly swim,
 Its flitting lights decay;

Ev'n though we bid farewell
 Unto the spring's blue skies and budding trees,
 Yet may we lift our hearts, in hope to dwell
 Midst brighter things than these.

And think of deathless flowers,
 And of bright streams to glorious valleys given,
 And know the while, how little dream of ours
 Can shadow forth of Heaven!

F. H.

tes:—On voit des jeux, des danses représentés
 en bas-reliefs sur les tombeaux.—*Corinne.*

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

REVERSES.

A TALE OF THE PAST SEASON.

THE evening of Thursday, the 15th of February, 1827, was one of the most delightful I ever remember to have spent. I was alone; my heart beat lightly; my pulse was quickened by the exercise of the morning; my blood flowed freely through my veins, as meeting with no checks or impediments to its current, and my spirits were elated by a multitude of happy remembrances and of brilliant hopes. My apartments looked delightfully comfortable, and what signified to me the inclemency of the weather without. The rain was pattering upon the sky-light of the staircase; the sharp east wind was moaning angrily in the chimney; but as my eye glanced from the cheerful blaze of the fire to the ample folds of my closed window-curtains—as the hearth-rug yielded to the pressure of my foot, while, beating time to my own music, I sung, in rather a louder tone than usual, my favourite air of "*Judy O'Flannegan*;"—the whistling of the wind, and the pattering of the rain, only served to enhance in my estimation the comforts of my home, and inspire a livelier sense of the good fortune which had delivered me from any evening engagements. It may be questioned, whether there are any hours in this life, of such unmixt enjoyment as the few, the very few, which a young bachelor is allowed to rescue from the pressing invitations of those dear friends, who want another talking man at their dinner tables, or from those many and wily devised entanglements which are woven round him by the hands of inevitable mothers, and preserve entirely to himself.—Talk of the pleasure of repose! What repose can possibly be so sweet, as that which is enjoyed on a disengaged day during the laborious dissipations of a London life?—Talk of the delights of solitude? Spirit of Zimmerman!—What solitude is the imagination capable of conceiving so entirely delightful, as that which a young unmarried man possesses in his quiet lodging, with his easy chair and his dressing gown, his beef-steak and his whiskey and water, his nap over an old poem or a new novel, and the intervening despatch of a world of little neglected matters, which, from time to time, occur to recollection between the break of the stanzas or the incidents of the story? Men—married men—may expatiate, if they will, in good polished sentences, on the delights of their firesides, and the gay cheerfulness of their family circles; but I do not hesitate to affirm, that we, in our state of single blessedness, possess not only all the sweets of our condition, but derive more solid advantages from matrimony itself, than any of these solemn eulogists of their own happiness can dare to pretend to derive from it. We have their dinners, without the expense of them; we have their parties, without the fatigue of those interminable domestic discussions which are inseparable from the preliminary arrangements; we share the gay and joyous summer of their homes, when they are illuminated for company, and escape the intervening winter of darkness and econo-

my; we are welcomed with all the plate, the glittering dinner service, and the wine, that is produced, on rare occasions, from recondite bins, and are most mercifully delivered from the infliction of the ordinary Wedgwood dishes, and the familiar port and sherry; we are presented to the lady when her smiles never fail to radiate, and are made acquainted with the children when adorned in their smooth hair and shining faces, in their embroidered frocks and their gentlest behaviour; and, having participated in the sunny calm, the halcyon hours of the establishment, we depart before the unreal and transitory delusion is dispersed, and leave the husband to contemplate the less brilliant changes of the lady's countenance and temper, and to maintain a single combat against the boisterous perversities of her offspring. It is certainly a most desirable thing, that all those persons who are blest with large houses and good cooks, should marry; for I do not understand how they can otherwise hope to achieve any very good balls, or even any tolerable dinners. If houses are to be opened with effect, there must be a mistress; and it is therefore absolutely incumbent on all public spirited persons, who have the real good of society at heart, to provide their establishment with so essential a member. But marriage is an act of generous self-devotion for the benefit of the circle among whom we move,—a sacrifice of personal advantage made to attain the power of being gracefully hospitable to our friends; for it is established beyond a doubt, that we single persons enjoy the cream and quintessence of matrimonial felicity, and that wives and husbands possess a painful monopoly of its tumults and its distractions, its anxieties and its restraints. Then again with regard to Home:—I don't believe that any individual in existence knows what a really comfortable home is—the quiet—the consideration—the uninterrupted—the easy chair drawn parallel with the fire-place—the undisputed right of sitting with a foot on either nob—the lamp arranged to suit the level of his own eye—the careless luxury resulting from an exclusive appropriation of all the convenience of an apartment—No man can be really *chez soi*—can be in the full enjoyment of all the accommodation afforded by his own house, and fire-side, and furniture, and presume to exercise the right of a master over them, unless he be independent of the fetters of wedlock.

In the other case, if he attempt to put himself at his ease, his conscience upbraids him of selfishness: he can't draw a footstool near him, without feeling his sensibility disturbed by the apprehension of interfering with the comforts of another. No man, I repeat it, can be in the entire enjoyment of life, unless he be a young, unmarried man, with an attached elderly valet to wait upon him.—I am so thoroughly persuaded of this fact, that nothing on earth but my love for you, Maria, could persuade me to relinquish "*my unhoused, free condition*." Nothing but my adoration of such a union of various beauties, and almost incongruous mental accomplishments, could have induced me to abandon my present state of luxurious independence; but, under my peculiar and most favoured circumstances, I only pass from a

lower to a higher state of happiness: True, the idle, the downy, the somewhat ignominious gratifications of celibacy are sacrificed; but they are exchanged for the pure and dignified enjoyment of labouring to secure an angel's happiness, beneath the cheering influence of her exhilarating smiles.

Such were the reflections that hastily passed along my mind, on the afternoon of Thursday, the 15th of February, 1827, as I sat in the back drawing room of my lodgings in Conduit-street. It was about ten o'clock in the afternoon. My dinner was just removed. It had left me with that gay complacency of disposition, and irrepressible propensity to elocution, which result from a satisfied appetite, and an undisturbed digestion. My sense of contentment became more and more vigorous and confirmed, as I cast my eye around my apartment, and contemplated my well filled book-case, and the many articles of convenience with which I had contrived to accommodate my nest; till, at length, the emotions of satisfaction became too strong to be restrained within the bonds of silence, and announced themselves in the following soliloquy:—

"What capital coals these are!—There's nothing in the world so cheering—so enlivening—as a good, hot, blazing, sea-coal fire."—I broke a large lump into fragments with the poker, as I spoke.—"It's all mighty fine," I continued, "for us travellers to harangue the ignorant on the beauty of foreign cities, on their buildings without dust, and their skies without a cloud; but, for my own part, I like to see a dark, thick, heavy atmosphere, hanging over a town. It forewarns the traveller of his approach to the habitations, the business, and the comforts of his civilized fellow creatures. It gives an air of grandeur, and importance, and mystery, to the scene: It conciliates our respect: We know that there must be some fire where there is so much smother.—While, in those bright, shining, smokeless cities, whenever the sun shines upon them, one's eyes are put out by the glare of their white walls; and when it does not shine!—why, in the winter, there's no resource left for a man but hopeless and shivering resignation, with their wide, windy chimneys, and their damp, crackling, hissing, sputtering, tantalizing faggots." I confirmed my argument in favour of our metropolitan obscurity by another stroke of the poker against the largest fragment of the broken coal; and then, letting fall my weapon, and turning my back to the fire, I exclaimed, "Certainly—there's no kind of furniture like books:—nothing else can afford one an equal air of comfort and habitability.—Such a resource too!—A man never feels alone in a library.—He lives surrounded by companions, who stand ever obedient to his call, coinciding with every caprice of temper, and harmonizing with every turn and disposition of the mind.—Yes: I love my books:—They are my friends—my counsellors—my companions.—Yes; I have a real personal attachment, a very tender regard, for my books."

I thrust my hands into the pockets of my dressing-gown, which, by the by, is far the handsomest piece of old brocade I have ever seen,—a large running pattern of gold holly-

hocks, with silver stalks and leaves, upon a rich, deep, Pompadour-coloured ground,—and, walking slowly backwards and forwards in my room, I continued,—"There never was, there never can have been, so happy a fellow as myself! What on earth have I to wish for more? Maria adores me—I adore Maria. To be sure, she's detained at Brighton; but I hear from her regularly every morning by the post, and we are to be united for life in a fortnight. Who was ever so blest in his love? Then again John Fraser—my old schoolfellow! I don't believe there's any thing in the world he would not do for me. I'm sure there's no living thing that he loves so much as myself, except, perhaps, his old uncle Simon, and his black mare."

I had by this time returned to the fire-place, and, reseating myself, began to apostrophize my magnificent black Newfoundland, who, having partaken of my dinner, was following the advice and example of Abernethy, and sleeping on the rug, as it digested.—"And you, too, my old Neptune, ar'n't you the best and handsomest dog in the universe?"

Neptune finding himself addressed, awoke leisurely from his slumbers, and fixed his eyes on mine with an affirmative expression.

"Ay, to be sure you are; and a capital swimmer too?"

Neptune raised his head from the rug, and beat the ground with his tail, first to the right hand, and then to the left.

"And is he not a fine faithful fellow? And does he not love his master?"

Neptune rubbed his head against my hand, and concluded the conversation, by again sinking into repose.

"That dog's a philosopher," I said; "he never says a word more than is necessary:—Then, again, not only blest in love and friendship, and my dog; but what luck it was to sell, and in these times too, that old, lumbering house of my father's, with its bleak, bare, hilly acres of chalk and stone, for eighty thousand pounds, and to have the money paid down, on the very day the bargain was concluded. By the by, though, I had forgot:—I may as well write to Messrs. Drax and Drayton about that money, and order them to pay it immediately in to Coutts's,—mighty honest people and all that: but faith no solicitors should be trusted or tempted too far. It's a foolish way, at any time, to leave money in other people's hands—in any body's hands—and I'll write about it at once."

As I said, so I did. I wrote my commands to Messrs. Drax and Drayton, to pay my eighty thousand pounds in to Coutts's; and after desiring that my note might be forwarded to them, the first thing in the morning, I took my candle, and accompanied by Neptune, who always keeps watch by night at my chamber door, proceeded to bed, as the watchman was calling "past twelve o'clock," beneath my window.

It is indisputably very beneficial for a man to go to bed thus early; it secures him such pleasant dreams. The visions that filled my imagination during sleep, were not of a less animated nature than those of my waking hallucinations. I dreamt, that it was daybreak on

my wedding morning; that I was drest in white satin and silver lace, to go and be married; that Maria, seated in a richly painted and gilt sedan chair, was conveyed to the church by the parson and clerk, who wore white favours in their wigs, and large nose-gays in the breasts of their canonicals; that hands were joined by Hymen in person, who shook his torch over our heads at the altar, and danced a *pas de deux* with the bride down the middle of Regent Street, as we returned in procession from St. James's; that I walked by the side of Neptune, who was, in some unaccountable manner, identified with my friend John Fraser, and acted as father of the bride, and alarmed me in the midst of the ceremony by whispering in my ear, that he had forgotten to order any breakfast for the party; that on returning to my house, which appeared to be the pavilion at Brighton, I found a quantity of money bags, full of sovereigns, each marked £80,000, ranged in rows on a marble table; that I was beginning to empty them at the feet of the bride with an appropriate compliment—when my dream was suddenly interrupted by the hasty entrance of my valet, who stood pale and trembling by my bed-side, and informed me, with an agitated voice, that he had carried my note, as ordered, to the office of Messrs. Drax & Drayton, the first thing in the morning, and had seen Mr. Drax; but that Mr. Drayton had decamped during the night, taking away with him my £80,000, and £500 of his partner's!

I was horror-struck! I was ruined!—What was to be done? The clock had not yet struck ten, but, early as it was, I was determined to rise immediately, and see Drax myself upon the subject. In an instant—in less than an hour—I was dressed, and on my way to Lincoln's Inn. Twenty minutes after, I stood in the presence of Mr. Drax.

He appeared before me, among the last of the pig-tails, with his powdered head, his smooth black silk stockings, and his polished shoes, the very same immutable Mr. Drax whom I had remembered as a quizz from the earliest days of my childhood. There he stood, in the same attitude, in the same dress, the same man of respectability, calculation, and arrangement, that my father had always represented to me as the model of an attorney, but with a look of bewildered paleness, as placed suddenly in a situation where his respectability became doubtful, his calculations defeated, and all his arrangements discomposd.

"Oh, Mr. Luttrell!" he exclaimed, "I beg pardon, Mr. Lionel Luttrell, you've received intimation, then, of this most extraordinary occurrence;—what will the world think?—what will they say?—the house of Drax and Drayton!—Such a long established, such a respectable house!—and one of the partners—Mr. Drayton, I mean—to abscond!"

"Ay, Mr. Drax, but think of my eighty thousand pounds!"

"Sir, when they told me that Mr. Drayton was gone, I could not believe it to be a fact; it seemed a circumstance that no evidence could establish. Sir, he always had opened that door, precisely at ten o'clock, every day, Sundays excepted, for these last five-and-twenty

years; and I felt satisfied that when ten o'clock came, he would certainly arrive."

"Very probably, sir; but your expectations were deceived; and what am I to do, to recover my money?"

"If you'll believe me, as a man of business, Mr. Lionel Luttrell, I could not persuade myself to give him up as lost, till the Lincoln's Inn clock had struck the quarter——"

"But, Mr. Drax, my eighty thousand pounds!—if they are not regained, I'm ruined for ever!"

"Went away, sir, without leaving the slightest instruction where he might be met with, or where his letters might be sent after him!—A most extraordinary proceeding!"

"You'll drive me mad, Mr. Drax. Let me implore you to inform me what's to be done about my money?"

"Your money, Mr. Lionel Luttrell?—here has the same party taken off with him £500 of the common property of the house;—all the loose cash we had in our banker's hands;—drew a draught for the whole amount; appropriated it to himself; and never took the ordinary measure of leaving me a memorandum of the transaction!—Why, sir, I might have drawn a bill this very morning—many things less improbable occur—and might have had my draught refused acceptance!"

"Oh, Mr. Drax, this torture will be the death of me—Sir, sir, I'm ruin'd, and I'm going to be married!"

"A most unfortunate event.—But, Mr. Luttrell, you gay young men of fashion at the west end, cannot possibly enter into the feelings of a partner and a man of business.—My situation——"

"Your's! Oh, sir, my eighty thousand pounds!—my whole fortune!—Think what my condition is."

"Here am I left entirely alone, unsupported, in the very middle of term time, and with such an accumulation of business on my hands as it is quite perplexing to think of.—Why, Mr. Lionel, there's more to be got through than any two ordinary men could accomplish; and how is it possible that I should work my way through it by myself.—So inconsiderate of Mr. Drayton!"

Tortured beyond bearing, incapable of listening any longer to the lamentations of Mr. Drax, and perceiving that he was too much engrossed by the perplexities of his own affairs, to yield any attention to my distresses, I seized my hat, and hastily departed, to seek elsewhere for the advice and consolation I required.

"I'll go to John Fraser," I exclaimed; "he's always sensible, always right, always kind. He'll feel for me, at all events: He'll suggest what steps are best to be taken in this most painful emergency."

Upon this determination I immediately proceeded to act, and hastened toward Regent Street with the rapidity of one who feels impatient of every second that elapses between the conception and the execution of his purpose. As I was pressing forward on my hurried way, my thoughts absorbed in the anxiety of the moment, and my sight dazzled by the rapidity of my movements, and the confused succession of the passing objects, I was checked in my course by Edward Burrell—the Pet of the Dan-

dies—"Stop, Lionel, my dear fellow, stop.—I want to congratulate you."

"Congratulate me!—Upon what?"

"On your appointment: Inspecting Postman for the district of St. Ann's, Soho:—Of course you're he—none but personages of such elevated station could be justified in using such velocity of movement, and in running over so many innocent foot passengers."

"Nonsense!—Don't stop me!—I've just heard of the greatest imaginable misfortune. Drayton, my attorney, has decamped, Heaven only knows to what country, and carried off the whole of my fortune."

"Oh! indeed!—So you're one upon the innumerable list of bankrupts!—A failure! a complete failure!—Don't be angry, Lionel; I always said you were rather a failure:—And so now the attorney man—what's his name?—has absconded and ruined you for life by his successful speculation in hops."

The Pet of the Dandies walked off, laughing as immoderately as a *professed Exclusive* ever dares to laugh. It had made what he believed to be a pun:—That is, I suppose, I dare say the sentence is capable of some quibbling interpretation. The words are unintelligible, unless they contain a pun:—Whenever I hear one man talk nonsense, and find others laugh, I invariably conclude that he is punning; and if the last parting words of Edward Burrell really do exhibit a specimen of this vulgar kind of solecism, the puppy was more than indemnified for the distresses of his friend, as any punster would necessarily be, by the opportunity of hitching a joke upon them.—"It will not be so with you, John Fraser!" I muttered to myself; and in a few seconds I rapt at the door of his lodgings in Regent Street.

They detained me an age in the street—I rapt and rapt again, and then I rang, and at the ringing of the bell, a stupid-looking, yellow-haired, steamy maid-servant, in a dirty lace-cap, issued from the scullery, wiping her crimson arms in her check apron to answer the summons.

"Is Mr. Fraser at home?" I demanded, in a voice of somewhat angry impatience.

"Mr. Fraser at home?—No, sir, he an't."

"Where's he gone to?"

"Where's he gone to?" rejoined the girl, in a low drawing voice—"I'm sure, sir, I can't tell, not I."

"Is his servant in the way?"

"Is his servant in the way?"—No, sir; the other gentleman's gone too."

"His servant gone with him?—Why, how did they go?"

"How did they go?—Why, in a post-chay and four, to be sure—they sent for him from Newman's."

"Heavens! how provoking!—Did they start early?"

"Start early? no, to be sure, they started very late; as soon as ever master came home from dining in Russell Square."

"Russell Square! what the devil should John Fraser do dining in Russell Square!—How very distressing!"

"Master came home two hours before Mr. Robert expected him, and ordered four horses to be got ready directly."

"Indeed! What can possibly have happened?"

"What has happened? Oh, Mr. Robert told us all about what had happened; says he, 'my master's great friend, Mr. Luttrell, is clean ruined; his lawyer man's run off with all his money. Master's in a great quandary about it,' says Mr. Robert, 'and so I suppose,' says he, 'that master and I am going out of town a little while to keep clear of the mess.'"

"Merciful God! and can such cold-hearted treachery really be!"

"And so," continued the girl, perfectly regardless of my vehement ejaculation, "and so I told Mr. Robert I hoped luck would go with them; for you know, sir, it's all very well to have friends and such like, as long as they've got every thing comfortable about them; but when they're broke up, or any thing of that, why, then it's another sort of matter, and we have no right to meddle or make in their concerns."

The girl was a perfect philosopher upon the true Hume and Rochefoucault principles. She continued to promulge her maxims in the same low, monotonous, cold, languid vein; but I did not remain to profit by them. I hurried away to conceal my sorrow and my disappointment in the privacy of those apartments, where, on the preceding evening, surrounded by so many comforts, I had proudly, perhaps too proudly, contemplated my stock of happiness, and had at large expatiated on my many deceitful topics of self-gratulation. How miserably was that stock of happiness now impaired! But, hopeful as I am by nature, my sanguine temperament still triumphed; and as I ascended the staircase to my apartment, Maria's image presented itself in smiles to my imagination, and I repeated to myself, "My fortune's gone! my friend has deserted me! but Maria! thou, dearest, still remain'st to me. I'll tranquillize my mind by the sweet counsel of your daily letter, and then proceed to deliberate and act for myself." I knew that the post must by this time have arrived.

I approached the table where my cards and letters were constantly deposited—but no letter was there. I could not believe my eyes;—I rung and asked for my letters—none had arrived during my absence from home. "Had the post gone by?"—"Yes, many an hour ago." It was too true, then,—even Maria was perfidious to my misfortunes. This was the severest blow of all. This I could not have anticipated. My heart was full, brim-full of sorrow before; and this addition of disappointment made it overflow. Any man who has a keen susceptibility of madness and injury—I need not have written a keen susceptibility of madness, for the sense of wrong is always proportioned to the sense of benefit—Gratitude and resentment are always, I believe, commensurate in the character; and he who is easily touched by the attentions of those he loves, will be as readily affected by their neglect;—but, however, any man who is keenly sensible of unkindness, will comprehend the effect produced upon my mind by the absence of my expected, my accustomed letter. The cause of my distrust was apparently slight—possibly accidental; but, occurring at such a time, it fell with all the weight

of a last and consummating calamity on one who was already overthrown. Oh! how weak—how childish—how foolish are we, even the wisest of us all, in moments such as these! I clenched my teeth; I stamp'd upon the floor; I tossed about my arms with the vain and objectless passion of an angry child. My dog, amazed at the violence of my gesticulation, fixed his large dark eyes upon me, and stared with astonishment, as well he might, at the agitated passion of his master. I saw, or imagined I saw, an expression of tenderness and commiseration in his looks; and, in an agony of tears—don't laugh at me, for in the same situation, under the same circumstances, you probably would have done the same—I flung myself down on the floor by his side, exclaiming, "Yes, Neptune, every thing on earth has forsaken me but you—my fortune—my friend, my love—with my fortune; and you, you alone, my good, old faithful dog, are constant to me in the hour of my affliction!"—I started up and paced my apartment backwards and forwards with wide and hurried strides, fevered with the rapid succession of painful events, bewildered in mind, afflicted at heart, perplexed in the extreme!—"There was no place in my thoughts for the future; I was absorbed wholly in the present: I was careless of the loss of my patrimony.—It was gone; and I willingly resigned it. My distracted fancy began to view the robbery rather as a benefit than an injury. It had revealed to me in time, the baseness of the world, the fallacy of human attachments, the inconstancy of woman, the treachery of man. I had, in one morning, learnt that the world is a lie; and love a name; and friendship a cheat. The lesson had indeed been dearly bought by the exchange of affluence for poverty; but in the despair and bitterness of my abandonment, I should have scorned to purchase it at an inferior price.—It was worth all, and more than I had given for it.—I felt grateful to Drayton for the act of fraud which had in a moment rendered me thus indigent and wise: I would not attempt the recovery of the wealth he had purloined.—That wealth, as I looked down upon it from the heights of my passion, seemed to dwindle into an inconsiderable speck, and was disdained as a mere noxious bait for falsehood and duplicity: "Let him," I ejaculated, "let him keep my money!—let it attract towards him, as it did towards myself, lying smiles and artificial tenderness; let him, as I have done, fix his heart upon the beautiful deceptions which his affluence shall conjure up around him; let him be robbed, as I have been; let him, as I have done, detect the error of the illusions that had delighted him; and then let him curse the perfidious, the ungrateful wretches that had deceived him, as I now do curse those that have injured me." How inconsistent are the thoughts and actions, the words and sentiments of man!—Never was I conscious of so deep a feeling of tenderness as that which flowed from my soul towards the beings I was denouncing, at the very moment these expressions of passionate indignation were issuing from my lips.

Impelled by that restlessness of body which results from the agitation of the mind, I took up my hat, called Neptune to follow me, and

prepared to seek abroad that distraction for my grief, which could not be found in the quiet of my home. In leaving the room, my eye accidentally glanced toward my pistols. My hand was on the lock of the door. I perceived that to approach the place where they lay, was like tempting Hell to tempt me: but a thought flashed across my mind, that to die were to punish the unworthy authors of my sorrow—were to strike imperishable remorse to the hearts of Maria and of John;—and I took the pistols with me, muttering, as I concealed them in my breast, "Perhaps I may want them."

In this frame of mind, wandering through back and retired streets, with no other motive to direct me than the necessity of locomotion, I, at length, found myself on the banks of the Thames, at no great distance from Westminster Bridge. My boat was kept near this place: On the water, I should be delivered from all apprehension of observing eyes.—I should be alone with my sorrow; and, unfavourable as the season and the weather were, I proceeded to the spot where my boat was moored.—"Bad time for boating, Mr. Luttrell," said Piner, who had the charge of my wherry; "it's mortal cold, and there's rain getting out there to the windward." But careless of his good-natured remonstrances, I seized the oars impatiently from his hand and proceeded, in angry silence, to the boat. I pushed her off, and rowed rapidly up the river towards Chelsea, with Neptune lying at my feet. When I thus found myself alone upon the water, with none to know, or mark, or overhear me, my grief, breaking through all the restraints that had confined it as long as I was exposed to the inspection of my fellow-creatures, discharged itself in vehement exclamations of indignant passion—"Fool!—Idiot that I was to trust them!—Nothing on earth shall ever induce me now to look upon them again. Oh, Maria! I should have thought it happiness enough to have died for you; and you to desert me—to fall away from me too, at the moment when a single smile of yours might have indemnified me for all the wrongs of fortune, all the treachery of friendship! As to Fraser, men are all alike,—selfish by nature, habit, education. They are trained to baseness, and he is the wisest man who becomes earliest acquainted with suspicion. He is the happiest, who, scorning their hollow demonstrations of attachment, constrains every sympathy of his nature within the close imprisonment of a cold and unparticipating selfishness; but I'll be revenged. Fallen as I am—sunk—impoverished—despised as Lionel Luttrell may be, the perfidious shall yet be taught to know, that he will not be spurned with impunity, or trampled on without reprisal!"

At these words, some violence of gesture, accompanying the vehemence of my sentiment, interfered with the repose of Neptune, who was quietly sleeping at the bottom of the boat. The dog vented his impatience in a quick and angry growl. At that moment my irritation amounted almost to madness. "Right—right!" I exclaimed, "my very dog turns against me. He withdraws the mercenary attachment which my food had purchased, now that the sources which supplied it have become exhausted." I imputed to my dog the frailties

of man, and hastened, in the wild suggestion of the instant, to take a severe and summary vengeance on his ingratitude. I drew forth a pistol from my breast, and ordered him to take to the water. I determined to shoot him as he was swimming, and then leave him there to die. Neptune hesitated in obeying me. He was scarcely aroused; perhaps he did not comprehend my command. My impatience would brook no delay. I was in no humour to be thwarted. Standing up in the boat, I proceeded, with a sudden effort of strength, to cast the dog into the river. My purpose failed,—my balance was lost—and in a moment of time—I found myself engaged in a desperate struggle for existence with the dark, deep waters of the Thames. I cannot swim. Death—death in all its terrors—instantaneous, inevitable death, was the idea that pressed upon my mind, and occupied all its faculties. But poor Neptune required no solicitation. He no sooner witnessed the danger of his master, than he sprang forward to my rescue, and, sustaining my head above the water, swam stoutly away with me to the boat.

When once reseated there, as I looked upon my preserver shaking the water from his coat as composedly as if nothing extraordinary had happened, my conscience became penetrated with the bitterest feelings of remorse and shame. Self-judged, self-corrected, self-condemned, I sat like a guilty wretch in the presence of that noble animal, who, having saved my life at the very moment I was meditating his destruction, seemed of too generous a nature to imagine, that the act he had performed exceeded the ordinary limits of his service, or deserved any special gratitude from his master. I felt as one who had in intention committed murder on his benefactor, and, as I slowly rowed towards the land, eloquent in the praise of the unconscious Neptune, the recollection of my perilous escape—the complete conviction of my having in one instance been mistaken in my anger—and, perhaps—most unromantic as it may sound—the physical operation of my cold bath and my wet habiliments—all these causes united, operated so effectually to allay the fever of my irritated passions, that the agitation of my mind was soothed. Mine was now the spirit of one in sorrow, not in anger. Humbled in mine own opinion, my indignation against Maria and John Fraser, for their cold-hearted, their cruel desertion of my distresses, was exchanged for a mingled sentiment of tenderness and forgiveness. On reaching the landing-place, I hastened to take possession of the first hackney-coach, and calling Neptune into it, drove off to my lodgings in Conduit-street.

On arriving at my apartments, the first object that presented itself to my eye, was a note from Maria. I knew the peculiar shape of the billet, before I was near enough to distinguish the hand-writing. All the blood in my veins seemed to rush back towards my heart, and there to stand trembling at the seat of life and motion. I shook like a terrified infant. Who could divine the nature of the intelligence which that note contained? I held the paper some minutes in my hand before I could obtain sufficient command over myself to open it.

That writing conveyed to me the sentence of my future destiny. Its purport was pregnant of the misery or happiness of my after-life. At length with a sudden, a desperate effort of resolution, I burst the seal asunder, and read—

“Dearest Lionel, I did not write yesterday, because my aunt had most unexpectedly determined to return to town to-day. We left Brighton very early this morning, and are established at Thomas’s Hotel. Come to us directly; or if this wicked theft of Mr. Drayton’s—which, by the by, will compel us to have a smaller, a quieter, and therefore a *happier* home, than we otherwise should have had—compels you to be busy among law people, and occupies all your time this morning, pray come to dinner at seven—or if not to dinner, at all events, you must contrive to be with us in Berkley-square some time this evening. My aunt desires her best love, and believe me, dearest Lionel, your ever affectionate

“MARIA.”

And she was really true! This was by far the kindest, the tenderest note I had ever received. Maria was constant, and my wicked suspicions only were in fault. Oh, heavens! how much was I to blame! how severely did I too fully deserve punishment!

The operations of the toilet are capable of incalculable extension or diminution. They can, under certain circumstances, be very rapidly despatched. In five minutes after the first reading of Maria’s note, I was descending the staircase, and prepared to obey her summons. My valet was standing with his hand on the lock of the street door, in readiness to expedite my departure, when the noise of rapidly approaching wheels was heard. A carriage stopped suddenly before the house—the rapper was loudly and violently beaten with a hurried hand—the street door flew open—and John Fraser, in his dinner dress of the last evening, pale with watching, and fatigue, and travel, and excitement, burst like an unexpected apparition upon my sight. He rushed towards me, seized my hand, and shaking it with the energy of an almost convulsive joy, exclaimed, “Well, Lionel, I was in time—thought I should be. The fellows drove capitally—deuced good horses, too, or we should never have beat him.”

“What do you mean? Beat whom?”

“The rascal Drayton, to be sure. Did not they tell you I had got scent of his starting, and was off after him within an hour of his departure?”

“No, indeed, John, they never told me that.”

“Well, never mind. I overtook him within five miles of Canterbury, and horsewhipped him within an inch of his life.”

“And—and—the money?”

“Oh, I’ve lodged that at Coutts’s. I thought it best to put that out of danger at once. So I drove to the Strand, and deposited your eighty thousand pounds in a place of security before I proceeded here to tell you that it was safe.”

If I had been humbled and ashamed of myself before—if I had repented my disgusting suspicions on seeing Maria’s note, this explanation of John Fraser’s absence was very little calculated to restore me to my former happy state of self-approbation. Taking my friend by the arm, and calling Neptune, I said, “By

and by, John, you shall be thanked as you ought to be for all your kindness; but you must first forgive me. I have been cruelly unjust to Maria, to you, and to poor old Neptune here. Come with me to Berkeley-square. You shall there hear the confession of my past rashness and folly; and when my heart is once delivered from the burden of self-reproach that now oppresses it, there will be room for the expansion of those happier feelings, which your friendship and Maria's tenderness have everlastingly implanted there. Never again will I allow a suspicion to pollute my mind which is injurious to those I love. The world's a good world—the women are all true—the friends all faithful—and the dogs are all attached and staunch;—and if any individual, under any possible combination of circumstances, is ever, for a single instant, induced to conceive an opposite opinion, depend upon it, that that unhappy man is deluded by false appearances, and that a little inquiry would convince him of his mistake."

"I can't for the life of me understand, Lionel, what you are driving at."

"You will presently," I replied; and in the course of half an hour,—seated on the sofa, with Maria on one side of me, with John Fraser on the other, and with Neptune lying at my feet,—I had related the painful tale of my late follies and sufferings, had heard myself affectionately pitied and forgiven, and had concluded, in the possession of unmingled happiness, the series of my day's REVERSES.

From the London Magazine.

THEODORE KORNER.

Theodor Körners Sämtliche Werke. 5 Bände. Leipzig, 1823. Siebente Auflage.

The Life of Carl Theodore Körner, (written by his Father,) with Selections from his Poems, Tales, and Dramas. Translated from the German by G. F. Richardson, Author of "Poetic Hours." London. Hurst. 1827. Two vols. 8vo.

THE first work here mentioned is the seventh edition, which, in the course of ten years, has been given of the works of this German poet; besides various reprints and piracies in Austria, Wirtemberg, and the duchy of Baden. The second is a translation of parts of the other very recently published by a writer, celebrated for the universal diffusion of his poetry, in an edition only to be perused with a microscope.

Theodore Körner was born in Dresden on the 7th of September, 1791, of highly respectable and well-educated parents. He was sickly in his infancy, and this ill-health gave him a certain delicacy and sensitiveness which, united with a strong will, and a fervid imagination, formed the most remarkable traits in his character. By degrees, as his frame, through a judicious physical education, acquired vigour, the rays of his fine genius began to develop themselves. He remained until the age of seventeen under his paternal roof, where he had every advantage of instruction. Goethe

and Schiller were the first poets whom he read, their works being in highest estimation with his parents; and by these the spirit of poetry was early awakened in him. His parents, not perceiving the tendency of his mind, and being desirous to place their son in some useful course of life, sent him to study mineralogy, first at Fribourg, then at Leipzig, and afterwards at Berlin. But the study of the exact sciences ill suited his lyric enthusiasm; he neglected his prescribed pursuits, sought the company of congenial associates, and delighted in varying his occupations alternately with the sword and with the lyre. In the memoir written by his father, this direction of his mind is, however, explained, by the necessity his son lay under to cultivate some science as a profession. The youth is there said voluntarily to have chosen the profession of mining.

For some years that martial and patriotic spirit had been diffusing itself in Germany, among men of ardent minds, which broke forth so powerfully after the conflagration of Moscow. The war of 1809, between Austria and France; the revolt of the Tyrolese, and the heroism which signalized their adherents; the works of Jahn, Arndt, and Fichte, had inspired the hearts of the young with an intense eagerness to enter at once into open conflict with the French oppressor. What was to be the ulterior fate of their fine country did not enter into their thoughts: they were occupied wholly by one deep feeling,—liberty or death! Such was the operation of this spirit, that in the universities the students were more addicted to duelling than ever, and engaged in trials of courage, that they might insure themselves to danger, and acquire dexterity in the use of those arms which were one day to be fatal to the enemies of their country. This warlike, restless, and turbulent spirit could not fail to animate the heart of Körner; and his father, a mild, peaceable, and faithful agent to the king of Saxony, perceiving that his son neglected his severer studies, yielded himself up to the delirations of poetry and martial sports, determined to withdraw him from the university and send him to Vienna, where he might moderate his impetuosity, and restrain his too lively disposition. And although his father gives a somewhat different complexion to the motives for this step, it is pretty clear from his own account, that he dreaded the wild and infectious spirit that was fermenting in the German universities.

Of all capitals in the world, Vienna is the one most calculated to captivate an ardent and poetic mind. In London, Paris, or Naples, a young poet remains isolated; society divides itself into small circles; the individual is lost; his works alone are preserved, and the social relations have little influence upon his mind. In Vienna, the state of things is entirely different: there is a greater degree of social feeling; the circles are more ramified and connected with each other; and the man who acquires distinction by his personal graces, or his talents, is almost deified by the women, who there regulate every thing. The ladies of Vienna are well educated, sentimental, and enthusiastic admirers of the beauty of nature and art; or, in other words, blue stockings,

while still young, ardent, and lovely; and all the favours of fortune are lavished on him, who can adapt himself to their tastes. Theodore Körner, youthful, handsome, and of good family, and moreover endowed with talents for lively poetry, could not fail to be idolized in that capital; and he rose so rapidly into notice, that in a short time he was appointed poet to the court theatre. In this office he wrote, within the space of seventeen months, (his father says fifteen,) many comedies and operas, and two tragedies: of their merits we shall presently take occasion to speak. But amidst these allurements, and in the joys of the tender passion, which attached him to a lovely young woman, of whom even his father cannot speak coldly, the free spirit, and the lyric enthusiasm of the young poet, were rather subdued than excited. The conflagration of Moscow scattered its lightnings throughout all Germany from the Oder to the Adige, from the Danube to the Rhine, from mouth to mouth, and from heart to heart,—wherever a manly spirit existed,—the universal exclamation was "Liberty, or death!" Nor were those words ineffectual, as they had been in the late revolts: united by what they called the sacred bonds of virtue, animated by a true love of their country, and by sincere faith in the sanctity of the cause, as well as by a hearty and holy spirit of religious enthusiasm, the Germans voluntarily brandished their swords, and urged on their princes to battle against the oppressor of Europe. It was the fight of the people. Körner was one of the first to take the field: and with the lyre and the sword to contend for liberty: the union with him was no poetical fiction. He went as a volunteer in the corps of Lützow, fought with energy and heroism, and being wounded by a musket-shot, fell dead on the field in the neighbourhood of Schwerin, on the 26th of August, 1813. On the very morning of his death he had composed the song "To his Sword." He had felt frequent forebodings of his death. He was buried by his comrades under an oak, near a milestone on the road from Labelow to Dreikrug. His parents obtained a grant of it from the prince, and erected a monument, on which are sculptured a lyre and a sword, ornamented with an oaken crown. A silent grief for the loss of her brother, whom she tenderly loved, preyed on the life of his sister Emma Sophia Louisa. She survived him only long enough to paint his portrait, and to make a drawing of his burial-place,—where now she herself reposes.

It has repeatedly happened to many men of great genius, either for a short time, or for their whole lives, to be at variance with themselves, for want of having sufficiently ascertained their own inclination, and the kind of study most congenial to them. Thus, Petrarch, before he wrote his immortal sonnets, had fixed his mind on becoming a Latin epic poet; and among the Germans, Klopstock, with a genius exclusively lyric and elegiac, sacrificed almost the whole of his life to the study of the Epopea and the drama. Körner's dramatic works are entirely the fruit of this contrariety between a talent for lyric composition and the rage for shining in theatrical productions. We are very far from agreeing with Mr. Richardson in con-

sidering them his highest efforts. Without having sufficiently studied the dramatic art in the works of the Greek poets, and in those of Shakspeare and Goethe; without acquainting himself with the nature of mankind, and much less with the prophetic spirit of history; led away by the facility of versifying, and of imagining some scenes in which, by coupling the sentiments of Schiller with the declamations and situations of Kotzebue, he wrote two tragedies, *Zriny* and *Rosamund*, and some other lachrymose dramas. The public of Vienna applauded them; and these applauses were multiplied an hundred fold in all places after the glorious death which he died for his country. The very persons who were capable of deciding that these two tragedies are wholly destitute of the genuine constituents of poetry, skill in plan, truth in character, and ingenuity in the conduct of the incidents, still maintained that in him Germany had lost a great dramatic poet. The fact is, that this poet chose a path quite contrary to the bent of his genius. As the Messiah of Klopstock possesses all the poetic requisites except those belonging to the epic; so the theatrical works of the hero and poet exhibit many beauties, but not those of tragedy. In the most imperfect pieces, whether juvenile or senile, of the great dramatic writers, may be discerned a peculiar manner of developing the passions and of depicting character. He who chooses the career of an historic poet, begins, in his first designs, to combine some group, to sketch some situation wholly peculiar; and if he delineate a landscape or a portrait, he is sure to introduce a figure in one, and an attitude in the other. In all the dramatic writings of Körner, we do not find one original trait bespeaking in him a talent for delineating either man or woman with the characteristic physiognomy; or for disclosing and developing a single quality of the human heart. Of that grand conflict which man has to sustain with himself and with destiny, of those mysteries of moral life and death, of the virtue which is disregarded or persecuted, and of the vices which are idolized and protected, he has not given a single sketch. There is no perceptible symmetry in his divisions of dramatic action; no unity in the composition or colouring. This, and not his violation of the things called the rules of art, is the cause which, in our view, would have ever tended to prevent Körner from becoming a tragic poet. But the present question is, not what he might have become, but what he really did become.

He wrote, as we have said, two tragedies, the *Zriny* and *Rosamund*, with other dramas. Of the first-mentioned composition, which was highly commended, and is now translated into English by Mr. Richardson, the following is the outline.—Solyman the Great, weary and exhausted, is occupying Belgrade: he feels that his energies begin to fail, and he consults his physician for the purpose of ascertaining how many years he may yet live. The latter, after evading the question for some time, answers, that if he will allow himself repose, he may prolong his life for ten years. Desirous of accomplishing, before his death, his intention to subdue Austria, he is very willing to sacrifice nine years, and purposes to occupy our

war in war. He, however, summons the grand vizier, and communicates his design first to him, and afterwards to a council of grandees. In this council is discussed the plan of the war; and during the formation of this plan, the grandees betray very great apprehensions of Nicholas Zriny, lord of Sigeth, a castle on the confines of Hungary, and propose instantly to attack Vienna, and leave Sigeth to itself. Meantime a messenger arrives with intelligence that Zriny is in Sigeth. This incites the grandees to insist still more strongly on the prosecution of their plan; but the sultan, in his pride, is disposed first to storm and reduce the castle to ashes, and thus vanquish the enemy most dreaded: he, therefore, gives orders for the army to move and pass the Drau, at that time swoln with the rains of spring. All this is comprised in the first six scenes of the first act. The seventh scene, with the remainder of the act, passes in the castle of Sigeth. The Countess Eva, wife of the hero of the tragedy, is seated on a chair near a window: near her stands her daughter, looking from a balcony into the court. The girl, Helena, a sentimental love-sick heroine of romance, is sighing and trembling; she has some evil forebodings; the whole castle is soon after in agitation; it appears that the Turks are approaching, and that affairs are becoming critical. Helena, enamoured of Juranitsch, a young Hungarian knight, is in the utmost anxiety concerning him; the mother consoles her, and to dispel her melancholy, tells her that Zriny would not oppose her nuptials, as he prefers a hero to a prince for his son-in-law. Zriny arrives, and endeavours to prepare the women against the impending crisis: his wife wishes to know, for a certainty, if the danger be at hand; he replies that it is; Helena weeps, the mother inspires her with courage. Messengers arrive in quick succession; the Turks are in motion; a body commanded by Mehmed has passed the Drau, and is laying waste the whole country like a torrent. Juranitsch presents himself in arms before Zriny; the ladies tremble; before he takes leave, he demands Helena in marriage. Zriny promises her hand to him who shall be victorious. The enamoured youth hastens to the battle; Helena swoons; the curtain falls. The second act commences with a sentimental scene. Eva and Helena are together in the same hall in which we first saw them. The mother endeavours to assuage the bitter grief of the sighing girl, and teaches her what ought to be the duty of a hero's wife; the passage that follows, after showing what must be the life of a lady whose husband passes his days in the tranquil and uniform routine of domestic and civil society, describes the condition of her who is married to a hero:—

"Thou yet must learn to conquer thy weak heart,

If thou, indeed, would'st be a hero's bride,
And wear the wreath that crowns a life like her's.

Full many a transport feels the poor man's wife,

Who, peaceful in the hut by labour earn'd,
Doth share with him the fetters of their life;
And when their barns and cupboards all are fill'd,

And produce hath repaid their weary toil,
While fortune bears them prosperous on her tide,
And heaves their joyous vessel on her keel,
Then she rejoices in her well-paid labour,
And in the eyes of her delighted spouse,
And in the lively faces of her children,
As they divert them with their varied gifts,
Life blooms for her all tranquil and serene,
And sweet enjoyment reconciles her lot!
But otherwise must be that woman's breast
Who twines her ivy-blossoms of affection
Around the oak-stem of a hero's love;
Each favourable moment she must seize,
And must retain it as her highest good;
Her life must ever float 'twixt joy and sorrow,
'Twixt pains of hell and highest bliss of heaven!
And if her hero, for his country's freedom,
Would rashly tear him from her arms of love,
Offering his brave breast to the murderous steel,
She must confide in Heaven and in his valour,
And prize his honour dearer than his life!"

Richardson's Translation.

This lyrical animation quickly subsides into tumid declamation and sentimental hyperbole. Amidst these tender discourses of the ladies Zriny arrives, and tells them that he has sent messengers to the emperor, to claim aid against the menacing host of Turks that are approaching. The horn of the castle sounds; a cloud of dust is seen in the distance; soon afterwards is heard the trampling of cavalry; Juranitsch approaches, loaded with hostile spoils. Alapi relates the victory over Mehmed, and describes the valour of Helena's lover. Zriny summons the youthful pair, and joins their hands with paternal benedictions. The sound of the horn announces the arrival of a new messenger; this is the count Vilacky, who brings a letter from the emperor, containing orders for maintaining the assault against the enemy to restrain his fury, without waiting for succours. Zriny resolves to sacrifice himself and his wife for the Emperor Maximilian. The monologue of Zriny, in which he expresses his sentiments, could not fail to merit the applauses of the court and people of Vienna. But, most assuredly, if it be decorous to die for our country and for liberty, if the sacrifice of a man's person and family be highly honourable when he makes it in defence of the most sacred rights; it is, on the other hand, the most foolish of actions to fight for a foreign despot, and to sacrifice life to perpetuate the slavery of his native land; or to sell himself, and all that is dear to him, to the factitious idol of imperial majesty. All is prepared for defence; Vilacky demands that the ladies be placed in security; they choose to share the perils of the knights; Zriny retires with his own people and with his wife: Juranitsch and Helena are left together; a dialogue between them, full of love and heroism, and a Petrarchal sonnet from the young lady, form the materials of the eighth and ninth scenes. The knights are assembled in the court-yard of the castle; Zriny soon arrives among them, reads the emperor's letter, and having prescribed to them the severest rules of military discipline, swears, in their presence, that he will be faithful to his sovereign unto

death. They all repeat the oath; and thus ends the second act.

The first assault having failed, the captains of Solymán wished to sound a retreat; he alone is disposed to overcome resistance by force. Vilacky, wounded and taken prisoner, is brought before him: this youth, fired with noble ardour, does not bend in the presence of the sultan, whom the poet in his allegory supposes to represent Napoleon. This scene, full of fulminating attacks on the hero of the age, is the best in the tragedy. The sultan desires to know the state of the fortress. Vilacky answers, that against those walls the fury of his fortune will be broken. "Vain resistance," exclaims Solymán; "mariners, who senselessly navigate against the stream amidst rocks and precipices, suffer shipwreck; the whirlpool swallows them up; and time forgets the very sound of their names."—"No," answers the knight; "their names survive and shine amidst the storms of time, like an eternal star, to all posterity. Can greatness consist in ruling as an imperial conqueror over a subjugated and prostrate world; believe me, there is a glory still more sublime; that of sacrificing ourselves for the liberty of our country, and of perishing in battle when a destructive meteor menaces in thunder to annihilate the spheres of society. Thee, Solymán, will posterity judge: thou wilt be branded with infamy and denounced as a tyrant. I tell thee this."

The sultan, as if in disdain, is disposed to spare his life; and Vilacky, to show how little he values it, tears off the bandages of his wounds, and falls into a swoon. The Grand Turk orders him to be taken up and carried away; then reflecting on the losses incurred in the passage of the Drau, and in the attack of the fortress, resolves to send one of his grandees into the castle to treat for its surrender, with the offer of Croatia to Zriny, as an equivalent. Meanwhile the knights, assembled in council at the castle, are deliberating whether they shall defend or burn the town; they determine to burn it; and the requisite orders are given for this to be done on the first signal. The envoy of the Turks is announced, and introduced to Zriny. Every one naturally imagines that his proposals must fail; the chief rejects them; and to show that even the women in Sigeth are heroines, he summons them into the presence of the Turk, and repeats before them his assurance, that the wives and the mistresses of the heroes will follow them to death. These scenes are too full of declamation and heroico-sentimental conceits, to derive any increase of effect from the lighted balls which are thrown to set fire to the town. The curtain falls.

The fourth act opens in the tent of the sultan; he is grievously sick; the physicians almost despair of his life; as his strength has visibly declined since Zriny's decisive answer was communicated. The news that Gyula has surrendered, serves only to plunge him in deeper grief, and augment his desire to possess himself of Sigeth. Hearing that through Hansa Beg's fault the bridge over the Drau has been constructed too late, and that his allies have thus been prevented from joining him, he is inflamed with wrath. The offender

must expiate the fault by the loss of his head. The prince becomes more and more enfeebled. The last day is arrived; the anniversary of many of his victories—the last day of Zriny. Another assault commences, and is bravely repelled; another is attended with the same result; the strength of Solymán, though not his ill-will, begins to fail; he orders a third attack, even should it cost thousands of lives, and seas of blood. A captain who advises him to desist he kills with his dagger. This is his last murder; he orders another assault, and dies.

The grandees agree to conceal his death from the army; to send secret messengers to the heir-apparent, and meanwhile to destroy Sigeth, and retreat. In the castle of Sigeth there is a want of forces and of provisions; the women are conducted to a subterranean vault, where the mother and daughter may be more secure from the impending ruin. A pathetic speech of the heroine is interrupted by Zriny, who comes to visit her with Juranitsch, and to inform her that the assault has been valiantly repelled; but that further resistance being useless, it is necessary to die, either under the ruins of the castle, or amidst the flames, or in a sortie by the sword of the enemy. Zriny prefers the last as the most glorious death; and being resolved to die fighting, he determines to confide his wife and daughter to Juranitsch, that he may conduct them by secret paths to a place of safety. Juranitsch wishes to die by the side of the hero; it is through him that the magnanimous heart of Körner speaks, and declares what he himself in the hour of his country's danger willed to do, and was capable of doing; he says:

"In the first place I must pay to my countrymen the great tribute; my heart! my love! soul of my soul! I am thine, gentle spouse, and shall be thine to all eternity; but that which is called life, this span of time during which I still breathe on this terrestrial globe, belongs to our country."

Zriny assents to the wish of Juranitsch, and orders that Scherenk, with two faithful servants, shall accompany the women; but they refuse to go; their intention is to die by the side of those who possess their love. "Let us die," says Helena: "what cheer can the sun give to us? eternal night darkens the eye of sorrow: let us die near you, and pass together from the night which oppresses us; let us pass in eternal love to eternal life." The knights cease to oppose them, and they all prepare to meet death together. In the fifth act, Zriny appears in a knightly garb which he wore on the day of his marriage; the faithful warden of the castle, Scherenk, weeps on seeing the dawn of the hero's last day: Zriny orders him to bring his swords, that he may choose the favourite one; the warden departs, and the hero is left alone. His soliloquy is a poem in ottava rima, too tender and sentimental to form part of a tragedy, but, as an ode, most sweet and full of animation. Perhaps it would be more effective if it were not vitiated by some sententious conceits. Scherenk returns with the swords, and Zriny chooses that which was given to him by his father when he first went to the wars. With this sword, and without

cuirass, he is determined to confront the ferocious enemy. The ladies and the knights arrive; the leave taking is too long and theatrical; they all depart, except Juranitsch and Helena. This scene is a bad and repulsive imitation of Virginia, and of Emilia Galotti. It is an absurdity, contrary to all truth, and offensive to every feeling, to place in public view, with all the florid ornaments of romantic and lyric diction, a young girl demanding to be killed by her lover; and to represent him not with a holy enthusiasm plunging the dagger in her bosom, but amidst kisses and caresses, and endearing speeches, inflicting the fatal blow; and inhaling her last sighs with kisses while dying, she utters these words:—

"Thank thee, oh! thank thee, for this sweet, sweet death;
Let me not wait thee long!—Yet one kiss more!
And with this kiss my spirit flies to heaven!"

(Dies.)

Juranitsch, having sealed the fatal blow with a kiss, has still fortitude to stand near her, and to exclaim: "Adieu, adieu, my sweet wife!"—and then, hearing the trumpets sound to arms, he takes up the beloved corpse, places it in a niche, and makes a speech over it.

All the knights, together with Zriny and his wife, bearing lighted torches in their hands, and the Hungarians with their banners, are in the court-yard at the castle. Zriny makes a long emphatic harangue to the warriors, who all exclaim: "Lead us on, sir; we are ready." Juranitsch arrives: "Where is Helena?" asks Zriny. "In her country," answers the knight; "the angel of death has joined our souls. Come, let us go to the battle. Lady, a parting kiss!" Eva is resolved to see the contest from the battlements, and then blow up the tower with gunpowder, and lay the castle in ruins. The Turkish drums and cymbals are heard to give signal of onset. Juranitsch waves the banner: Zriny unsheathes his sword, the trumpets sound, and the heroes sally forth.

The scene changes; flames are seen devouring the ancient castle; farther behind is seen the new castle, with the draw-bridge raised. The din of the trumpets and drums, and the shouts of the Turks in making their furious assault, rend the air. The bridge is lowered by two cannon shots; the Hungarians rush on the enemy; Juranitsch advances with the flag, followed by Zriny, and the other knights and soldiers. On the walls of the castle, near the powder-tower, stands Eva, with a burning torch. The combat is sanguinary; Juranitsch falls first, after him Zriny. Eva casts the torch to the bottom of the tower, and with a terrible explosion the castle is blown up. Thus ends the tragedy.

The reader may now judge whether Körner had the slightest talent for tragic composition. All is effected rather for the eye than for the mind; the characters are insipid, the situations unnatural, the development forced; and the different scenes remind us alternately of Goetz von Berlichingen, and Giovanni of Montfaucon; while the thoughts and language bring to recollection the style of Schiller. That which is really good in the tragedy is the heroic and

lyric fire, which shines through the clouds of an ill-digested drama, in which there is neither plot nor *dénouement*. The whole might be comprised in one act.

The Rosamund, the Toni, the Hedwig, and the Joseph Heyderich,* are of the same kind of sentimental spectacle, void of truth and of genuine art.

Nor was Körner less unfortunate in epic than in dramatic composition, if we may judge from his Letters of Villa Rosa, and from his Bohemian novel, Hans Heilins Roch's. The Letters of Villa Rosa are sentimental effusions, in the manner of Augustus La Fontaine, without the clearness of style and originality of colouring which can give life to such recitals.

Körner was much happier in treating burlesque subjects; though his little comedies do not display the acute and satirical spirit of Aristophanes; or the humour, the richness, the marvellous combinations of Shakspeare; or the judicious management of Molière. His sphere is that of pleasant and innocent railery, juvenile boldness, and girlish artfulness. The intrigue is laughable, the dialogue easy, the verse smooth; but the development rather strained, and the ridicule overcharged. But he wrote for the people of Vienna, to please whom, the jests must not be too subtle. These little comedies are—

1st. The Wife.—A rich widower of sixty wishes to marry a young, beautiful, but poor girl, whom he believes to be a creature of thorough innocence and simplicity—a very dove. He arrives with his beloved at an inn, to meet a son, whom, after the death of his wife, he had sent to be educated by a pious relation, without ever having seen him. This youth arrives at the inn, without knowing his father or his future step-mother. He hears her sing, and boldly enters her apartment, but she repels him; the father approaches, and taking him for a rival, begins to abuse him, and receives various mockeries in return. The one jealous, and the other in love, are each anxious to carry away the prize. This contest soon ripens into an open quarrel, and they challenge each other. The accident of a letter makes a discovery, and the old gentleman surrenders his intended to his son.

2d. The Green Domino.—Two friends, Maria and Paulina, the former of whom is promised by her parents in marriage to the brother of the other, who is not yet known to his betrothed, have been at a ball, in which a mask wearing a green domino has made a thousand protestations of love to Maria. Paulina employs every feminine art to discover if her friend has opened her heart to the lover, and she is equally intent on keeping her flame concealed; but as neither love nor fire can be hidden, she unconsciously betrays her secret. Paulina, who is well aware that the brother and the mask are one and the same person, pretends to know nothing about it; and to ascertain more clearly, the sentiments of her friend, she goes away, and returning disguised as a youth, makes to Maria all the foolish, stupid, and affected grimaces peculiar to the fops

* Heyderich alone, of these, is translated in Mr. Richardson's work.

of Vienna. Maria, who had expected that the mask would prove a genteel, handsome youth, full of manly virtues, on beholding this little beardless coxcomb abandons all her expectations, and dismisses him with contempt. Paulina pretends to go away, but soon returns, and reveals to her friend and sister the agreeable deception.

3d. *The Watchman.*—A whimsical comedy, somewhat of the same class with that called *Life in London*. A watchman of a small German town has a pretty ward, who might well pass for his granddaughter, and of whom he is violently enamoured. He guards her with the greatest care, day and night; but she, notwithstanding the vigilance of the old dragon who has not quite an hundred eyes, and is moreover rather obtuse of intellect, is engaged to a young lawyer, who would gladly make her his wife, but cannot. Fortunately a former fellow student of his, at the university, a young man of agreeable manners, and a great inventor of stratagems, comes to visit him, and undertakes to lead the girl away from the custody of the old ape. Opposite, and very near the mansion of the burgomaster, is a small house, from which any thing may be very easily introduced through the window. By means of a handsome present, they persuade the guardian to ascend at night, by means of a ladder, to the top of this small house, and place some flowers in the window of the burgomaster's daughter, supposed to be in love with one of them. In the evening, the good man goes up to the house-top, and meanwhile one of the friends takes the young ward under his arm, and the other removes the ladder by which the watchman had ascended. Perceiving the trick when it is too late, he sounds his horn so loudly as to awake the whole neighbourhood. Some believe him drunk, others think him mad. Thus, amidst the curses of the neighbours, the threats of the burgomaster, and the noise of the horn, the curtain falls.

The Cousin from Bremen.—A pleasant love story, very natural, and not of the lachrymose cast; its versification is easy, correct, and harmonious. A robust young peasant is in love with the only daughter of one of his neighbours. He presents himself to her father, and frankly demands her in marriage. The father, though also a peasant, is descended from a long line of schoolmasters, and entertains the old intention of marrying his daughter to a scholar, to repair the wrong he has done in abandoning his hereditary profession: he has already made a promise to an old cousin of his, the pedagogue of Bremen, that he shall have his daughter: on this very day he expects his future son-in-law, so that the youth's proposals are ill received by the good father. But the suitor talks with all his might, and with so much love, that the old man is softened, and resolves to leave the matter to the decision of his daughter, choosing to compensate the pedagogue with a sum of money rather than to sacrifice her felicity. For this purpose he disguises himself in the dress of his ancestors, and prepares to personate the expected lover. On the other hand, the two lovers, desirous of obtaining by stratagem what they do not hope to gain through good will, agree that the young

man, in the disguise of a schoolmaster, shall impose upon the father, who is presently to bid adieu to the pseudo son-in-law. Veit, meanwhile, appears before the daughter, and she believing him to be the spouse, gives him such a reception, and tells him such things, that the father, unable to restrain his affection, resumes his natural voice, and exposes himself. The disguised youth appears, and the two pretended schoolmasters believing each other betrayed and detected, are in great embarrassment. The girl avails herself of their situation to withdraw into the ancient wardrobe, where assuming the dress of a schoolmaster, to increase the distress of the two suitors, she appears before them, and in a short time they all three recognise each other, and the marriage of the lovers is celebrated.

In the same taste are written the *Officer of the Guard* and the *Governess*.

But if Körner had not a genius for tragic or for epic composition—if his comedies are merely pleasant and innocent jests—if all these works are not likely to resist the ravages of time, his reputation will be enduring, not only as a hero who died in the holy war, against the spoiler of his country, but as a lyric poet. His sword and lyre form a sacred and perpetual monument of high genius, profound feeling, and Pindaric fire. So long as the German language shall be spoken, the songs of Körner will inspire all who read them with divine enthusiasm. It is thus that a German speaks of these productions in a tone truly German:—

“The sentiment of infinity is that which reminds man that he is more than a brute or an automaton, or an animal destined for slaughter; it is that sentiment which dispels the clouds of earthly life with rays from the celestial spheres, which makes us courageously sacrifice every thing, contend against every danger, stand firm as rocks against adverse fortune, through faith in a Supreme Being, and the consciousness of moral dignity, founded on the immortality of the soul. The feeling of infinity has taken such deep root in the nations of German origin, that no philosophical sophistry can shake it; and it gives to those nations that strength of character, that rectitude and depth of feeling which, amidst every species of corruption, degeneracy and slavery, ennobles their hearts. Körner was thoroughly imbued with this feeling, and it was the basis of his ardent zeal for the liberty and independence of his country. Hence it is that his hymns so forcibly penetrate the hearts and minds of all Germans.”

These poems were collected or composed during the time when Körner was fighting as a volunteer for his country; they are dedicated to his friends in three stanzas, in *ottava rima*, the four last lines of which are particularly remarkable, as they allude to that presentiment which ever attended him, that he should never more return to his country among the victorious.

This collection begins with a fine Sonnet, dedicated to Andrew Höffer. Who has not heard of the hero of the Tyrol? of the infamous manner in which his generous country

was sacrificed by the baseness of Austria, to the rage of the Corsican tyrant?

The song called *The Oaks*, is full of profound melancholy. It is thus but imperfectly translated by Mr. Richardson:—

"Tis evening: all is hush'd and still;
The sun sets bright in ruddy sheen;
As here I sit, to muse at will
Beneath these oaks' umbrageous screen;
While wand'ring thoughts my fancy fill
With dreams of life when fresh and green,
And visions of the olden time
Revive in all their pomp sublime.

"While time hath called the brave away,
And swept the lovely to the tomb;
As yonder bright but fading ray
Is quench'd amid the twilight gloom;
Yet ye are kept from all decay,
For still unhurt and fresh ye bloom,
And seem to tell in whispering breath,
That greatness still survives in death!

"And ye survive!—'mid change severe,
Each aged stem but stronger grows,
And not a pilgrim passes here,
But seeks beneath your shade repose.
And if your leaves, when dry and sere,
Fall fast at autumn's wintry close,
Yet every falling leaf shall bring
Its vernal tribute to the spring.

"Thou native oak, thou German tree,
Fit emblem too of German worth!
Type of a nation brave and free,
And worthy of their native earth!
Ah! what avails to think on thee.
Or on the times when thou hadst birth?
Thou German race, the noblest aye of all,
Thine oaks still stand, while thou alas! must
fall."

Richardson's Translation.

The sonnet to Maria Louisa of Prussia, is somewhat sentimental; the song on the field of battle, at Aspern, is rather too long and laboured, like that in honour of Austria, of Prince Charles, and of the music in Prince Ferdinand, but it is interspersed with some fine thoughts.

The song, *Mein Vaterland* (My Country), is not, in respect to its form, well polished; but, with regard to the sentiments, it is truly German, manly, and full of confidence in God. What can be more energetic than the conclusion, even in the baldness of a prose translation:—

What hope has the country of the poet?
She hopes in the justice of the cause.
She hopes that the faithful people will awake;
She relies on the vengeance of the great God;
Nor is she disappointed in her avenger:
This is the hope of the country.

The hymn composed for the benediction of the free Prussian corps, is most perfect in its form, and sacred in respect to the thoughts; so is the song, entitled *Trost* (Consolation), which ends with a strophe truly poetic.

Supremely poetical is the commencement of the song, entitled *Durch* (Through); though

the last stanzas are too artificial. The Farewell to Vienna is majestic and tender:—

"Farewell, farewell!—with silent grief of heart

I breathe adieu, to follow duty now;
And if a silent tear unbidden start,
It will not, love, disgrace a soldier's brow.
Where'er I roam, should joy my path illumine,
Or death entwine the garland of the tomb,
Thy lovely form shall float my path above,
And guide my soul to rapture and to love!

"O hail and bless, sweet spirit of my life,
The ardent zeal that sets my soul on fire;
That bids me take a part in yonder strife,
And for the sword, awhile, forsake the lyre.
For, see, thy minstrel's dreams were not all
vain,
Which he so oft hath hallowed in his strain;
O see the patriot-strife at length awake!
There let me fly, and all its toils partake.

"The victor's joyous wreath shall bloom more bright
That's pluck'd amid the joys of love and song;
And my young spirit hails with pure delight
The hope fulfill'd which it hath cherish'd long.
Let me but struggle for my country's good,
E'en though I shed for her my warm life-blood.
And now one kiss—e'en though the last it
prove;

For there can be no death for our true love!"

Richardson's Translation.

Martial and heroic, like the watchword with which Winkelried, the Helvetic hero, confronted the enemy's lances, saying, "Make way for liberty," is the commencement and end of the Exhortation. The two Hunting Songs are harmonious and sweet; profound and full of animation are, the Last Consolation, and the song of Re-union before the Battle. But who can express the sublime beauty of the Prayer during the Battle. Prostrate on the earth the young hero exclaims:—

"Father, I invoke thee!
I am involved in clouds of vapour from the war-
ring mouths of fire,
The lightnings of those thunderbolts flash
around me.

Ruler of battles, I invoke thee!
Father, lead me on.

"Father, lead me on!
Conduct me to victory; conduct me to death!
Lord, I recognise thy will!
Lord, conduct me as thou wilt!
God, I acknowledge thee!

"God, I acknowledge thee!
As in the autumnal whisper of the leaves,
So in the storm of the battle.
Thee, primeval fountain of grace, I recog-
nise!

Father, oh, bless me!

"Father, oh, bless me!
Into thy hands I commend my life!
Thou can't take it away, thou did'st give it!
In living and in dying, bless me!
Father, I worship thee!

"Father, I worship thee!

It is not a combat for the goods of this world;
The most sacred of things we defend with the sword,

Wherefore, falling or conquering, I worship thee!

God, to thee I resign myself!

"God, to thee I resign myself!

If the thunders of death salute me,
If the blood flow from my opened veins,
To thee, my God, I resign myself!
Thee, Father, I invoke!"

This is the literal and of course most inadequate translation; Mr. Richardson's metrical one is as follows:—

"Father, I call on thee!

While the smoke of the firing envelops my sight,

And the lightnings of slaughter are wing'd on their flight,

Leader of battles, I call on thee!

Father, oh lead me!

"Father, oh lead me!

Lead me to vict'ry, or lead me to death!

Lord, I yield to thee my breath!

Lord, as thou wilt, so lead me!

God, I acknowledge thee!

"God, I acknowledge thee!

In the grove where the leaves of the autumn are fading,

As here 'mid the storms of the loud cannonading,

Fountain of love, I acknowledge thee!

Father, oh bless me!

"Father, oh bless me!

I commit my life to the will of heaven,

For thou canst take it as thou hast given.

In life and death, oh bless me!

Father, I praise thee!

"Father, I praise thee!

This is no strife for the goods of this world;

For freedom alone is our banner unfurl'd.

Thus, falling or conquering, I praise thee!

God, I yield myself to thee!

"God, I yield myself to thee!

When the thunders of battle are loud in their strife,

And my opening veins pour forth my life,

God, I yield myself to thee!

Father, I call on thee!"

Richardson's Translation.

The metre, the language, the verse, all correspond with the ideas. Charles Maria Weber has set this prayer to vocal music in such a measure and style, that the thoughts and the melody are one and the same. Every speech is a thought—every bar is a sentiment.

The Lamentation, and the Sonnet to the King, have not the same freshness and purity of form; but the beautiful song of the Cavaliers makes ample amends. Replete with sweet, melancholy, and tender emotions is the sonnet entitled, *Adieu to Life*, composed at the time when he was severely wounded.

"FAREWELL TO LIFE.

"Written in the night of the 17th and 18th of June, as I lay, severely wounded and helpless in a wood, expecting to die.

"My deep wound burns;—my pale lips quake in death,—

I feel my fainting heart resign its strife,
And reaching now the limit of my life,
Lord, to thy will I yield my parting breath!

"Yet many a dream hath charm'd my youthful eye:

And must life's fairy visions all depart?
Oh, surely no! for all that fired my heart
To rapture here, shall live with me on high.

"And that fair form that won my earliest vow,
That my young spirit prized all else above,
And now adored as freedom, now as love,
Stands in seraphic guise, before me now;

"And as my fading senses fade away,
It beckons me, on high, to realms of endless day!"—*Richardson's Translation.*

The Wild Hunting of Lützow is a complete whirlwind of thoughts, that flash and blaze like lightning. It may be called the Marseillais Hymn of Germany. It is another song of Aristogeiton.

During the war of Germany against the French, it appeared that a spirit of discord, views of interest, and provincial antipathies, were likely to impede the progress of the sacred contest. Körner's poems were admirably well adapted to raise the minds of men from all low feelings of selfishness to a noble sacrifice of private interest to the public good: with this view was *Our Conviction* written.

This Poem contains the following passage, which we render literally:—

"That battle is not easy which virtue must maintain for victory; so great a good must be conquered with severe toil; before an angel can soar to heaven, the heart of a man is broken in death. Let falsehood raise her temples in this life of delusions, and let the impious worldlings tremble and quail at the aspect of fortitude and virtue, and stand in the dizziness of ignorance before the people which rouses them from their lethargy; let them call themselves brothers, and lacerate each other with implacable hatred; we shall not waver. Thou shalt beat down tyranny, and give freedom to thy people."

In another poem this modern Tyrtæus thus writes in a strain well calculated to affect a German heart:—

"Let hell roar and threaten; the tyrant enthral us not; he cannot rob heaven of its stars; our star still rises; death may take away our generous youth; the will dies not; and the heroic bloom of German blood shall glow as the dawn of freedom advances."

Full of enthusiasm, and of bitter reproof, against those wretches who were never truly alive, and who, through baseness, abandon the just revenge of their country, and indeed against all sluggards and poltroons, is the song called *Donzelli* (men and boys).

The song *To the Sword* is wonderful, both in respect to the invention and to the time of

its composition; it was written by Körner, as has been stated, a short time before his death. Beautiful, heroic, and novel is the idea of giving form and life to the weapon; and of representing it as speaking to him and he to it, as to a mistress. The moment of battle is to be that of their marriage. There is an inexpressible poetic beauty in this discourse, in which is expressed the ardent desire to enter into the warlike combat. We have seen no adequate translation of it; the best appeared some time ago in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Mr. Richardson's we cannot admire.

With this admirable dialogue end the lyrics of Körner, an eminently national work; it is this character which has established the glory of the poet; and if Germany honours him as a hero, who, in the flower of his age, quitted the flattering allurements of a capital which idolized him, and relinquished the delights of love, to pursue glory in a sacred warfare, she does him but justice; if she appreciates his lyrics among the finest productions of her literature, she has reason to be proud of them.

It is but a very few of the poems that have been mentioned that Mr. Richardson has thought proper to translate; had we been satisfied with the manner in which he has performed his task, we should much have regretted the absence of many of the lyrical compositions of this enthusiastic poet. A complete translation of every thing that is valuable in Körner's work, ought to be given in two volumes, which are published at the price of fifteen shillings.

From the London Magazine.

DESCRIPTION OF A PACK OF DOGS.

FROM BURCHELL'S TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

Our pack of dogs consisted of about five-and-twenty of various sorts and sizes. This variety, though not altogether intentional, as I was obliged to take any that could be procured, was of the greatest service on such an expedition, as I observed that some gave notice of danger in one way, and others in another. Some were more disposed to watch against men, and others against wild beasts; some discovered an enemy by their quickness of hearing, others by that of scent: some for speed in pursuing game; some were useful only for their vigilance and barking; and others for their courage in holding ferocious animals at bay. So large a pack was not, indeed, maintained without adding greatly to our care and trouble, in supplying them with meat and water; for it was sometimes difficult to procure for them enough of the latter; but their services were invaluable, often contributing to our safety, and always to our ease, by their constant vigilance; as we felt a confidence that no danger could approach us at night without being announced by their barking. No circumstances could render the value and fidelity of these animals so conspicuous and sensible, as a journey through regions which, abounding in wild beasts of almost every class, gave continual opportunities of witnessing the strong contrast in their habits, between the ferocious beasts of prey

which fly at the approach of man, and these kind, but too often injured, companions of the human race. Many times when we have been travelling over plains where those have fled the moment we appeared in sight, have I turned my eyes towards my dogs to admire their attachment, and have felt a grateful affection towards them for preferring our society to the wild liberty of other quadrupeds. Often, in the middle of the night, when all my people have been fast asleep around the fire, have I stood to contemplate these faithful animals lying by their side, and have learned to esteem them for their social inclination to mankind. When wandering over pathless deserts, oppressed with vexation and distress at the conduct of my own men, I have turned to these as my only friends, and felt how much inferior to them was man when actuated only by selfish views.

The familiarity which subsists between this animal and our own race, is so common to almost every country of the globe, that any remark upon it must seem superfluous; but I cannot avoid believing that it is the universality of the fact which prevents the greater part of mankind from reflecting duly on the subject. While almost every other quadruped fears man as its most formidable enemy, here is one which regards him as his friend. We must not mistake the nature of the case: it is not because we train him to our use, and have made choice of him in preference to other animals, but because this particular species feels a natural desire to be useful to man, and from spontaneous impulse attaches itself to him. Were it not so, we should see in various countries an equal familiarity with various other quadrupeds; according to the habits, the taste, or the caprice of different nations. But every where it is the dog only takes delight in associating with us, in sharing our abode, and is even jealous that our attention should be bestowed on him alone: it is he who knows us personally, watches for us, and warns us of danger. It is impossible for the naturalist, when taking a survey of the whole animal creation, not to feel a conviction, that this friendship between two creatures so different from each other, must be the result of the laws of nature; nor can the humane and feeling mind avoid the belief that kindness to those animals from which he derives continued and essential assistance, is part of his moral duty.

From the same.

ANECDOTE OF A WOLF.

THE wolf is one of those ferocious animals in which attachment may be carried to the greatest extent, and which presents us with one of the most singular examples of the development to which the desire of affection may attain—a desire so extraordinary, that it has been known to prevail, in this animal, over every other necessity of his nature.

The individual, instanced by M. F. Cuvier, must undoubtedly have been, naturally, of a very peculiar disposition. Brought up like a young dog, he became familiar with every per-

son whom he was in the habit of seeing. He would follow his master every where, seemed to suffer much from his absence, was obedient to his voice, evinced, invariably, the most entire submission, and differed, in fact, in nothing from the tamest of domestic dogs. His master being obliged to travel, made a present of him to the Royal Menagerie at Paris. Here, shut up in his compartment, the animal remained for many weeks, without exhibiting the least gaiety, and almost without eating. He gradually, however, recovered; he attached himself to his keepers; and seemed to have forgotten his past affections, when his master returned, after an absence of eighteen months. At the very first word which he pronounced, the wolf, who did not see him in the crowd, instantly recognised him, and testified his joy by his motions and his cries. Being set at liberty, he overwhelmed his old friend with caresses, just as the most attached dog would have done after a separation of a few days. Unhappily, his master was obliged to quit him a second time, and this absence was again, to the poor wolf, the cause of most profound regret. But time allayed his grief. Three years elapsed, and the wolf was living very comfortably with a young dog, which had been given to him as a companion. After this space of time, which would have been sufficient to make any dog, except that of Ulysses, forget his master, the gentleman again returned. It was evening, all was shut up, and the eyes of the animal could be of no use to him; but the voice of his beloved master was not effaced from his memory; the moment he heard it, he knew it; he answered, by cries, indicative of the most impatient desire; and when the obstacle which separated them was removed, his cries redoubled. The animal rushed forward, placed his two fore-feet on the shoulders of his friend, licked every part of his face, and threatened, with his teeth, his very keepers, who approached, and to whom, an instant before, he had been testifying the warmest affection. Such an enjoyment, as was to be expected, was succeeded by the most cruel pain to the poor animal. Separation again was necessary, and from that instant the wolf became sad and immoveable; he refused all sustenance, pined away; his hairs bristled up, as is usual with all sick animals; at the end of eight days, he was not to be known, and there was every reason to apprehend his death. His health, however, became re-established, he resumed his good condition of body, and brilliant coat; his keepers could again approach him, but he would not endure the caresses of any other person; and he answered strangers by nothing but menaces.

Such is the recital of a scientific naturalist, himself an eye-witness of the facts which he relates, and who, we may well believe, as he himself asserts, has exaggerated nothing in his account of them. It is the narrative, not of an ignorant exhibitor, or an ambitious traveller, but of a philosopher, not less distinguished for his patient habits of observation and comparison, than for the soundness and calmness of his general deductions. We dare not, therefore, refuse it a particle of credit, however little it may agree with the popular notions concerning the disposition of the wolf, and the re-

ports of travellers concerning it. But this species has hitherto been known only in its wild state, surrounded with enemies and dangers, among which no feelings could be developed, but those of fear, hatred, and distrust. Certain it is, that dogs suffered to run wild in the woods, from birth, become just as savage and ferocious as wolves, and yet we cannot suppose that they are so essentially. So true is it, that to acquire a complete knowledge of the character of a species, of its fundamental intellectual qualities, it must be seen under every circumstance adapted for their manifestation.

From the same.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MAN AND APES.

THE occipital foramen in the apes is placed farther back than in man, consequently when they stand perfectly erect, the head is no longer in equilibrio, and the eyes are directed upwards; but when the body is in a diagonal direction, its most ordinary position on the branches of trees, which seem hence, and are found accordingly, to be the natural and proper habitation of these animals, the eyes have then an horizontal direction. The body is equally unfitted with the head for the vertical position of the animal. The pelvis has its plane of entrance parallel with the spine, and too narrow to furnish a basis of support or equal points of articulation to the limbs; the body cannot, therefore, without violence, remain in a perpendicular posture. The lower extremities still more decidedly negative the erect position. The hands or feet do not rest on an entire sole but on the exterior edge only, thus presenting no proper surface of rest for the frame. The groove of the femur into which the rotula slides, when we extend our legs, is so short in these animals, and the flexor-muscles are inserted so low, that they always have the knees half bent. The muscular calves and buttocks also necessary to the erect position of the legs, are wanting. The forest, therefore, is the natural domicile of these animals in common with all other monkeys, and when necessity or inclination brings them to the ground their locomotion upon it is quadrupedal.

Few animals are more strictly and narrowly located than the apes, as their rarity in this part of the world, even under all the care and artificial means we can employ for their preservation, sufficiently testifies; indeed they seem vigorously excluded from such powers of body as enable man to establish himself every where.

The larynx of the apes can articulate no sound, the air having to fill two considerable cavities placed in the front part of the neck, and communicating with the trachea, before it can pass through the glottis. Here then we seem to observe a complete bar against the invaluable prerogative of speech, though it seems certain at the same time, that no such material obstacle was absolutely necessary in an animal which displays no capability of that consecutive train of thought which presupposes the power of speech.

THE EPICUREAN. A TALE.

By THOMAS MOORE.

(Continued from page 339.)

CHAPTER XII.

It was by the canal through which we now sailed, that, in the more prosperous days of Memphis, the commerce of Upper Egypt and Nubia was transported to her magnificent Lake, and from thence, having paid tribute to the queen of cities, was poured out again, through the Nile, into the ocean. The course of this canal to the river was not direct, but ascending in a south-easterly direction towards the Said; and in calms, or with adverse winds, the passage was tedious. But as the breeze was now blowing freshly from the north, there was every prospect of our reaching the river before night-fall. Rapidly, too, as our galley swept along the flood, its motion was so smooth as to be hardly felt; and the quiet gurgle of the waters underneath, and the drowsy song of the boatman at the prow, alone disturbed the deep silence that prevailed.

The sun, indeed, had nearly sunk behind the Libyan hills, before the sleep, in which these sounds lulled me, was broken; and the first object, on which my eyes rested, in waking, was that fair young Priestess,—seated under a porch by which the door of the pavilion was shaded, and bending intently over a small volume that lay unrolled on her lap.

Her face was but half turned towards me, and as, once or twice, she raised her eyes to the warm sky, whose light fell, softened through the trellis, over her cheek, I found every feeling of reverence with which she had inspired me in the chapel, return. There was even a purer and holier charm around her countenance, thus seen by the natural light of day, than in those dim and unhallowed regions below. She could now, too, look direct to the glorious sky, and that heaven and her eyes, so worthy of each other, met.

After contemplating her for a few moments, with little less than adoration, I rose gently from my resting-place, and approached the pavilion. But the mere movement had startled her from her devotion, and, blushing and confused, she covered the volume with the folds of her robe.

In the art of winning upon female confidence, I had long been schooled; and, now that to the lessons of gallantry the inspiration of love was added, my ambition to please and to interest could hardly, it may be supposed, fail of success. I soon found, however, how much less fluent is the heart than the fancy, and how very distinct are the operations of making love and feeling it. In the few words of greeting now exchanged between us, it was evident that the gay, the enterprising Epicurean was little less embarrassed than the secluded Priestess;—and, after one or two ineffectual efforts to bring our voices acquainted with each other, the eyes of both turned bashfully away, and we relapsed into silence.

From this situation—the result of timidity on one side, and of a feeling altogether new, on the other—we were, at length, after an interval of estrangement, relieved, by the boat-

men announcing that the Nile was in sight. The countenance of the young Egyptian brightened at this intelligence; and the smile with which I congratulated her on the speed of our voyage was answered by another, so full of gratitude, that already an instinctive sympathy seemed established between us.

We were now on the point of entering that sacred river, of whose sweet waters the exile drinks in his dreams,—for a draught of whose flood the daughters of the Ptolemies, when wedded to foreign kings, sighed in the midst of their splendour. As our boat, with slackened sail, glided into the current, an inquiry from the boatmen, whether they should anchor for the night in the Nile, first reminded me of the ignorance, in which I still remained, with respect to either the motive or destination of our voyage. Embarrassed by their question, I directed my eyes towards the Priestess, whom I saw waiting for my answer with a look of anxiety, which this silent reference to her wishes at once dispelled. Eagerly unfolding the volume with which I had seen her occupied, she took from its folds a small leaf of papyrus, on which there appeared to be some faint lines of drawing, and after thoughtfully looking upon it, herself, for a moment, placed it, with an agitated hand, in mine.

In the mean time, the boatmen had taken in their sail, and the yacht drove slowly down the river with the current, while, by a light which had been kindled at sunset on the deck, I stood examining the leaf that the Priestess had given me,—her dark eyes fixed anxiously on my countenance all the while. The lines traced upon the papyrus were so faint as to be almost invisible, and I was for some time at a loss to divine their import. At length, I could perceive that they were the outlines, or map—traced slightly and unsteadily with a Memphian reed—of a part of that mountainous ridge by which Upper Egypt is bounded to the east, together with the names, or rather emblems, of the chief towns in the neighbourhood.

It was thither, I could not doubt, that the young Priestess wished to pursue her course. Without a moment's delay, therefore, I gave orders to the boatmen to set our yacht before the wind and ascend the current. My command was promptly obeyed: the white sail again rose into the region of the breeze, and the satisfaction that beamed in every feature of the fair Egyptian, showed that the quickness with which I had obeyed her wishes was not unfelt by her. The moon had now risen; and though the current was against us, the Etesian wind of the season blew strongly up the river, and we were soon floating before it through the rich plains and groves of the Said.

The love, with which this simple girl had inspired me, was—possibly from the mystic scenes and situations in which I had seen her—not unmingled with a tinge of superstitious awe, under the influence of which I felt the buoyancy of my spirit checked. The few words that had passed between us on the subject of our route had somewhat loosened this spell; and what I wanted of vivacity and confidence was more than made up by the tone of deep sensibility which love had awakened in their place.

We had not proceeded far before the glittering of lights at a distance, and the shooting up of fire-works, at intervals, into the air, apprized us that we were approaching one of those night-fairs, or marts, which it is the custom, at this season, to hold upon the Nile. To me the scene was familiar; but to my young companion it was evidently a new world; and the mixture of alarm and delight with which she gazed, from under her veil, upon the busy scene into which we now sailed, gave an air of innocence to her beauty, which still more heightened its every charm.

It was one of the widest parts of the river; and the whole surface, from one bank to the other, was covered with boats. Along the banks of a green island, in the middle of the stream, lay anchored the galleys of the principal traders,—large floating bazaars, bearing each the name of its owner, emblazoned in letters of flame, upon the stern. Over their decks were spread out, in gay confusion, the products of the loom and needle of Egypt,—rich carpets of Memphis, and those variegated veils, for which the female embroiderers of the Nile, are so celebrated, and to which the name of Cleopatra lends a traditional value. In each of the other galleys was exhibited some branch of Egyptian workmanship,—vases of the fragrant porcelain of On,—cups of that frail crystal, whose hues change like those of the pigeon's plumage,—enamelled amulets graven with the head of Anubis, and necklaces and bracelets of the black beans of Abyssinia.

While Commerce thus displayed her luxuries in one quarter, in every other direction Pleasure, multiplied into her thousand shapes, swarmed over the waters. Nor was the festivity confined to the river only. All along the banks of the island and on the shores, lighted up mansions were seen through the trees, from which sounds of music and incense came. In some of the boats were bands of minstrels, who, from time to time, answered each other, like echoes, across the wave; and the notes of the lyre, the flageolet, and the sweet lotus-wood flute, were heard, in the pauses of revelry, dying along the waters.

Meanwhile, from other boats stationed in the least lighted places, the workers of fire sent forth their wonders into the air. Bursting out from time to time, as if in the very exuberance of joy, these sallies of flame seemed to reach the sky, and there breaking into a shower of sparkles, shed such a splendour round, as brightened even the white Arabian hills,—making them shine like the brow of Mount Atlas at night, when the fire from his own bosom is playing around its snows.

The opportunity which this luxurious mart afforded us, of providing ourselves with other and less remarkable habiliments than those in which we had escaped from that nether world, was too seasonable not to be gladly taken advantage of by both. For myself the strange, mystic garb that I wore was sufficiently concealed by my Grecian mantle, which I had luckily thrown round me on the night of my watch. But the thin veil of my companion was a far less efficient disguise. She had, indeed, flung away the golden beetles from her hair; but the sacred robe of her order was still

too visible, and the stars of the bandelet shone brightly through her veil.

Most gladly, therefore, did she avail herself of this opportunity of a change; and, as she took from a casket—which, with the volume I had seen her reading, appeared to be her only treasure—a small jewel to exchange for the simple garments she had chosen, there fell out, at the same time, the very cross of silver, which I had seen her kiss, as may be remembered, in the monumental chapel, and which was afterwards pressed to my own lips. This link (for such it appeared to my imagination) between us, now revived in my heart all the burning feelings of that moment;—and, had I not abruptly turned away, my agitation would, but too plainly, have betrayed itself.

The object, for which we had delayed in this gay scene, being accomplished, the sail was again spread, and we proceeded on our course up the river. The sounds and the lights we left behind died gradually away, and we now floated along in moonlight and silence once more. Sweet dews worthy of being called “the tears of Isis,” fell through the air, and every plant and flower sent its fragrance to meet them. The wind, just strong enough to bear us smoothly against the current, scarcely stirred the shadow of the tamarisk on the water. As the inhabitants from all quarters were collected at the night-fair, the Nile was more than usually still and solitary. Such a silence, indeed, prevailed, that, as we glided near the shore, we could hear the rustling of the acacias, as the chameleons ran up their stems. It was, altogether, a night such as only the clime of Egypt can boast, when every thing lies lulled in that sort of bright tranquillity, which, we may imagine, shines over the sleep of those happy spirits, who are supposed to rest in the Valley of the Moon, on their way to heaven.

By such a light, and at such an hour, seated side by side, on the deck of that bark, did we pursue our course up the lonely Nile—each a mystery to the other—our thoughts, our objects, our very names a secret;—separated, too, till now, by destinies so different, the one, a gay voluptuary of the Garden of Athens; the other, a secluded Priestess of the Temples of Memphis; and the only relation yet established between us being that dangerous one of love, passionate love, on one side, and the most feminine and confiding dependence on the other.

The passing adventure of the night-fair had not only dispelled still more our mutual reserve, but had supplied us with a subject on which we could converse without embarrassment. From this topic I took care to lead on, without interruption, to others,—fearful lest our former silence should return, and the music of her voice again be lost to me. It was, indeed, only by thus indirectly unburdening my heart that I was enabled to refrain from the full utterance of all I thought and felt; and the restless rapidity with which I flew from subject to subject was but an effort to escape from the only one in which my heart was interested.

“How bright and happy,” said I,—pointing up to Sothis, the fair Star of the Waters, which was just then sparkling brilliantly over our

heads,—“How bright and happy this world ought to be, if—as your Egyptian sages assert—your pure and beautiful luminary was its birth-star!” Then, still leaning back, and letting my eyes wander over the firmament, as if seeking to disengage them from the fascination which they dreaded—“To the study (I said), for ages of skies like this, may the pensive and mystic character of your nation be traced. That mixture of pride and melancholy which naturally arises, at the sight of those eternal lights shining out of darkness;—that sublime, but saddened, anticipation of a Future, which comes over the soul in the silence of such an hour, when, though Death seems to reign in the repose of earth, there are those beacons of immortality burning in the sky—”

Pausing, as I uttered the word “immortality,” with a sigh to think how little my heart echoed to my lips, I looked in the face of the maiden, and saw that it had lighted up, as I spoke, into a glow of holy animation, such as faith alone gives—such as Hope herself wears, when she is dreaming of heaven. Touched by the contrast, and gazing upon her with mournful tenderness, I found my arms half opened, to clasp her to my heart, while the words died away inaudibly upon my lips,—“thou, too, beautiful maiden! must thou, too, die for ever?”

My self-command, I felt, had nearly deserted me. Rising abruptly from my seat, I walked to the middle of the deck, and stood, for some moments, unconsciously gazing upon one of those fires, which,—as is the custom of all who travel by night upon the Nile,—our boatmen had just kindled, to scare away the crocodiles from the vessel. But it was in vain that I endeavoured to compose my spirit. Every effort I made but more deeply convinced me, that, till the mystery which hung round that maiden should be solved—till the secret, with which my own bosom laboured, should be disclosed—it was fruitless to attempt even a semblance of tranquillity.

My resolution was therefore taken;—to lay open, at least, my own heart, as far as such a revelation might be risked, without startling the timid innocence of my companion. Thus resolved, I returned, with more composure, to my seat by her side, and taking from my bosom the small mirror which she had dropped in the Temple, and which I had ever since worn suspended round my neck, with a trembling hand presented it to her view. The boatmen had just kindled one of their night-fires near us, and its light, as she leaned forward towards the mirror, fell on her face.

The quick blush of surprise with which she recognised it to be hers, and her look of bashful, yet eager, inquiry, in raising her eyes to mine, were appeals to which I was not, of course, slow in answering. Beginning with the first moment when I saw her in the Temple, and passing hastily, but with words that burned as they went, over the impression which she had then left upon my heart and fancy, I proceeded to describe the particulars of my descent into the pyramid—my surprise and adoration at the door of the chapel—my encounter with the Trials of Initiation, so mysteriously prepared for me, and all the various

visionary wonders I had witnessed in that region, till the moment when I had seen her stealing from under the Veils to approach me.

Though, in detailing these events, I had said but little of the feelings they had awakened in me,—though my lips had sent back many a sentence, unuttered, there was still enough that could neither be subdued or disguised, and which, like that light from under the veils of her own Isis, glowed through every word that I spoke. When I told of the scene in the chapel,—of the silent interview which I had witnessed between the dead and the living,—the maiden leaned down her head and wept, as from a heart full of tears. It seemed a pleasure to her, however, to listen; and, when she looked at me again, there was an earnest and affectionate cordiality in her eyes, as if the knowledge of my having been present at that mournful scene had opened a new source of sympathy and intelligence between us. So neighbouring are the fountains of Love and of Sorrow, and so imperceptibly do they often mingle their streams.

Little, indeed, as I was guided by art or design, in my manner and conduct to this innocent girl, not all the most experienced gallantry of the Garden could have dictated a policy half so seductive as that which my new master, Love, now taught me. The ardour which, shown at once, and without reserve, might have startled a heart so little prepared for it, thus checked and softened by the timidity of real love, won its way without alarm; and, when most diffident of success, most triumphed. Like one whose sleep is gradually broken by music, the maiden's heart was awakened without being disturbed. She followed the charm, unconscious whither it led, nor was aware of the flame she had lighted in another's bosom, till she perceived the reflection of it glimmering in her own.

Impatient as I was to appeal to her generosity and sympathy, for a similar proof of confidence to that which I had just given, the night was now too far advanced for me to impose such a task upon her. After exchanging a few words, in which, though little was said, there was a tone and manner that spoke far more than language, we took a lingering leave of each other for the night, with every prospect of still being together in our dreams.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was so near the dawn of day when we parted, that we again found the sun sinking westward when we rejoined each other. The smile with which she met me—so frankly cordial,—might have been taken for the greeting of a long mellowed friendship, did not the blush and the cast down eyelid, that followed, give symptoms of a feeling newer and less calm. For myself, lightened, as I was, in some degree, by the confession which I had made, I was yet too conscious of the new aspect thus given to our intercourse, to feel altogether unembarrassed at the prospect of returning to the theme. It was, therefore, willingly we both suffered our attention to be diverted, by the variety of objects that presented themselves on the way, from a subject that both equally trembled to approach.

The river was now full of life and motion. Every moment we met with boats descending the current, so independent of aid from sail or oar, that the sailors sat idly upon the deck as they shot along, singing or playing upon their double-reeded pipes. Of these boats, the greater number came loaded with merchandise from Coptos,—some with those large emeralds, from the mine in the desert, whose colours, it is said, are brightest at the full of the moon, and some laden with frankincense from the acacia-groves near the Red Sea. On the decks of others, that had been to the Golden Mountains beyond Syene, were heaped blocks and fragments of that sweet-smelling wood, which the Green Nile of Nubia washes down in the season of the floods.

Our companions up the stream were far less numerous. Occasionally a boat, returning lightened from the fair of last night, with those high sails that catch every breeze from over the hills, shot past us;—while, now and then, we overtook one of those barges full of bees, that at this season of the year, are sent to colonise the gardens of the south, and take advantage of the first flowers after the inundation has passed away.

By these various objects we were, for a short time, enabled to divert the conversation from lighting and settling upon the one subject, round which it continually hovered. But the effort, as might be expected, was not long successful. As evening advanced, the whole scene became more solitary. We less frequently ventured to look upon each other, and our intervals of silence grew more long.

It was near sunset, when, in passing a small temple on the shore, whose porticoes were now full of the evening light, we saw, issuing from a thicket of acanthus near it, a train of young maids linked together in the dance by lotus-stems, held at arms' length between them. Their tresses were also wreathed with this emblem of the season, and such a profusion of the white flowers were twisted round their waists and arms, that they might have been taken, as they gracefully bounded along the bank, for Nymphs of the Nile, risen freshly from their gardens under the wave.

After looking for a few moments at this sacred dance, the maid turned away her eyes, with a look of pain, as if the remembrances it recalled were of no welcome nature. This momentary retrospect, this glimpse into the past, seemed to offer a sort of clue to the secret for which I panted;—and, gradually and delicately as my impatience would allow, I availed myself of it. Her frankness, however, saved me the embarrassment of much questioning. She even seemed to feel that the confidence I sought was due to me, and beyond the natural hesitation of maidenly modesty, not a shade of reserve or evasion appeared.

To attempt to repeat, in her own touching words, the simple story which she now related to me, would be like endeavouring to 'note down some strain of unpremeditated music, with those fugitive graces, those felicities of the moment, which no art can restore, as they first met the ear. From a feeling, too, of humility, she had omitted in her narrative some

particulars relating to herself, which I afterwards learned;—while others, not less important, she but slightly passed over, from a fear of wounding the prejudices of her heathen hearer.

I shall, therefore, give her story, as the outline which she, herself, sketched, was afterwards filled up by a pious and venerable hand,—far, far more worthy than mine of being associated with the memory of such purity.

STORY OF ALETHEA.

"The mother of this maiden was the beautiful Theora of Alexandria, who, though a native of that city, was descended from Grecian parents. When very young, Theora was one of the seven maidens selected, to note down the discourses of the eloquent Origen, who, at that period, presided over the School of Alexandria, and was in all the fulness of his fame, both among Pagans and Christians. Endowed richly with the learning of both creeds, he brought the natural light of philosophy to elucidate the mysteries of faith, and was only proud of his knowledge of the wisdom of this world, inasmuch as it ministered to the triumph of divine truth.

"Though he had courted in vain the crown of martyrdom, it was held, throughout his life, suspended over his head, and in more than one persecution, he had evinced his readiness to die for that faith which he lived but to testify and adorn. On one of these occasions, his tormentors, having habited him like an Egyptian priest, placed him upon the steps of the Temple of Serapis, and commanded that he should, in the manner of the Pagan ministers, present palm-branches to the multitude who went up to the shrine. But the courageous Christian disappointed their views. Holding forth the branches with an unshrinking hand, he cried aloud, 'Come hither and take the branch, not of an Idol Temple, but of Christ.'

"So indefatigable was this learned Father in his studies, that, while composing his Commentary on the Scriptures, he was attended by seven scribes or notaries, who relieved each other in taking down the dictates of his eloquent tongue; while the same number of young females, selected for the beauty of their penmanship, were employed in arranging and transcribing the precious leaves.

"Among the scribes so selected, was the fair young Theora, whose parents, though attached to the Pagan worship, were not unwilling to profit by the accomplishments of their daughter, thus devoted to a task which they considered purely mechanical. To the maid herself, however, her task brought far other feelings and consequences. She read anxiously as she wrote, and the divine truths, so eloquently illustrated, found their way, by degrees, from the page to her heart. Deeply, too, as the written words affected her, the discourses from the lips of the great teacher himself, which she had frequent opportunities of hearing, sunk still more deeply into her mind. There was, at once, a sublimity and gentleness in his views of religion, which, to the tender hearts and lively imaginations of women, never failed to appeal with convincing power. Accordingly, the list of his female pupils was nu-

merous; and the names of Barbara, Juliana, Herais, and others, bear honourable testimony to his influence over that sex.

"To Theora the feeling, with which his discourses inspired her, was like a new soul,—a consciousness of spiritual existence, unfelt before. By the eloquence of the comment she was awakened into admiration of the text; and when, by the kindness of a Catechumen of the school, who had been struck by her innocent zeal, she, for the first time, became possessor of a copy of the Scriptures, she could not sleep for thinking of her sacred treasure. With a mixture of pleasure and fear she hid it from all eyes, and was like one who had received a divine guest under her roof, and felt fearful of betraying its divinity to the world.

"A heart so awake would have been easily secured to the faith, had her opportunities of hearing the sacred word continued. But circumstances arose to deprive her of this advantage. The mild Origen, long harassed and thwarted in his labours by the tyranny of the Bishop of Alexandria, Demetrius, was obliged to relinquish his school and fly from Egypt. The occupation of the fair scribe, was, therefore, at an end: her intercourse with the followers of the new faith ceased; and the growing enthusiasm of her heart gave way to more worldly impressions.

"Love, among the rest, had its share in alienating her thoughts from religion. While still very young, she became the wife of a Greek adventurer, who had come to Egypt as a purchaser of that rich tapestry, in which the needles of Persia are rivalled by the looms of the Nile. Having taken his young bride to Memphis, which was still the great mart of this merchandise, he there, in the midst of his speculations, died,—leaving his widow on the point of becoming a mother, while, as yet, but in her nineteenth year.

"For single and unprotected females, it has been, at all times, a favourite resource, to seek admission into the service of some of those great temples, which absorb so much of the wealth and power of Egypt. In most of these institutions there exists an order of Priestesses, which, though not hereditary, like that of the Priests, is provided for by ample endowments, and confers that rank and station, with which, in a government so theocratic, Religion is sure to invest even her humblest handmaids. From the general policy of the Sacred College of Memphis, it may be concluded, that an accomplished female, like Theora, found but little difficulty in being chosen one of the Priestesses of Isis; and it was in the service of the subterranean shrines that her ministry chiefly lay.

"Here, a month or two after her admission, she gave birth to Alethe, who first opened her eyes among the unholy pomps and specious miracles of this mysterious region. Though Theora, as we have seen, had been diverted by other feelings from her first enthusiasm for the Christian faith, she had never wholly forgot the impression then made upon her. The sacred volume, which the pious Catechumen had given her, was still treasured with care; and, though she seldom opened its pages, there was an idea of sanctity associated with it in her

memory, and often would she sit to look upon it with reverential pleasure, recalling the happiness she felt when it was first made her own.

"The leisure of her new retreat, and the lone melancholy of widowhood, led her still more frequently to indulge in such thoughts, and to recur to those consoling truths which she had heard in the school of Alexandria. She now began to peruse eagerly the sacred book, drinking deep of the fountain of which she before but tasted, and feeling—what thousands of mourners, since her, have felt—that Christianity is the true religion of the sorrowful.

"This study of her secret hours became still more dear to her, from the peril with which, at that period, it was attended, and the necessity she was under of concealing from those around her the precious light that had been kindled in her heart. Too timid to encounter the fierce persecution which awaited all who were suspected of a leaning to Christianity, she continued to officiate in the pomps and ceremonies of the Temple;—though, often, with such remorse of soul, that she would pause, in the midst of the rites, and pray inwardly to God, that he would forgive this profanation of his Spirit.

"In the mean time her daughter, the young Alethe, grew up still lovelier than herself, and added, every hour, to her happiness and her fears. When arrived at a sufficient age, she was taught, like the other children of the Priestesses, to take a share in the service and ceremonies of the shrines. The duty of some of these young servitors was to look after the flowers for the altar;—of others, to take care that the sacred vases were filled every day with fresh water from the Nile. The task of some was to preserve, in perfect polish, those silver images of the moon which the Priests carried in processions; while others were, as we have seen, employed in feeding the consecrated animals, and in keeping their plumes and scales bright, for the admiring eyes of their worshippers.

"The office allotted to Alethe—the most honourable of these minor ministries—was to wait upon the sacred birds of the Moon, to feed them with those eggs from the Nile which they loved, and provide for their use that purest water, which alone these delicate birds will touch. This employment was the delight of her childish hours; and that ibis, which Aleiphron (the Epicurean) saw her dance round in the Temple, was her favourite, of all the sacred flock, and had been daily fondled and fed by her from infancy.

"Music, as being one of the chief spells of this enchanted region, was an accomplishment required of all its ministrants; and the harp, the lyre, and the sacred flute, sounded no where so sweetly as that through the subterranean gardens. The chief object, then, in the education of the youth of the Temple, was to fit them, by every grace of art and nature, to give effect to the illusion of those shows and phantasms, in which the whole charm and secret of Initiation lay.

"Among the means employed to support the old system of superstition, against the infidelity and, still more, the new Faith that menaced

it, was an increased display of splendour and marvels in those Mysteries for which Egypt has so long been celebrated. Of these ceremonies so many imitations had, under various names, been multiplied through Europe, that the parent superstition ran a risk of being eclipsed by its progeny; and, in order still to retain their rank of the first Priesthood in the world, those of Egypt found it necessary to continue still the best impostors.

"Accordingly, every contrivance that art could devise, or labour execute—every resource that the wonderful knowledge of the Priests, in pyrotechny, mechanics, and dioptrics, could command, was brought into action to heighten the effect of their Mysteries, and give an air of enchantment to every thing connected with them.

"The final scene of beatification—the Elysium, into which the Initiate was received,—formed, of course, the leading attraction of these ceremonies; and to render it captivating alike to the senses of the man of pleasure, and the imagination of the spiritualist, was the object to which the whole skill and attention of the Sacred College were devoted. By the influence of the Priests of Memphis over those of the other Temples they had succeeded in extending their subterranean frontier, both to the north and south, so as to include, within their ever-lighted Paradise, some of the gardens excavated for the use of the other Twelve Shrines.

"The beauty of the young Alethe, the touching sweetness of her voice, and the sensibility that breathed throughout her every look and movement, rendered her a powerful auxiliary in such appeals to the imagination. She was, accordingly, from her childhood, selected from among her fair companions, as the most worthy representative of spiritual loveliness, in those pictures of Elysium—those scenes of another world—by which not only the fancy, but the reason, of the excited Aspirants was dazzled.

"To the innocent child herself these shows were pastime; but to Theora, who knew too well the imposition to which they were subservient, this profanation of all that she loved was a perpetual source of horror and remorse. Often would she—when Alethe stood smiling before her, arrayed, perhaps, as a spirit of the Elysian world,—turn away with a shudder, from the happy child, almost fancying that she already saw the shadows of sin descending over that innocent brow, as she gazed on it.

"As the intellect of the young maid became more active and inquiring, the apprehensions and difficulties of the mother increased. Afraid to communicate her own precious secret, lest she should involve her child in the dangers that encompassed it, she yet felt it to be no less a cruelty than a crime to leave her wholly immersed in the darkness of Paganism. In this dilemma, the only resource that remained to her was to select, and disengage from the dross that surrounded them, those pure particles of truth which lie at the bottom of all religions;—those feelings, rather than doctrines, which God has never left his creatures without, and which, in all ages, have furnished, to those who sought it, some clue to his glory.

"The unity and perfect goodness of the

Creator; the fall of the human soul into corruption; its struggles with the darkness of this world, and its final redemption and reascend to the source of all spirit;—these natural solutions of the problem of our existence, these elementary grounds of all religion and virtue, which Theora had heard illustrated by her Christian teacher, lay also, she knew, veiled under the theology of Egypt; and to impress them, in all their abstract purity, upon the mind of her susceptible pupil, was, in default of more heavenly lights, her sole ambition and care.

"It was their habit, after devoting their mornings to the service of the Temple, to pass their evenings and nights in one of those small mansions above ground, allotted to some of the most favoured Priestesses, in the precincts of the Sacred College. Here, out of the reach of those gross superstitions, which pursued them, at every step, below, she endeavoured to inform, as far as she might, the mind of her beloved girl; and found it lean as naturally and instinctively to truth, as plants that have been long shut up in darkness will, when light is let in, incline themselves to its ray.

"Frequently, as they sat together on the terrace at night, contemplating that assembly of glorious stars, whose beauty first misled mankind into idolatry, she would explain to the young listener by what gradations it was that the worship, thus transferred from the Creator to the creature, sunk lower and lower in the scale of being, till man, at length, presumed to deify man, and by the most monstrous of inversions, heaven was made the mirror of earth, reflecting all its most earthly features.

"Even in the Temple itself, the anxious mother would endeavour to interpose her purer lessons among the idolatrous ceremonies in which they were engaged. When the favourite ibis of Alethe took its station on the shrine, and the young maiden was seen approaching, with all the gravity of worship, the very bird which she had played with but an hour before,—when the acacia-bough, which she herself had plucked, seemed to acquire a sudden sacredness in her eyes, as soon as the Priest had breathed on it,—on all such occasions, Theora, though with fear and trembling, would venture to suggest to the youthful worshipper the distinction that should be drawn between the sensible object of adoration, and that spiritual, unseen Deity, of which it was but the remembrancer or type.

"With sorrow, however, she soon discovered that, in thus but partially enlightening a mind too ardent to be satisfied with such glimmerings, she only bewildered the heart that she meant to guide, and cut down the hope round which its faith twined, without substituting any other support in its place. As the beauty, too, of Alethe began to attract all eyes, new fears crowded upon the mother's heart;—fears, in which she was but too much justified by the characters of some of those around her.

"In this sacred abode, as may easily be conceived, morality did not always go hand in hand with religion. The hypocritical and ambitious Orestis, who was, at this period, High Priest of Memphis, was a man, in every respect, qualified to preside over a system of such

splendid fraud. He had reached that effective time of life, when enough of the warmth of youth remains to give animation to the counsels of age. But, in his instance, youth had only the baser passions to bequeath, while age but contributed a more refined maturity of mischief. The advantages of a faith appealing so wholly to the senses, were well understood by him; nor was he ignorant that the only way of making religion subservient to his own interests was by shaping it adroitly to the passions of others.

"The state of misery and remorse in which the mind of Theora was kept by the scenes, however veiled by hypocrisy, which she witnessed around her, became at length intolerable. No perils that the cause of truth could bring with it would be half so dreadful as this endurance of sinfulness and deceit. Her child was, as yet, pure and innocent;—but, without that sentinel of the soul, Religion, how long might she continue so?"

"This thought at once decided her;—all other fears vanished before it. She resolved instantly to lay open to Alethe the whole secret of her soul; to make her, who was her only hope on earth, the sharer of all her hopes in heaven, and then fly with her, as soon as possible, from this unhallowed place, to the desert—to the mountains—to any place, however desolate, where God and the consciousness of innocence might be with them.

"The promptitude with which her young pupil caught from her the divine truths, was even beyond what she expected. It was like the lighting of one torch at another,—so prepared was Alethe's mind for the illumination. Amply was the mother now repaid for all her misery, by this perfect communion of love and faith, and by the delight with which she saw her beloved child—like the young antelope, when first led by her dam to the well,—drink thirstily by her side, at the source of all life and truth.

"But such happiness was not long to last. The anxieties that Theora had suffered preyed upon her health. She felt her strength daily decline; and the thoughts of leaving, alone and unguarded in the world, that treasure which she had just devoted to heaven, gave her a feeling of despair which but hastened the ebb of life. Had she put in practice her resolution of flying from this place, her child might have been now beyond the reach of all she dreaded, and in the solitude of the wilderness would have found at least safety from wrong. But the very happiness she had felt in her new task diverted her from this project;—and it was now too late, for she was already dying.

"She concealed, however, her state from the tender and sanguine girl, who, though she saw the traces of disease on her mother's cheek, little knew that they were the hastening footsteps of death, nor thought even of the possibility of losing what was so dear to her. Too soon, however, the moment of separation arrived; and while the anguish and dismay of Alethe were in proportion to the security in which she had indulged, Theora, too, felt, with bitter regret, that she had sacrificed to her fond consideration much precious time, and that there now remained but a few brief and

painful moments, for the communication of all those wishes and instructions, on which the future destiny of the young orphan depended.

"She had, indeed, time for little more than to place the sacred volume solemnly in her hands, to implore that she would, at all risks, fly from this unholy place, and, pointing in the direction of the mountains of the Said, to name, with her last breath, the holy man, to whom, under heaven, she trusted for the protection and salvation of her child.

"The first violence of feeling to which Alethe gave way was succeeded by a fixed and tearless grief, which rendered her insensible, for some time, to the dangers of her situation. Her only comfort was in visiting that monumental chapel, where the beautiful remains of Theora lay. There, night after night, in contemplation of those placid features, and in prayers for the peace of the departed spirit, did she pass her lonely, and—sad as they were—happiest hours. Though the mystic emblems that decorated that chapel were but ill suited to the slumber of a Christian saint, there was one among them, the Cross, which, by a remarkable coincidence, is an emblem common alike to the Gentile and the Christian,—being, to the former, a shadowy type of that immortality, of which, to the latter, it is a substantial and assuring pledge.

"Nightly, upon this cross, which she had often seen her lost mother kiss, did she breathe forth a solemn and heartfelt vow, never to abandon the faith which that departed spirit had bequeathed to her. To such enthusiasm, indeed, did her heart at such moments rise, that, but for the last injunctions from those pallid lips, she would, at once, have avowed her perilous secret, and spoken out the words, "I am a Christian," among those benighted shrines!

"But the will of her, to whom she owed more than life, was to be obeyed. To escape from this haunt of superstition must now, she felt, be her first object; and, in devising the means of effecting it, her mind, day and night, was employed. It was with a loathing not to be concealed she now found herself compelled to resume her idolatrous services at the shrine. To some of the offices of Theora she succeeded, as is the custom, by inheritance; and in the performance of these—sanctified as they were in her eyes by the pure spirit she had seen engaged in them—there was a sort of melancholy pleasure in which her sorrow found relief. But the part she was again forced to take, in the scenic shows of the Mysteries, brought with it a sense of wrong and degradation which she could no longer bear.

"She had already formed, in her own mind, a plan of escape, in which her knowledge of all the windings of this subterranean realm gave her confidence, when the reception of Alciphron, as an initiate, took place.

"From the first moment of the landing of that philosopher at Alexandria, he had become an object of suspicion and watchfulness to the inquisitorial Orcus, whom philosophy, in any shape, naturally alarmed, but to whom the sect over which the young Athenian presided was particularly obnoxious. The accomplishments of Alciphron, his popularity, wherever he went, and the freedom with which he indulged his

wit at the expense of religion, was all faithfully reported to the High Priest by his spies, and stirred up within him no kindly feelings towards the stranger. In dealing with an infidel, such a personage as Orcus could know no alternative but that of either converting or destroying him; and though his spite, as a man, would have been more gratified by the latter proceeding, his pride, as a priest, led him to prefer the triumph of the former.

"The first descent of the Epicurean into the pyramid was speedily known, and the alarm immediately given to the Priests below. As soon as it was discovered that the young philosopher of Athens was the intruder, and that he still continued to linger round the pyramid, looking often and wistfully towards the portal, it was concluded that his curiosity would impel him to try a second descent; and Orcus, blessing the good chance which had thus brought the wild bird to his net, determined not to allow an opportunity so precious to be wasted.

"Instantly, the whole of that wonderful machinery, by which the phantasms and illusions of Initiation are produced, were put in active preparation throughout that subterranean realm; and the increased stir and watchfulness excited among its inmates, by this more than ordinary display of all the resources of priestcraft, rendered the accomplishment of Alethe's design, at such a moment, peculiarly difficult. Wholly ignorant of the share which had fallen to herself in attracting the young philosopher down to this region, she but heard of him vaguely, as the chief of a great Grecian sect, who had been led, by either curiosity or accident, to expose himself to the first trials of Initiation, and whom the priests, she saw, were endeavouring to ensnare in their toils, by every art and skill with which their science of darkness had gifted them.

"To her mind, the image of a philosopher, such as Alciphron had been represented to her, came associated with ideas of age and reverence; and, more than once, the possibility of his being made instrumental to her deliverance flashed a hope across her heart in which she could not help indulging. Often had she been told by Theora of the many Gentile sages, who had laid their wisdom down humbly at the foot of the Cross; and though this Initiate, she feared, could hardly be among the number, yet the rumours which she had gathered from the servants of the Temple, of his undisguised contempt for the errors of heathenism, led her to hope she might find tolerance, if not sympathy, in her appeal to him.

"Nor was it solely with a view to her own chance of deliverance that she thus connected him in her thoughts with the plan which she meditated. The look of proud and self-gratulating malice, with which the High Priest had mentioned this 'infidel,' as he styled him, when instructing her in the scene she was to enact before the philosopher in the valley, but too plainly informed her of the destiny that hung over him. She knew how many were the hapless candidates for Initiation, who had been doomed to a durance worse than that of the grave, for but a word, a whisper breathed against the sacred absurdities which they witnessed; and it was evident to her that the ve-

nerable Greek (for such her fancy represented Alciphron) was no less interested in escaping from this region than herself.

"Her own resolution was, at all events, fixed. That visionary scene, in which she had appeared before Alciphron,—little knowing how ardent were the heart and imagination, over which her beauty, at that moment, shed its whole influence,—was, she solemnly resolved, the very last unholy service, that superstition or imposture should ever command of her.

"On the following night the Aspirant was to watch in the Great Temple of Isis. Such an opportunity of approaching and addressing him might never come again. Should he, from compassion for her situation, or a sense of the danger of his own, consent to lend his aid to her flight, most gladly would she accept it,—assured that no danger or treachery she might risk could be half so dreadful as those she left behind. Should he, on the contrary, refuse, her determination was equally fixed—to trust to that God, who watches over the innocent, and go forth alone.

"To reach the island in Lake Mœris was her first object, and there occurred luckily, at this time, a mode of accomplishing it, by which the difficulty and dangers of the attempt would be, in a great degree, diminished. The day of the annual visitation of the High Priest to the Place of Weeping—as that island in the centre of the lake is called—was now fast approaching; and Alethe well knew that the self-moving car, by which the High Priest and one of the Hierophants are conveyed to the chambers under the lake, stood waiting in readiness. By availing herself of this expedient, she would gain the double advantage both of facilitating her own flight and retarding the speed of her pursuers.

"Having paid a last visit to the tomb of her beloved mother, and wept there, long and passionately, till her heart almost failed in the struggle,—having paused, too, to give a kiss to her favourite ibis, which, though too much a Christian to worship, she was still child enough to love,—with a trembling step she went early to the Sanctuary, and hid herself in one of the recesses of the Shrine. Her intention was to steal out from thence to Alciphron, while it was yet dark, and before the illumination of the great Statue behind the Veils had begun. But her fears delayed her till it was almost too late;—already was the image lighted up, and still she remained trembling in her hiding place.

"In a few minutes more the mighty Veils would have been withdrawn, and the glories of that scene of enchantment laid open,—when, at length, summoning up courage, and taking advantage of a momentary absence of those employed in the preparations of this splendid mockery, she stole from under the Veil, and found her way, through the gloom, to the Epicurean. There was then no time for explanation;—she had but to trust to the simple words, 'Follow, and be silent;' and the implicit readiness with which she found them obeyed filled her with no less surprise than the philosopher himself felt in hearing them.

"In a second or two they were on their way through the subterranean windings, leaving

the ministers of Isis to waste their splendours on vacancy, through a long series of miracles and visions which they now exhibited,—unconscious that he, whom they took such pains to dazzle, was already, under the guidance of the young Christian, removed beyond the reach of their spells."

CHAPTER XIV.

Such was the story, of which this innocent girl gave me, in her own touching language, the outline.

The sun was just rising as she finished her narrative. Fearful of encountering the expression of those feelings with which, she could not but observe, I was affected by her recital, scarcely had she concluded the last sentence, when, rising abruptly from her seat, she hurried into the pavilion, leaving me with the words already crowding for utterance to my lips.

Oppressed by the various emotions, thus sent back upon my heart, I lay down on the deck in a state of agitation, that defied even the most distant approaches of sleep. While every word she had uttered, every feeling she expressed, but ministered new fuel to that flame within me, to describe which, passion is too weak a word, there was also much of her recital that disheartened, that alarmed me. To find a Christian thus under the garb of a Memphian Priestess, was a discovery that, had my heart been less deeply interested, would but have more powerfully stimulated my imagination and pride. But, when I recollected the austerity of the faith she had embraced,—the tender and sacred tie, associated with it in her memory, and the devotion of woman's heart to objects thus consecrated,—her very perfections but widened the distance between us, and all that most kindled my passion at the same time chilled my hopes.

Were we left to each other, as on this silent river, in this undisturbed communion of thoughts and feelings, I knew too well, I thought, both her sex's nature and my own, to feel a doubt that love would ultimately triumph. But the severity of the guardianship to which I must resign her,—some monk of the desert, some stern Solitary,—the influence such a monitor would gain over her mind, and the horror with which, ere long, she would be taught to regard the reprobate infidel on whom she now smiled,—in all this prospect I saw nothing but despair. After a few short hours, my happiness would be at an end, and such a dark chasm open between our fates, as must sever them, far as earth is from heaven, asunder.

It was true, she was now wholly in my power. I feared no witnesses but those of earth, and the solitude of the desert was at hand. But though I acknowledged not a heaven, I worshipped her who was, to me, its type and substitute. If, at any moment, a single thought of wrong or deceit, towards a creature so sacred, arose in my mind, one look from her innocent eyes averted the sacrilege. Even passion itself felt a holy fear in her presence,—like the flame trembling in the breeze of the sanctuary,—and Love, pure Love, stood in place of Religion.

As long as I knew not her story, I might in-

dulge, at least, in dreams of the future. But, now—what hope, what prospect remained? My sole chance of happiness lay in the feeble hope of beguiling away her thoughts from the plan which she meditated; of weaning her, by persuasion, from that austere faith, which I had before hated and now feared, and of—attaching her, perhaps, alone and unlinked as she was in the world, to my own fortunes for ever!

In the agitation of these thoughts, I had started from my resting-place, and continued to pace up and down, under a burning sun, till, exhausted both by thought and feeling, I sunk down, amid its blaze, into a sleep, which to my fevered brain, seemed a sleep of fire.

On awaking, I found the veil of Alethe laid carefully over my brow, while she, herself, sat near me, under the shadow of the sail, looking anxiously at that leaf, which her mother had given her, and apparently employed in comparing its outlines with the course of the river and the forms of the rocky hills by which we passed. She looked pale and troubled, and rose eagerly to meet me, as if she had long and impatiently waited for my waking.

Her heart, it was plain, had been disturbed from its security, and was beginning to take alarm at its own feelings. But, though vaguely conscious of the peril to which she was exposed, her reliance, as is usually the case, increased with her danger, and on me, far more than on herself, did she depend for saving her from it. To reach, as soon as possible, her asylum in the desert, was now the urgent object of her entreaties and wishes; and the self-reproach she expressed at having permitted her thoughts to be diverted, for a single moment, from this sacred purpose, not only revealed the truth, that she had forgotten it, but betrayed even a glimmering consciousness of the cause.

Her sleep, she said, had been broken by ill-omened dreams. Every moment the shade of her mother had stood before her, rebuking her, with mournful looks, for her delay, and pointing, as she had done in death, to the eastern hills. Bursting into tears at this accusing recollection, she hastily placed the leaf, which she had been examining, in my hands, and implored that I would ascertain, without a moment's delay, what portion of our voyage was still unperformed, and in what space of time we might hope to accomplish it.

I had, still less than herself, taken note of either place or distance; and, had we been left to glide on in this dream of happiness, should never have thought of pausing to ask where it would end. But such confidence, I felt, was too sacred to be deceived. Reluctant as I was, naturally, to enter on an inquiry, which might so soon dissipate even my last hope, her wish was sufficient to supersede even the selfishness of love, and on the instant I proceeded to obey her will.

There is, on the eastern bank of the Nile, to the north of Antinoë, a high and steep rock, impending over the flood, which for ages, from a prodigy connected with it, has borne the name of the Mountain of the Birds. Yearly, it is said, at a certain season and hour, large flocks of birds assemble in the ravine, of which this

rocky mountain forms one of the sides, and are there observed to go through the mysterious ceremony of inserting each its beak into a particular cleft of the rock, till the cleft closes upon one of their number, when the rest, taking wing, leave the selected victim to die.

Through the ravine where this charm—for such the multitude consider it—is worked, there ran, in ancient times, a canal from the Nile, to some great and forgotten city that now lies buried in the desert. To a short distance from the river this canal still exists, but, soon after having passed through the defile, its scanty waters disappear altogether, and are lost under the sands.

It was in the neighbourhood of this place, as I could collect from the delineations on the leaf,—where a flight of birds represented the name of the mountain,—that the dwelling of the Solitary, to whom Alethe was bequeathed, lay. Imperfect as was my knowledge of the geography of Egypt, it at once struck me, that we had long since left this mountain behind; and, on inquiring of our boatmen, I found my conjecture confirmed. We had, indeed, passed it, as appeared, on the preceding night; and, as the wind had, ever since, blown strongly from the north, and the sun was already declining towards the horizon, we must now be, at least, an ordinary day's sail to the southward of the spot.

At this discovery, I own, my heart felt a joy which I could with difficulty conceal. It seemed to me as if fortune was conspiring with love, and, by this delaying the moment of our separation, afforded me at least a chance of happiness. Her look, too, and manner, when informed of our mistake, rather encouraged than chilled this secret hope. In the first moment of astonishment, her eyes opened upon me with a suddenness of splendour, under which I felt my own wink, as if lightning had crossed them. But she again, as suddenly, let their lids fall, and, after a quiver of her lip, which showed the conflict of feeling within, crossed her arms upon her bosom, and looked silently down upon the deck;—her whole countenance sinking into an expression, sad, but resigned, as if she felt, with me, that fate was on the side of wrong, and saw Love already stealing between her soul and heaven.

I was not slow in availing myself of what I fancied to be the irresolution of her mind. But, fearful of exciting alarm by any appeal to tenderer feelings, I but addressed myself to her imagination, and to that love of novelty, which is for ever fresh in the youthful breast. We were now approaching that region of wonders, Thebes. "In a day or two," said I, "we shall see, towering above the waters, the colossal Avenue of Sphinxes, and the bright Obelisks of the Sun. We shall visit the plain of Memnon, and those mighty statues, that fling their shadows at sunrise over the Libyan hills. We shall hear the image of the Son of the Morning answering to the first touch of light. From thence, in a few hours, a breeze like this will transport us to those sunny islands near the cataracts; there, to wander, among the sacred palm-groves of Philæ, or sit, at noontide hour, in those cool alcoves, which the waterfall of Syene shadows under its arch. Oh, who,

with such scenes of loveliness within reach, would turn coldly away to the bleak desert, and leave this fair world, with all its enchantments, shining behind them, unseen and unenjoyed? At least,"—I added, tenderly taking her by the hand,—"at least, let a few more days be stolen from the dreary fate to which thou hast devoted thyself, and then —"

She had heard but the last few words;—the rest had been lost upon her. Startled by the tone of tenderness, into which, in spite of all my resolves, my voice had softened, she looked for an instant in my face, with passionate earnestness;—then, dropping upon her knees with her clasped hands upraised, exclaimed—"Tempt me not, in the name of God I implore thee, tempt me not to swerve from my sacred duty. Oh, take me instantly to that desert mountain, and I will bless thee for ever."

This appeal, I felt, *could not* be resisted, though my heart were to break for it. Having silently expressed my assent to her prayer, by a pressure of her hand as I raised her from the deck, I hastened, as we were still in full career for the south, to give orders that our sail should be instantly lowered, and not a moment lost in retracing our course.

In proceeding, however, to give these directions, it, for the first time, occurred to me, that, as I had hired this yacht in the neighbourhood of Memphis, where it was probable that the flight of the young fugitive would be most vigilantly tracked, we should act imprudently in betraying to the boatmen the place of her retreat;—and the present seemed the most favourable opportunity of evading such a danger. Desiring, therefore, that we should be landed at a small village on the shore, under pretence of paying a visit to some shrine in the neighbourhood, I there dismissed our barge, and was relieved from fear of further observation, by seeing it again set sail, and resume its course fleetly up the current.

From the boats of all descriptions that lay idle beside the bank, I now selected one, which, in every respect, suited my purpose,—being, in its shape and accommodations, a miniature of our former vessel, but so small and light as to be manageable by myself alone, and, with the advantage of the current, requiring little more than a hand to steer it. This boat I succeeded, without much difficulty, in purchasing, and, after a short delay, we were again afloat down the current;—the sun just then sinking, in conscious glory, over his own golden shrines in the Libyan waste.

The evening was more calm and lovely than any that yet had smiled upon our voyage; and, as we left the bank, there came soothingly over our ears a strain of sweet, rustic melody from the shore. It was the voice of a young Nubian girl, whom we saw kneeling on the bank before an acacia, and singing, while her companions stood round, the wild song of invocation, which, in her country, they address to that enchanted tree:—

"Oh! Abyssinian tree,
We pray, we pray, to thee;
By the glow of thy golden fruit,
And the violet hue of thy flower,

And the greeting mute
Of thy bough's salute
To the stranger who seeks thy bower."

"Oh! Abyssinian tree,
How the traveller blesses thee,
When the night no moon allows,
And the sun-set hour is near,
And thou bend'st thy boughs
To kiss his brows,
Saying, 'Come rest thee here.'
Oh! Abyssinian tree,
Thus bow thy head to me!"

In the burden of this song the companions of the young Nubian joined; and we heard the words, "Oh! Abyssinian tree," dying away on the breeze, long after the whole group had been lost to our eyes.

Whether, in this new arrangement which I had made for our voyage, any motive, besides those which I professed, had a share, I can scarcely, even myself, so bewildered were my feelings, determine. But no sooner had the current borne us away from all human dwellings, and we were alone on the waters, with not a soul near, than I felt how closely such solitude draws hearts together, and how much more we seemed to belong to each other, than when there were eyes around.

The same feeling, but without the same sense of its danger, was manifest in every look and word of Alethe. The consciousness of the one great effort she had made appeared to have satisfied her heart on the score of duty,—while the devotedness with which she saw I attended to her every wish, was felt with all that gratitude which, in woman, is the day-spring of love. She was, therefore, happy, innocently happy; and the confiding, and even affectionate, unreserve of her manner, while it rendered my trust more sacred, made it also far more difficult.

It was only, however, on subjects unconnected with our situation or fate, that she yielded to such interchange of thought, or that her voice ventured to answer mine. The moment I alluded to the destiny that awaited us, all her cheerfulness fled, and she became saddened and silent. When I described to her the beauty of my own native land—its founts of inspiration and fields of glory—her eyes sparkled with sympathy, and sometimes even softened into fondness. But when I ventured to whisper, that, in that glorious country, a life full of love and liberty awaited her; when I proceeded to contrast the adoration and bliss she might command, with the gloomy austerities of the life to which she was hastening,—it was like the coming of a sudden cloud over a summer sky. Her head sunk, as she listened;—I waited in vain for an answer; and when, half fully reproaching her for this silence, I stooped to take her hand, I could feel the warm tears fast falling over it.

But even this—little hope as it held out—was happiness. Though it foreboded that I

should lose her—it also whispered that I was loved. Like that lake, in the Land of Roses,* whose waters are half sweet, half bitter, I felt my fate to be a compound of bliss and pain,—but the very pain well worth all ordinary bliss.

And thus did the hours of that night pass along; while every moment shortened our happy dream, and the current seemed to flow with a swifter pace than any that ever yet hurried to the sea. Not a feature of the whole scene but is, at this moment, freshly in my memory;—the broken star-light on the water;—the rippling sound of the boat, as, without oar or sail, it went, like a thing of enchantment, down the stream;—the scented fire, burning beside us on the deck, and, oh, that face, on which its light fell, still revealing, as it turned, some new charm, some blush or look, more beautiful than the last.

Often, while I sat gazing, forgetful of all else in this world, our boat, left wholly to itself, would drive from its course, and, bearing us to the bank, get entangled in the water-flowers, or be caught in some eddy, ere I perceived where we were. Once, too, when the rustling of my oar among the flowers had startled away from the bank some wild antelopes, that had stolen, at that still hour, to drink of the Nile, what an emblem I thought it of the young heart beside me,—tasting, for the first time, of hope and love, and so soon, alas, to be scared from their sweetness for ever!

CHAPTER XV.

The night was now far advanced;—the bend of our course towards the left, and the closing in of the eastern hills upon the river, gave warning of our approach to the hermit's dwelling. Every minute now seemed like the last of existence; and I felt a sinking of despair at my heart, which would have been intolerable, had not a resolution that suddenly, and as if by inspiration, occurred to me, presented a glimpse of hope which, in some degree, calmed my feelings.

Much as I had, all my life, despised hypocrisy,—the very sect I had embraced being chiefly recommended to me by the war which they waged on the cant of all others,—it was, nevertheless, in hypocrisy that I now scrupled not to take refuge from, what I dreaded more than shame or death, my separation from Alethe. In my despair, I adopted the humiliating plan—deeply humiliating as I felt it to be, even amid the joy with which I welcomed it—of offering myself to this hermit, as a convert to his faith, and thus becoming the fellow-disciple of Alethe under his care!

From the moment I resolved upon this plan, my spirit felt lightened. Though having fully before my eyes the labyrinth of imposture into which it would lead me, I thought of nothing but the chance of our being still together;—in this hope, all pride, all philosophy, was forgotten, and every thing seemed tolerable, but the prospect of losing her.

Thus resolved, it was with somewhat less reluctant feelings, that I now undertook, at the anxious desire of Alethe, to ascertain the site of that well known mountain, in the

* See an account of this sensitive tree, which bends down its branches to those who approach it, in M. Jomard's Description of Syene and the Cataracts.

neighbourhood of which the dwelling of the anchorite lay. We had already passed one or two stupendous rocks, which stood, detached, like fortresses, over the river's brink, and which, in some degree, corresponded with the description on the leaf. So little was there of life now stirring along the shores, that I had begun almost to despair of any assistance from inquiry, when, on looking to the western bank, I saw a boatman among the sedges, towing his small boat, with some difficulty, up the current. Hailing him, as we passed, I asked, "Where stands the Mountain of the Birds?"—and he had hardly time to answer, pointing above our heads, "There," when we perceived that we were just then entering into the shadow, which this mighty rock flings across the whole of the flood.

In a few moments we had reached the mouth of the ravine, of which the Mountain of the Birds forms one of the sides, and through which the scanty canal from the Nile flows. At the sight of this chasm, in some of whose gloomy recesses—if we had rightly interpreted the leaf—the dwelling of the Solitary lay, our voices, at once, sunk into a low whisper, while Alethe looked round upon me with a superstitious fearfulness, as if doubtful whether I had not already disappeared from her side. A quick movement, however, of her hand towards the ravine, told too plainly that her purpose was still unchanged. With my oars, therefore, checking the career of our boat, I succeeded, after no small exertion, in turning it out of the current of the river, and steering into this bleak and stagnant canal.

Our transition from life and bloom to the very depth of desolation, was immediate. While the water and one side of the ravine lay buried in shadow, the white, skeleton-like crags of the other stood aloft in the pale glare of moonlight. The sluggish stream through which we moved, yielded sullenly to the oar, and the shriek of a few water-birds, which we had roused from their fastnesses, was succeeded by a silence, so dead and awful, that our lips seemed afraid to disturb it by a breath; and half-whispered exclamations, "How dreary!"—"How dismal!"—were almost the only words exchanged between us.

We had proceeded for some time through this gloomy defile, when, at a distance before us, among the rocks on which the moonlight fell, we perceived, upon a ledge but little elevated above the canal, a small hut or cave, which, from a tree or two planted around it, had some appearance of being the abode of a human being. "This, then," thought I, "is the home to which Alethe is destined!"—A chill of despair came again over my heart, and the oars, as I gazed, lay motionless in my hands.

I found Alethe, too, whose eyes had caught the same object, drawing closer to my side than she had yet ventured. Laying her hand agitatedly upon mine, "We must here," she said, "part for ever." I turned to her, as she spoke; there was a tenderness, a despondency in her countenance, that at once saddened and inflamed my soul. "Part!" I exclaimed passionately,—"No!—the same God shall receive us both. Thy faith, Alethe, shall, from this hour,

be mine, and I will live and die in this desert with thee!"

Her surprise, her delight, at these words, was like a momentary delirium. The wild, anxious smile, with which she looked into my face, as if to ascertain whether she had, indeed, heard my words aright, bespoke a happiness too much for reason to bear. At length the fulness of her heart found relief in tears; and, murmuring forth an incoherent blessing on my name, she let her head fall languidly and powerlessly on my arm. The light from our boat-fire shone upon her face. I saw her eyes, which she had closed for a moment, again opening upon me with the same tenderness, and—merciful Providence, how I remember that moment!—was on the point of bending down my lips towards hers, when suddenly, in the air above our heads, as if it came from heaven, there burst forth a strain from a choir of voices, that with its solemn sweetness filled the whole valley.

Breaking away from my caress at these supernatural sounds, the maiden threw herself trembling upon her knees, and, not daring to look up, exclaimed wildly, "My mother, oh my mother!"

It was the Christian's morning hymn that we heard;—the same, as I learned afterwards, that, on their high terrace at Memphis, Alethe had been often taught by her mother to sing to the rising sun.

Scarcely less startled than my companion, I looked up, and, at the very summit of the rock above us, saw a light, appearing to come from a small opening or window, through which also the sounds, that had appeared so supernatural, issued. There could be no doubt, that we had now found—if not the dwelling of the anchorite—at least, the haunt of some of the Christian brotherhood of these rocks, by whose assistance we could not fail to find the place of his retreat.

The agitation, into which Alethe had been thrown by the first burst of that psalmody, soon yielded to the softening recollections which it brought back; and a calm came over her brow, such as it had never before worn, since our meeting. She seemed to feel that she had now reached her destined haven, and to hail, as the voice of heaven itself, those sounds by which she was welcomed to it.

In her tranquillity, however, I could not now sympathize. Impatient to know all that awaited her and myself, I pushed our boat close to the base of the rock,—directly under that lighted window on the summit, to find my way up to which was my first object. Having hastily received my instructions from Alethe, and made her repeat again the name of the Christian whom we sought, I sprang upon the bank, and was not long in discovering a sort of rude stair-way, cut out of the rock, but leading, I found, by easy windings, up the steep.

After ascending for some time, I arrived at a level space or ledge, which the hand of labour had succeeded in converting into a garden, and which was planted, here and there, with fig-trees and palms. Around it, too, I could perceive, through the glimmering light, a number of small caves or grottos, into some of which, human beings might find entrance,

while others appeared no larger than the tombs of the Sacred Birds round Lake Maris.

I was still, I found, but half-way up the ascent to the summit, nor could perceive any further means of continuing my course, as the mountain from hence rose, almost perpendicularly, like a wall. At length, however, on exploring around, I discovered behind the shade of a sycamore a large ladder of wood, resting firmly against the rock, and affording an easy and secure ascent up the steep.

Having ascertained thus far, I again descended to the boat for Alethe,—whom I found trembling already at her short solitude,—and having led her up the steps to this quiet garden, left her safely lodged, amid its holy silence, while I pursued my way upward to the light on the rock.

At the top of the long ladder I found myself on another ledge or platform somewhat smaller than the first, but planted in the same manner, with trees, and, as I could perceive by the mingled light of morning and the moon, embellished with flowers. I was now near the summit;—there remained but another short ascent, and, as a ladder against the rock, as before, supplied the means of scaling it, I was in a few minutes at the opening from which the light issued.

I had ascended gently, as well from a feeling of awe at the whole scene, as from an unwillingness to disturb too rudely the rites on which I intruded. My approach was, therefore, unheard, and an opportunity, during some moments, afforded me of observing the group within, before my appearance at the window was discovered.

In the middle of the apartment, which seemed once to have been a Pagan oratory, there was an assembly of seven or eight persons, some male, some female, kneeling in silence round a small altar;—while, among them, as if presiding over their ceremony, stood an aged man, who, at the moment of my arrival, was presenting to one of the female worshippers an alabaster cup, which she applied, with much reverence, to her lips. On the countenance of the venerable minister, as he pronounced a short prayer over her head, there was an expression of profound feeling that showed how wholly he was absorbed in that rite; and when he had drank of the cup,—which I saw had engraven on its side the image of a head, with a glory round it,—the holy man bent down and kissed her forehead.

After this parting salutation, the whole group rose silently from their knees; and it was then, for the first time, that by a cry of terror from one of the women, the appearance of a stranger at the window was discovered. The whole assembly seemed startled and alarmed, except him, that superior person, who, advancing from the altar, with an unmoved look, raised the latch of the door, which was adjoining to the window, and admitted me.

There was, in this old man's features, a mixture of elevation and sweetness, of simplicity and energy, which commanded at once attachment and homage; and half hoping, half fearing to find in him the destined guardian of Alethe, I looked anxiously in his face, as I entered, and pronounced the name "Melanios!"

"Melanios is my name, young stranger," he answered; "and whether in friendship or in enmity thou comest, Melanios blesses thee." Thus saying, he made a sign with his right hand above my head, while, with involuntary respect, I bowed beneath the benediction.

"Let this volume," I replied, "answer for the peacefulness of my mission,"—at the same time, placing in his hands the copy of the Scriptures, which had been his own gift to the mother of Alethe, and which her child now brought as the credential of her claims on his protection. At the sight of this sacred pledge, which he recognised instantly, the solemnity that had marked his first reception of me softened into tenderness. Thoughts of other times seemed to pass through his mind, and as, with a sigh of recollection, he took the book from my hands, some words on the outer leaf caught his eye. They were few,—but contained, perhaps, the last wishes of the dying Theora, for as he eagerly read them over, I saw the tears in his aged eyes. "The trust," he said with a faltering voice, "is sacred, and God will, I hope, enable his servant to guard it faithfully.

During this short dialogue, the other persons of the assembly had departed—being, as I afterwards learned, brethren from the neighbouring bank of the Nile, who came thus secretly before daybreak, to join in worshipping God. Fearful lest their descent down the rock might alarm Alethe, I hurried briefly over the few words of explanation that remained, and, leaving the venerable Christian to follow at his leisure, hastened anxiously down to rejoin the maiden.

CHAPTER XVI.

Melanios was among the first of those Christians of Egypt, who, after the recent example of the hermit, Paul, renouncing all the comforts of social existence, betook themselves to a life of contemplation in the desert. Less selfish, however, in his piety, than most of these ascetics, Melanios forgot not the world, in leaving it. He knew that man was not born to live wholly for himself; that his relation to human kind was that of the link to the chain, and that even his solitude should be turned to the advantage of others. In flying, therefore, from the din and disturbance of life, he sought not to place himself beyond the reach of its sympathies, but selected a retreat, where he could combine the advantage of solitude with those opportunities of serving his fellow-men, which a neighbourhood to their haunts would afford.

That taste for the gloom of subterranean recesses, which the race of Misraim inherit from their Ethiopian ancestors, had, by following out all Egypt into caverns, and crypts, furnished these Christian anchorites with a choice of retreats. Accordingly, some found a shelter in the grottos of Eleythia;—others among the royal tombs of the Thebaid. In the middle of the Seven Valleys, where the sun rarely shines, a few have fixed their dim and melancholy retreat, while others have sought the neighbourhood of the red Lakes of Nitria, and there,—like those Pagan solitaries of old, who dwelt among the palm-trees, near the Dead Sea,—

mouse amid the sterility of nature, and seem to find, in her desolation, peace.

It was on one of the mountains of the Said, to the east of the river, that Melanius, as we have seen, chose his place of seclusion,—between the life and fertility of the Nile on the one side, and the lone, dismal barrenness of the desert on the other. Half-way down this mountain, where it impends over the ravine, he found a series of caves or grottos dug out of the rock, which had, in other times, ministered to some purpose of mystery, but whose use had been long forgotten, and their recesses abandoned.

To this place, after the banishment of his great master, Origen, Melanius, with a few faithful followers, retired, and, by the example of his innocent life, no less than by his fervid eloquence, succeeded in winning crowds of converts to his faith. Placed, as he was, in the neighbourhood of the rich city, Antinoë, though he mingled not with its multitude, his name and his fame were among them, and, to all who sought instruction or consolation, the cell of the hermit was ever open.

Notwithstanding the rigid abstinence of his own habits, he was yet careful to provide for the comforts of others. Contented with a rude bed of straw, himself, for the stranger he had always a less homely resting-place. From his grotto, the wayfarer and the indigent never went unrefreshed; and, with the assistance of some of his brethren, he had formed gardens along the ledges of the mountain, which gave an air of cheerfulness to his rocky dwelling, and supplied him with the chief necessities of such a climate, fruit and shade.

Though the acquaintance which he had formed with the mother of Alethe, during the short period of her attendance at the school of Origen, was soon interrupted, and never afterwards renewed, the interest which he had then taken in her fate was too lively to be forgotten. He had seen the zeal with which her young heart welcomed instruction; and the thought that such a candidate for heaven should have relapsed into idolatry, came often, with disquieting apprehension, over his mind.

It was, therefore, with true pleasure, that, but a year or two before her death, he had learned by a private communication from Theora, transmitted through a Christian embalmer of Memphis, that “not only her own heart had taken root in the faith, but that a new bud had flowered with the same divine hope, and that, ere long, he might see them both transplanted to the desert.”

The coming, therefore, of Alethe was far less a surprise to him, than her coming thus alone was a shock and a sorrow; and the silence of their meeting showed how deeply each remembered that the tie which had brought them together was no longer of this world,—that the hand which should have been joined with theirs, was in the tomb. I now saw that not even religion was proof against the sadness of mortality. For, as the old man put the ringlets aside from her forehead, and contemplated in that clear countenance the reflection of what her mother had been, there was a mournfulness mingled with his piety, as he said, “Heaven rest her soul!” which showed how

little even the certainty of a heaven for those we love can subdue our regret for having lost them on earth.

The full light of day had now risen upon the desert, and our host, reminded, by the faint looks of Alethe, of the many anxious hours we had passed without sleep, proposed that we should seek, in the chambers of the rock, such rest as the dwelling of a hermit could offer. Pointing to one of the largest openings, as he addressed me,—“Thou wilt find,” he said, “in that grotto a bed of fresh down leaves, and may the consciousness of having protected the orphan sweeten thy sleep!”

I felt how dearly this praise had been earned, and already almost repented of having deserved it. There was a sadness in the countenance of Alethe, as I took leave of her, to which the forebodings of my own heart but too faithfully responded; nor could I help fearing, as her hand parted lingeringly from mine, that I had, by this sacrifice, placed her beyond my reach for ever.

Having lighted me a lamp, which, in these recesses, even at noon, is necessary, the holy man led me to the entrance of the grotto;—and here, I blush to say, my career of hypocrisy began. With the sole view of obtaining another glance at Alethe, I turned humbly to solicit the benediction of the Christian, and, having conveyed to her, as I bent reverently down, as much of the deep feeling of my soul as looks could express, with a desponding spirit I hurried into the cavern. A short passage led me to the chamber within,—the walls of which I found covered, like those of the grottoes of Lycopolis, with paintings, which, though executed long ages ago, looked fresh as if their colours were but laid on yesterday. They were, all of them, representations of rural and domestic scenes; and, in the greater number, the melancholy imagination of the artist had called Death in, as usual, to throw his shadow over the picture.

My attention was particularly drawn to one series of subjects, throughout the whole of which the same group—a youth, a maiden, and two aged persons, who appeared to be the father and mother of the girl,—were represented in all the details of their daily life. The looks and attitudes of the young people denoted that they were lovers; and, sometimes, they were seen sitting under a canopy of flowers, with their eyes fixed on each other's faces, as though they could never look away; sometimes, they appeared walking along the banks of the Nile,

—on one of those sweet nights
When Isis, the pure star of lovers, lights
Her bridal crescent o'er the holy stream,—
When wandering youths and maidens watch
her beam,
And number o'er the nights she hath to run,
Ere she again embrace her bridegroom sun.

Through all these scenes of endearment the two elder persons stood by;—their calm countenances touched with a share of that bliss, in whose perfect light the young lovers were basking. Thus far, all was happiness,—but the sad lesson of mortality was to come. It

the last picture of the series, one of the figures was missing. It was that of the young maiden, who had disappeared from among them. On the brink of a dark lake stood the three who remained; while a boat, just departing for the City of the Dead, told too plainly the end of their dream of happiness.

This memorial of a sorrow of other times—of a sorrow, ancient as death itself,—was not wanting to deepen the melancholy of my mind, or to add to the weight of the many bodings that pressed on it.

After a night, as it seemed, of anxious and unsleeping thought, I rose from my bed and returned to the garden. I found the Christian alone,—seated under the shade of one of his trees, at a small table, with a volume unrolled before him, while a beautiful antelope lay sleeping at his feet. Struck forcibly by the contrast which he presented to those haughty priests, whom I had seen surrounded by the pomp and gorgeousness of temples, "Is this, then," thought I, "the faith, before which the world trembles—its temple the desert, its treasury a book, and its High Priest the solitary dweller of the rock!"

He had prepared for me a simple, but hospitable repast, of which fruits from his own garden, the white bread of Olyra, and the juice of the honey-cane were the most costly luxuries. His manner to me was even more cordial than before; but the absence of Alethe, and, still more, the ominous reserve, with which he not only, himself, refrained from all mention of her name, but eluded the few inquiries, by which I sought to lead to it, seemed to confirm all the fears I had felt in parting from her.

She had acquainted him, it was evident, with the whole history of our flight. My reputation as a philosopher—my desire to become a Christian—all was already known to the zealous Anchorite, and the subject of my conversion was the very first on which he entered. O pride of philosophy, how wert thou then humbled, and with what shame did I stand, casting down my eyes, before that venerable man, as, with ingenuous trust in the sincerity of my intention, he welcomed me to a participation of his holy hope, and imprinted the Kiss of Charity on my infidel brow!

Embarrassed as I felt by the consciousness of hypocrisy, I was even still more perplexed by my total ignorance of the real tenets of the faith to which I professed myself a convert. Abashed and confused, and with a heart sick at his own deceit, I heard the animated and eloquent gratulations of the Christian, as though they were words in a dream, without link or meaning; nor could disguise but by the mockery of a reverential bow, at every pause, the entire want of self-possession, and even of speech, under which I laboured.

A few minutes more of such trial, and I must have avowed my imposture. But the holy man saw my embarrassment;—and, whether mistaking it for awe, or knowing it to be ignorance, relieved me from my perplexity by, at once, changing the theme. Having gently awakened his antelope from its sleep, "You have heard," he said, "I doubt not, of my brother anchorite, Paul, who, from his cave in the marble mountains, near the Red Sea, sends

hourly 'the sacrifice of thanksgiving' to heaven. Of his walks, they tell me, a lion is the companion; but for me," he added, with a playful and significant smile, "who try my powers of taming but on the gentler animals, this feeble child of the desert is a far fitter play-mate." Then, taking his staff, and putting the time-worn volume which he had been reading into a large goat-skin pouch, that hung by his side, "I will now," said he, "lead thee over my rocky kingdom,—that thou mayst see in what drear and barren places, that 'fruit of the spirit,' Peace, may be gathered."

To speak of peace to a heart like mine, at that moment, was like talking of some distant harbour to the mariner sinking at sea. In vain did I look round for some sign of Alethe;—in vain make an effort even to utter her name. Consciousness of my own deceit, as well as a fear of awakening in Melanias any suspicion that might frustrate my only hope, threw a fetter over my spirit and checked my tongue. In silence, therefore, I followed, while the cheerful old man, with slow, but firm, step, ascended the rock, by the same ladders which I had mounted on the preceding night.

During the time when the Decian Persecution was raging, many Christians of this neighbourhood, he informed me, had taken refuge under his protection, in these grottoes; and the chapel on the summit, where I had found them at prayer, was, in those times of danger, their place of retreat, where, by drawing up these ladders, they were enabled to secure themselves from pursuit.

From the top of the rock, the view, on either side, embraced the two extremes of fertility and desolation; nor could the Epicurean and the Anchorite who now gazed from that height, be at any loss to indulge their respective tastes, between the living luxuriance of the world on one side, and the dead repose of the desert on the other. When we turned to the river, what a picture of animation presented itself! Near us, to the south, were the graceful colonnades of Antinoë, its proud, populous streets, and triumphal monuments. On the opposite shore, rich plains, teeming with cultivation to the water's edge, offered up, as from verdant altars, their fruits to the sun; while, beneath us, the Nile,

—the glorious stream,

That late between its banks was seen to glide,—
With shrines and marble cities on each side,
Glittering like jewels strung along a chain,—
Had now sent forth its waters, and o'er plain
And valley, like a giant from his bed
Rising with outstretch'd limbs, superbly spread.

From this scene on one side of the mountain, we had but to turn round our eyes, and it was as if nature herself had become suddenly extinct;—a wide waste of sands, bleak and interminable, wearying out the sun with its sameness of desolation;—black, burnt-up rocks, that stood as barriers, at which life stopped;—while the only signs of animation, past or present, were the foot-prints, here and there, of an antelope or ostrich, or the bones of dead camels.

as they lay whitening at a distance, marking out the track of the caravans over the waste.

After listening, while he contrasted, in a few eloquent words, the two regions of life and death, on whose confines we stood, I again descended with my guide to the garden we had left. From thence, turning into a path along the mountain-side, he conducted me to another row of grottos, facing the desert, which had once, he said, been the abode of those brethren in Christ, who had fled with him to this solitude from the crowded world,—but which death had, within a few months, rendered tenanted. A cross of red stone, and a few faded trees, were the only traces these solitaries had left behind.

A silence of some minutes succeeded, while we descended to the edge of the canal; and I saw opposite, among the rocks, that solitary cave, which had so chilled me with its aspect on the preceding night. By the bank we found one of those rustic boats which the Egyptians construct of planks of wild thorn bound rudely together with bands of papyrus. Placing ourselves in this boat, and rather impelling than rowing it across, we made our way through the foul and shallow flood, and landed directly under the site of the cave.

This dwelling, as I have already mentioned, was situated upon a ledge of the rock; and, being provided with a sort of window or aperture to admit the light of heaven, was accounted, I found, more cheerful than the grottos on the other side of the ravine. But there was a dreariness in the whole region around, to which light only lent more horror. The dead whiteness of the rocks, as they stood, like ghosts, in the sunshine;—that melancholy pool, half lost in the sands;—all gave me the idea of a wasting world. To dwell in such a place seemed to me like a living death; and when the Christian, as we entered the cave, said, "Here is to be thy home," prepared as I was for the worst, my resolution gave way;—every feeling of disappointed passion and humbled pride, which had been gathering round my heart for the last few hours, found a vent at once, and I burst into tears!

Well accustomed to human weakness, and perhaps guessing at some of the sources of mine, the good Hermit, without appearing to notice this emotion, expatiated, with a cheerful air, on what he called, the many comforts of my dwelling. Sheltered, he said, from the dry, burning wind of the south, my porch would inhale the fresh breeze of the Dog-star. Fruits from his own mountain-garden should furnish my repast. The well of the neighbouring rock would supply my beverage; and, "here," he continued,—lowering his voice into a more solemn tone, as he placed upon the table the volume which he had brought,—"*here*, my son, is that 'well of living waters,' in which alone thou wilt find lasting refreshment or peace!" Thus saying, he descended the rock to his boat, and after a few splashes of his ear had died upon my ear, the solitude and silence around me was complete.

CHAPTER XVII.

What a fate was mine!—but a few weeks since, presiding over that splendid Festival of

the Garden, with all the luxuries of existence tributary in my train; and now,—self-humbled into a solitary outcast, the hypocritical pupil of a Christian anchorite,—without even the excuse of fanaticism, or of any other madness, but that of love, wild love, to extenuate my fall! Were there a hope that, by this humiliating waste of existence, I might purchase but a glimpse, now and then, of Alethea, even the depths of the desert, with such a chance, would be welcome. But to live—and live thus—without her, was a misery which I neither foresaw nor could endure.

Hating even to look upon the den to which I was doomed, I hurried out into the air, and found my way along the rocks to the desert. The sun was going down, with that blood-reddish hue, which he so frequently wears, in this climate, at his setting. I saw the sands, stretching out, like a sea, to the horizon, as if their waste extended to the very verge of the world,—and, in the bitterness of my feelings, rejoiced to see so much of creation rescued, even by this barren liberty, from the grasp of man. The thought seemed to relieve my wounded pride, and, as I wandered over the dim and boundless solitude, to be thus free, even amid blight and desolation, appeared a blessing.

The only living thing I saw was a restless swallow, whose wings were of the hue of the grey sands over which he fluttered. "Why may not the mind, like this bird, take the colour of the desert, and sympathise in its austerity, its freedom, and its calm?"—thus, between despondence and defiance, did I ask myself, endeavouring to face with fortitude what yet my heart sickened to contemplate. But the effort was unavailing. Overcome by that vast solitude, whose repose was not the slumber of peace, but the sullen and burning silence of hate, I felt my spirit give way, and even love itself yield to despair.

Seating myself on a fragment of a rock, and covering my eyes with my hands, I made an effort to shut out the overwhelming prospect. But in vain—it was still before me, deepened by all that fancy could add; and when, again looking up, I saw the last red ray of the sun, shooting across that melancholy and lifeless waste, it seemed to me like the light of the comet that once desolated this world, shining out luridly over the ruin that it had made!

Appalled by my own gloomy imaginations, I turned towards the ravine; and, notwithstanding the disgust with which I had left my dwelling, was not ill pleased to find my way, over the rocks, to it again. On approaching the cave, to my astonishment, I saw a light within. At such a moment, any vestige of life was welcome, and I hailed the unexpected appearance with pleasure. On entering, however, I found the chamber as lonely as I had left it. The light came from a lamp that burned brightly on the table; beside it was unfolded the volume which Melanias had brought, and upon the leaves—oh, joy and surprise!—lay the well-known cross of Alethea!

What hand, but her own, could have prepared this reception for me?—The very thought sent a hope into my heart, before which all despondency fled. Even the gloom of the desert was forgotten, and my cave at once bright-

ened into a bower. She had here reminded me, herself, by this sacred memorial, of the vow which I had pledged to her under the Hermit's rock: and I now scrupled not to reiterate the same daring promise, though conscious that through hypocrisy alone I could fulfil it.

Eager to prepare myself for my task of imposture, I sat down to the volume, which I now found to be the Hebrew Scriptures; and the first sentence, on which my eyes fell, was—"The Lord hath commanded the blessing, even Life for evermore!" Startled by these words, in which the Spirit of my dream seemed again to pronounce his assuring prediction, I raised my eyes from the page, and repeated the sentence over and over, as if to try whether the sounds had any charm or spell, to re-awaken that faded illusion in my soul. But, no—the rank frauds of the Memphian priesthood had dispelled all my trust in the promises of religion. My heart had again relapsed into its gloom of scepticism, and, to the word of "Life," the only answer it sent back was, "Death!"

Impatient, however, to possess myself of the elements of a faith, on which,—whatever it might promise for hereafter,—I felt that my happiness here depended, I turned over the pages with an earnestness and avidity, such as never even the most favourite of my studies had awakened in me. Though, like all who seek but the surface of learning, I flew desultorily over the leaves, lighting only on the more prominent and shining points, I yet found myself, even in this undisciplined career, arrested, at every page, by the awful, the supernatural sublimity, the alternate melancholy and grandeur of the images that crowded upon me.

I had, till now, known the Hebrew theology but through the platonising refinements of Philo:—as, in like manner, for my knowledge of the Christian doctrine I was indebted to my brother Epicureans, Lucian and Celsus. Little, therefore, was I prepared for the simple majesty, the high tone of inspiration,—the poetry, in short, of heaven that breathed throughout these oracles. Could admiration have kindled faith, I should, that night, have been a believer; so elevated, so awed was my imagination by that wonderful book,—its warnings of woe, its announcements of glory, and its unrivalled strains of adoration and sorrow.

Hour after hour, with the same eager and desultory curiosity, did I turn over the leaves;—and when, at length, I lay down to rest, my fancy was still haunted by the impressions it had received. I went again through the various scenes of which I had read; again called up, in sleep, the bright images that had charmed me, and, when awakened at day-break by the Hymn from the chapel, fancied myself still listening to the sound of the winds, sighing mournfully through the harps of Israel on the willows.

Starting from my bed, I hurried out upon the rock, with a hope that, among the tones of that morning choir, I might be able to distinguish the sweet voice of Aethra. But the strain had ceased;—I caught only the last

notes of the Hymn, as, echoing up that lonely valley, they died away into the silence of the desert.

With the first glimpse of light I was again at my study, and, notwithstanding the distraction both of my thoughts and looks towards the half-seen grottoes of the Anchorite, pursued it perseveringly through the day. Still, alive, however, but to the eloquence, the poetry of what I read, of its connexion or authenticity, as a history, I never paused to consider. My fancy being alone interested by it, to fancy I referred all it contained; and, passing rapidly from annals to prophecy, from narration to song, regarded the whole but as a tissue of splendid allegories, in which the melancholy of Egyptian associations was interwoven with the rich imagery of the East.

Towards sunset I saw the boat of Melanias on its way, across the canal, to my cave. Though he had no other companion than his graceful antelope, that stood snuffing the wild air of the desert, as if scenting its home, I felt his visit, even thus, to be a most welcome relief. It was the hour, he said, of his evening ramble up the mountain,—of his accustomed visit to those cisterns of the rock, from which he nightly drew his most precious beverage. While he spoke, I observed in his hand one of those earthen cups, in which the inhabitants of the wilderness are accustomed to collect the fresh dew among the rocks. Having proposed that I should accompany him in his walk, he led me, in the direction of the desert, up the side of the mountain that rose above my dwelling, and which formed the southern wall or screen of the defile.

Near the summit we found a seat, where the old man paused to rest. It commanded a full view over the desert, and was by the side of one of those hollows in the rock, those natural reservoirs, in which the dews of night are treasured up for the refreshment of the dwellers in the wilderness. Having learned from me how far I had proceeded in my study, "In that light," said he, pointing to a small cloud in the east, which had been formed on the horizon by the haze of the desert, and was now faintly reflecting the splendours of sunset,— "in that light stands Mount Sinai, of whose glory thou hast read; on whose summit was the scene of one of those awful revelations, in which the Almighty has, from time to time, renewed his communication with Man, and kept alive the remembrance of his own Providence in this world."

After a pause, as if absorbed in the immensity of the subject, the holy man continued his sublime theme. Looking back to the earliest annals of time, he showed how constantly every relapse of the human race into idolatry has been followed by some manifestation of divine power, chastening the proud by punishment, and winning back the humble by love. It was to preserve, he said, unextinguished upon earth, that vital truth,—the Creation of the world by one Supreme Being,—that God chose, from among the nations, an humble and enslaved race;—that he brought them out of their captivity "on eagles' wings," and, surrounding every step of their course with miracles, placed them before the eyes of all suc-

ceeding generations, as the depositaries of his will, and the ever-during memorials of his power.

Passing, then, in review the long train of inspired interpreters, whose pens and whose tongues were made the echoes of the Divine voice, he traced, "through the events of successive ages, the gradual unfolding of the dark scheme of Providence—darkness without, but all light and glory within. The glimpses of a coming redemption, visible even through the wrath of heaven;—the long series of prophecy, through which this hope runs, burning and alive, like a spark through a chain;—the merciful preparation of the hearts of mankind for the great trial of their faith and obedience that was at hand, not only by miracles that appealed to the living, but by predictions launched into futurity to carry conviction to the yet unborn;—"through all these glorious and beneficent gradations we may track," said he, "the manifest footsteps of a Creator, advancing to his grand, ultimate end, the salvation of his creatures."

After some hours devoted to these holy instructions, we returned to the ravine, and Melanias left me at my cave; praying, as he parted from me,—with a benevolence I but ill, alas! deserved,—that my soul, under these lessons, might be, "as a watered garden," and, ere long, bear "fruit unto life eternal."

Next morning, I was again at my study, and even more eager in the task than before. With the commentary of the Hermit freshly in my memory, I again read through, with attention, the Book of the Law. But in vain did I seek the promise of immortality in its pages. "It tells me," said I, "of a God coming down to earth, but of the ascent of Man to heaven it speaks not. The rewards, the punishments it announces, lie all on this side of the grave; nor did even the Omnipotent offer to his own chosen servants a hope beyond the impassable limits of this world. Where, then, is the salvation of which the Christian spoke? or, if Death be at the root of the faith, can Life spring out of it!"

Again, in the bitterness of disappointment, did I mock at my own willing self-delusion,—again rail at the arts of that traitress, Fancy, ever ready, like the Delilah of this book, to steal upon the slumbers of Reason, and deliver him up, shorn and powerless, to his foes. If deception,—thought I, with a sigh,—be necessary, at least let me not practise it on myself;—in the desperate alternative before me, let me rather be even hypocrite than dupe.

These self-accusing reflections, cheerless as they rendered my task, did not abate, for a single moment, my industry in pursuing it. I read on and on, with a sort of sullen apathy, neither charmed by style, nor transported by imagery,—that fatal blight in my heart having communicated itself to my fancy and taste. The curses and the blessings, the glory and the ruin, which the historian recorded and the prophet predicted, seemed all of this world,—all temporal and earthly. That mortality, of which the fountain-head had tasted, tinged the

whole stream; and when I read the words, "all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again," a feeling, like the wind of the desert, came witheringly over me. Love, Beauty, Glory, every thing most bright upon earth, appeared sinking before my eyes, under this dreadful doom into one general mass of corruption and silence.

Possessed by the image of desolation I had called up, I laid my head on the book, in a paroxysm of despair. Death, in all his most ghastly varieties, passed before me; and I had continued thus for some time, as under the influence of a fearful vision, when the touch of a hand upon my shoulder roused me. Looking up, I saw the Anchorite standing by my side;—his countenance beaming with that sublime tranquillity, which a hope, beyond this earth, alone can bestow. How I envied him!

We again took our way to the seat upon the mountain,—the gloom in my own mind making every thing around me more gloomy. Forgetting my hypocrisy in my feelings, I, at once, avowed to him all the doubts and fears which my study of the morning had awakened.

"Thou art yet, my son," he answered, "but on the threshold of our faith. Thou hast seen but the first rudiments of the Divine plan;—its full and consummate perfection hath not yet opened upon thee. However glorious that manifestation of Divinity on Mount Sinai, it was but the forerunner of another, still more glorious, that in the fulness of time, was to burst upon the world; when all, that had seemed dim and incomplete, was to be perfected, and the promises, shadowed out by the 'spirit of prophecy,' realized;—when the silence, that lay, as a seal, on the future, was to be broken, and the glad tidings of life and immortality proclaimed to the world!"

Observing my features brighten at these words, the pious man continued. Anticipating some of the holy knowledge that was in store for me, he traced, through all its wonders and mercies, the great work of Redemption, dwelling on every miraculous circumstance connected with it;—the exalted nature of the Being, by whose ministry it was accomplished, the noblest and first created of the Sons of God, inferior only to the one, self-existent Father;—the mysterious incarnation of this heavenly messenger;—the miracles that authenticated his divine mission;—the example of obedience to God and love to man, which he set, as a shining light, before the world for ever;—and, lastly and chiefly, his death and resurrection, by which the covenant of mercy was sealed, and "life and immortality brought to light."

"Such," continued the Hermit, "was the Mediator, promised through all time, to 'make reconciliation for iniquity,' to change death into life, and bring 'healing on his wings' to a darkened world. Such was the last crowning dispensation of that God of benevolence, in whose hands sin and death are but instruments of everlasting good, and who, through apparent evil and temporary retribution, bringing all things 'out of darkness into his marvellous light,' proceeds watchfully and unchangingly to the great, final object of his providence,—the restoration of the whole human race to purity and happiness!"

* In the original the discourses of the Hermit are given much more at length.

With a mind astonished, if not touched, by these discourses, I returned to my cave; and found the lamp, as before, ready lighted to receive me. The volume which I had been reading was replaced by another, which lay open upon the table, with a branch of fresh palm between its leaves. Though I could not have a doubt to whose gentle hand I was indebted for this invisible superintendence over my studies, there was yet a something in it, so like spiritual interposition, that it awed me;—and never more than at this moment, when, on approaching the volume, I saw, as the light glistened over its silver letters, that it was the very Book of Life of which the Hermit had spoken!

The orison of the Christians had sounded through the valley, before I raised my eyes from that sacred volume; and the second hour of the sun found me again over its pages.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In this mode of existence did I pass some days;—my mornings devoted to reading, my nights to listening under the canopy of heaven, to the holy eloquence of Melanius. The perseverance with which I inquired, and the quickness with which I learned, soon succeeded in deceiving my benevolent instructor, who mistook curiosity for zeal, and knowledge for belief. Alas! cold, and barren, and earthly was that knowledge,—the word, without the spirit, the shape, without the life. Even when, as a relief from hypocrisy, I persuaded myself that I believed, it was but a brief delusion, a faith, whose hope crumbled at the touch,—like the fruit of the desert-shrub, shining and empty!

But, though my soul was still dark, the good Hermit saw not into its depths. The very facility of my belief, which might have suggested some doubt of its sincerity, was but regarded by his innocent zeal, as a more signal triumph of the truth. His own ingenuousness led him to a ready trust in others; and the examples of such conversion as that of the philosopher, Justin, who received the light into his soul during a walk by the sea-shore, had prepared him for illuminations of the spirit, even more rapid than mine.

During this time, I neither saw nor heard of Alethe;—nor could my patience have endured so long a privation, had not those mute vestiges of her presence, that welcomed me every night on my return, made me feel that I was still living under her gentle influence, and that her sympathy hung round every step of my progress. Once, too, when I ventured to speak her name to Melanius, though he answered not my inquiry, there was a smile, I thought, of promise upon his countenance, which love, more alive than faith, interpreted as it wished.

At length,—it was on the sixth or seventh evening of my solitude, when I lay resting at the door of my cave, after the study of the day,—I was startled by hearing my name called loudly from the opposite rocks, and looking up, saw, on the cliff near the deserted grotto, Melanius and—oh, I could not doubt—my Alethe by his side!

Though I had never ceased, since the first night of my return from the desert, to flatter myself with the fancy that I was still living in

her presence, the actual sight of her again made me feel what an age we had been separated. She was clothed all in white, and, as she stood in the last remains of the sunshine appeared to my too prophetic fancy like a parting spirit, whose last footsteps on earth that glory encircled.

With a delight only to be imagined, I saw them descend the rocks, and placing themselves in the boat, proceed towards my cave. To disguise from Melanius the feelings with which we met was impossible;—nor did Alethe even attempt to make a secret of her innocent joy.

Though blushing at her own happiness, she could as little conceal it, as the clear waters of Ethiopia can hide their gold. Every look, too, every word, spoke a fulness of affection, to which, doubtful as I was of our tenure of happiness, I knew not how to answer.

I was not long, however, left ignorant of the bright fate that awaited me; but, as we wandered or rested among the rocks, learned every thing that had been arranged since our parting. She had made the hermit, I found, acquainted with all that had passed between us; had told him, without reserve, every incident of our voyage,—the avowals, the demonstrations of affection on one side, and the deep sentiment that gratitude had awakened on the other. Too wise to regard feelings, so natural, with severity,—knowing that they were of heaven, and but made evil by man,—the good Hermit had heard of our attachment with pleasure; and, proved as he thought the purity of my views had been, by the fidelity with which I had delivered up my trust into his hands, saw, in my affection for the young orphan, but a providential resource against that friendless solitude in which his death must soon leave her.

As I collected these particulars from their discourse, I could hardly trust my ears. It seemed too much happiness to be real; nor can words give an idea of the joy—the shame—the wonder with which I listened, while the holy man himself declared, that he awaited but the moment, when he should find me worthy of becoming a member of the Christian Church, to give me also the hand of Alethe in that sacred union, which alone sanctifies love, and makes the faith, which it pledges, heavenly. It was but yesterday, he added, that his young charge, herself, after a preparation of prayer and repentance, such as even her pure spirit required, had been admitted, by the sacred ordinance of baptism, into the bosom of the faith;—and the white garment she wore, and the ring of gold on her finger, “were symbols,” he said, “of that New Life into which she had been initiated.”

I raised my eyes to her as he spoke, but withdrew them again, dazzled and confused. Even her beauty, to my imagination, seemed to have undergone some brightening change; and the contrast between that open and happy countenance, and the unblest brow of the infidel that stood before her, ashamed me into a sense of unworthiness, and almost checked my rapture.

To that night, however, I look back, as an epoch in my existence. It proved that sorrow is not the only awakener of devotion, but that joy may sometimes call the holy spark into

life. Returning to my cave, with a heart full, even to oppression, of its happiness, I knew no other relief to my overcharged feelings than that of throwing myself on my knees, and, for the first time in my life, uttering a prayer, that if, indeed, there were a Being who watched over mankind, he would send down one ray of his truth into my soul, and make it worthy of the blessings, both here and hereafter, proffered to me!

My days now rolled on in a perfect dream of happiness. Every hour of the morning was welcomed as bringing nearer and nearer the blest time of sunset, when the Hermit and Alethe never failed to pay their visit to my now charmed cave, where her smile left a light, at each parting, that lasted till her return. Then, our rambles, by star-light, over the mountain;—our pauses on the way, to contemplate the bright wonders of that heaven above us;—our repose by the cistern of the rock, and our silent listening, through hours that seemed minutes, to the holy eloquence of our teacher;—all, all was happiness of the most heartfelt kind, and such as even the doubts, the cold, lingering doubts, that still hung, like a mist, around my heart, could neither cloud nor chill.

When the moonlight nights returned, we used to venture into the desert; and those sands, which but lately had appeared to me so desolate, now wore even a cheerful and smiling aspect. To the light, innocent heart of Alethe every thing was a source of enjoyment. For her, even the desert had its jewels and flowers; and, sometimes her delight was to search among the sands for those beautiful pebbles of jasper that abound in them;—sometimes, her eyes sparkled on finding, perhaps a stunted marigold, or one of those bitter, scarlet flowers, that lend their mockery of ornament to the desert. In all these pursuits and pleasures the good Hermit took a share,—mingling with them occasionally the reflections of a benevolent piety, that lent its own cheerful hue to all the works of creation, and saw the consoling truth "God is Love," written legibly every where.

Such was, for a few weeks, my blissful life. Oh mornings of hope, oh nights of happiness, with what mournful pleasure do I retrace your flight, and how reluctantly pass to the sad events that followed!

During this time, in compliance with the wishes of Melanius, who seemed unwilling that I should become wholly estranged from the world, I occasionally paid a visit to the neighbouring city, Antinoë, which, as the capital of the Thebaid, is the centre of all the luxury of Upper Egypt. Here,—so changed was my every feeling by the all-transforming passion that possessed me,—I wandered, unamused and uninterested by either the scenes or the people that surrounded me, and, sighing for that rocky solitude where Alethe breathed, felt *this* to be the wilderness, and *that*, the world.

Even the thoughts of my own native Athens, that were called up, at every step, by the light, Grecian architecture of this imperial city, did not awaken one single regret in my heart—one wish to exchange even an hour of my desert for the best luxuries and honours that awaited me in the Garden. I saw the arches

of triumph;—I walked under the superb portico, which encircles the whole city with its marble shade;—I stood in the Circus of the Sun, by whose rose-coloured pillars the mysterious movements of the Nile are measured,—all these bright ornaments of glory and art, as well as the gay multitude that enlivened them, I saw with an unheeding eye. If they awakened in me any thought, it was the mournful idea, that, one day, like Thebes and Heliopolis, this pageant would pass away, leaving nothing behind but a few mouldering ruins,—like the sea-shells found where the ocean has been,—to tell that the great tide of Life was once there!

But, though indifferent thus to all that had formerly attracted me, there were subjects, once alien to my heart, on which it was now most tremblingly alive; and some rumours which had reached me, in one of my visits to the city, of an expected change in the policy of the Emperor towards the Christians, filled me with apprehensions as new as they were dreadful to me.

The peace and even favour which the Christians enjoyed, during the first four years of the reign of Valerian, had removed from them all fear of a renewal of those horrors, which they had experienced under the rule of his predecessor, Decius. Of late, however, some less friendly dispositions had manifested themselves. The bigots of the court, taking alarm at the spread of the new faith, had succeeded in filling the mind of the monarch with that religious jealousy, which is the ever-ready parent of cruelty and injustice. Among these counsellors of evil was Macrianus, the Prætorian Prefect, who was, by birth, an Egyptian, and—so akin is superstition to intolerance—had long made himself notorious by his addiction to the dark practices of demon-worship and magic.

From this minister, who was now high in the favour of Valerian, the expected measures of severity against the Christians, it was supposed, would emanate. All tongues, in all quarters, were busy with the news. In the streets, in the public gardens, on the steps of the temples, I saw, every where, groups of inquirers collected, and heard the name of Macrianus upon every tongue. It was dreadful, too, to observe, in the countenances of those who spoke, the variety of feeling with which the rumour was discussed, according as they desired or dreaded its truth,—according as they were likely to be among the torturers or the victims.

Alarmed, though still ignorant of the whole extent of the danger, I hurried back to the ravine, and, going at once to the grotto of Melanius, detailed to him every particular of the intelligence I had collected. He heard me with a composure, which I mistook, alas, for confidence in his security; and, naming the hour for our evening walk, retired into his grotto.

At the accustomed time Alethe and he were at my cave. It was evident that he had not communicated to her the intelligence which I had brought, for never did brow wear such a happiness as that which now played round hers;—it was, alas, *not* of this earth! Melanius, himself, though composed, was thought-

ful; and the solemnity, almost approaching to melancholy, with which he placed the hand of Alethe in mine—in the performance, too, of a ceremony that *ought* to have filled my heart with joy—saddened and alarmed me. This ceremony was our betrothment,—the plighting of our faith to each other,—which we now solemnized on the rock before the door of my cave, in the face of that sunset heaven, with its one star standing as witness. After a blessing from the Hermit on our spousal pledge, I placed the ring,—the earnest of our future union—on her finger, and, in the blush, with which she surrendered her whole heart to me at that instant, forgot every thing but my happiness, and felt secure, even against fate!

We took our accustomed walk over the rocks and on the desert. The moon was so bright,—like the daylight, indeed, of other climes,—that we could see plainly the tracks of the wild antelopes in the sand; and it was not without a slight tremble of feeling in his voice, as if some melancholy analogy occurred to him as he spoke, that the good Hermit said, "I have observed in my walks, that wherever the track of that gentle animal is seen, there is, almost always the foot-print of a beast of prey near it." He regained, however, his usual cheerfulness before we parted, and fixed the following evening for an excursion, on the other side of the ravine, to a point, looking, he said, "towards that northern region of the desert, where the hosts of the Lord encamped in their departure out of bondage."

Though, in the presence of Alethe, my fears, even for herself, were forgotten in that perpetual element of happiness, which encircled her like the air that she breathed, no sooner was I alone than vague terrors and bodings crowded upon me. In vain did I try to reason myself out of my fears by dwelling on the most cheering circumstances,—the reverence with which Melanius was regarded, even by the Pagans, and the inviolate security with which he had lived through the most perilous periods, not only safe himself, but affording sanctuary in his grottoes to others. When, somewhat calmed by these considerations, I sunk off to sleep, dark, horrible dreams took possession of my mind. Scenes of death and of torment passed confusedly before me, and, when I awoke, it was with the fearful impression that all these horrors were real.

CHAPTER XIX.

At length, the day dawned,—that dreadful day. Impatient to be relieved from my suspense, I threw myself into my boat,—the same in which we had performed our happy voyage,—and, as fast as oars could speed me, hurried away to the city. I found the suburbs silent and solitary, but, as I approached the Forum, loud yells, like those of barbarians in combat, struck on my ear, and, when I entered it,—great God, what a spectacle presented itself! The imperial edict against the Christians had arrived during the night, and already the wild fury of bigotry was let loose.

Under a canopy, in the middle of the Forum, was the tribunal of the Governor. Two statues, one of Apollo, the other of Osiris, stood at the bottom of the steps that led up to his judg-

ment-seat. Before these idols were shrines, to which the devoted Christians were dragged from all quarters by the soldiers and mob, and there compelled to recant, by throwing incense into the flame, or, on their refusal, hurried away to torture and death. It was an appalling scene;—the consternation, the cries of some of the victims,—the pale, silent resolution of others;—the fierce shouts of laughter that broke from the multitude, when the frankincense, dropped on the altar, proclaimed some denier of Christ; and the fiend-like triumph with which the courageous Confessors, who avowed their faith, were led away to the flames;—never could I have conceived such an assemblage of horrors!

Though I gazed but for a few minutes, in those minutes I felt enough for years. Already did the form of Alethe flit before me through that tumult;—I heard them shout her name;—her shriek fell on my ear; and the very thought so palsied me with terror, that I stood fixed and statue-like on the spot.

Recollecting, however, the fearful preciousness of every moment, and that—perhaps, at this very instant—some emissaries of blood might be on their way to the grottoes, I rushed wildly out of the Forum, and made my way to the quay.

The streets were now crowded; but I ran headlong through the multitude, and was already under the portico leading down to the river,—already saw the boat that was to bear me to Alethe,—when a Centurion stood sternly in my path, and I was surrounded and arrested by soldiers! It was in vain that I implored, that I struggled with them as for life, assuring them that I was a stranger,—that I was an Athenian,—that I was *not* a Christian. The precipitation of my flight was sufficient evidence against me, and unrelentingly, and by force, they bore me away to the quarters of their Chief.

It was enough to drive me to madness! Two hours, two frightful hours, was I kept waiting the arrival of the Tribune of their Legion,—my brain burning with a thousand fears and imaginations, which every passing minute made more likely to be realised. Every thing, too, that I could collect from the conversations around me but added to the agonising apprehensions with which I was racked. Troops, it was said, had been sent in all directions through the neighbourhood, to bring in the rebellious Christians, and make them bow before the Gods of the Empire. With horror, too, I heard of Orcus,—Orcus, the High Priest of Memphis,—as one of the principal instigators of this sanguinary edict, and as here present in Antioch, animating and directing its execution.

In this state of torture I remained till the arrival of the Tribune. Absorbed in my own thoughts, I had not perceived his entrance;—till, hearing a voice, in a tone of friendly surprise, exclaim, "Alciphron!" I looked up, and in this legionary Chief recognised a young Roman of rank, who had held a military command, the year before, at Athens, and was one of the most distinguished visitors of the Gar-

* A rank, resembling that of Colonel.

den. It was no time, however, for courtesies;—he was proceeding with cordiality to greet me, but, having heard him order my instant release, I could wait for no more. Acknowledging his kindness but by a grasp of the hand, I flew off, like one frantic, through the streets, and, in a few minutes, was on the river.

My sole hope had been to reach the grottoes before any of the detached parties should arrive, and, by a timely flight across the desert, rescue, at least, Alethe from their fury. The ill-fated delay that had occurred rendered this hope almost desperate; but the tranquillity I found every where as I proceeded down the river, and the fond confidence I still cherished in the sacredness of the Hermit's retreat, kept my heart from giving way altogether under its terrors.

Between the current and my oars, the boat flew, like wind, along the waters; and I was already near the rocks of the ravine, when I saw, turning out of the canal into the river, a barge crowded with people, and glittering with arms! How did I ever survive the shock of that sight? The oars dropped, as if struck out of my hands, into the water, and I sat, helplessly gazing, as that terrific vision approached. In a few minutes the current brought us together;—and I saw, on the deck of the barge, Alethe and the Hermit surrounded by soldiers!

We were already passing each other, when, with a desperate effort, I sprang from my boat and lighted upon the edge of their vessel. I knew not what I did, for despair was my only prompter. Snatching at the sword of one of the soldiers, as I stood tottering on the edge, I had succeeded in wresting it out of his hands, when, at the same moment, I received a thrust of a lance from one of his comrades, and fell backward into the river. I can just remember rising again and making a grasp at the side of the vessel;—but the shock, the faintness from my wound, deprived me of all consciousness, and a shriek from Alethe, as I sunk, is all I can recollect of what followed.

Would I had then died!—Yet, no, Almighty Being,—I should have died in darkness—and I have lived to know Thee!

On returning to my senses, I found myself reclined on a couch, in a splendid apartment, the whole appearance of which being Grecian, I, for a moment, forgot all that had passed, and imagined myself in my own home at Athens. But too soon the whole dreadful certainty flashed upon me; and, starting wildly—disabled as I was—from my couch, I called loudly, and with the shriek of a maniac, on Alethe.

I was in the house, I found, of my friend and disciple, the young Tribune, who had made the Governor acquainted with my name and condition, and had received me under his roof, when brought, bleeding and insensible, to Antioch. From him I now learned at once,—for I could not wait for details,—the sum of all that had happened in that dreadful interval. Melanius was no more,—Alethe, still alive, but in prison!

"Take me to her!"—I had but time to say—"take me to her instantly, and let me die by her side,"—when, nature again failing under such shocks, I relapsed into insensibility. In this state I continued for near an hour, and, on

recovering, found the Tribune by my side. The horrors, he said, of the Forum were, for that day, over,—but what the morrow might bring, he shuddered to contemplate. His nature, it was plain, revolted from the inhuman duties in which he was engaged. Touched by the agonies he saw me suffer, he, in some degree, relieved them, by promising that I should, at night-fall, be conveyed to the prison, and, if possible, through his influence, gain access to Alethe. She might yet, he added, be saved, could I succeed in persuading her to comply with the terms of the edict, and make sacrifice to the Gods.—"Otherwise," said he, "there is no hope;—the vindictive Orcus, who has resisted even this short respite of mercy, will, to-morrow, inexorably demand his prey."

He then related to me, at my own request,—though every word was torture,—all the harrowing details of the proceeding before the Tribunal. "I have seen courage," said he, "in its noblest forms, in the field; but the calm intrepidity with which that aged Hermit endured torments—which it was hardly less torment to witness—surpassed all that I could have conceived of human fortitude!"

My poor Alethe, too,—in describing to me her conduct, the brave man wept like a child. Overwhelmed, he said, at first by her apprehensions for my safety, she had given way to a full burst of womanly weakness. But no sooner was she brought before the Tribunal, and the declaration of her faith was demanded of her, than a spirit almost supernatural seemed to animate her whole form. "She raised her eyes," said he, "calmly, but with fervour, to heaven, while a blush was the only sign of mortal feeling on her features;—and the clear, sweet, and untrembling voice, with which she pronounced her dooming words, 'I am a Christian!' sent a thrill of admiration and pity throughout the multitude. Her youth, her loveliness, affected all hearts, and a cry of 'Save the young maiden!' was heard in all directions."

The implacable Orcus, however, would not hear of mercy. Resenting, as it appeared, with all his deadliest rancour, not only her own escape from his toils, but the aid with which, so fatally to his views, she had assisted mine, he demanded loudly, and in the name of the insulted sanctuary of Isis, her instant death. It was but by the firm intervention of the Governor, who shared the general sympathy in her fate, that the delay of another day was accorded, to give a chance to the young maiden of yet recalling her confession, and thus affording some pretext for saving her.

Even in yielding reluctantly to this brief respite, the inhuman Priest would accompany it with some mark of his vengeance. Whether for the pleasure (observed the Tribune) of mingling mockery with his cruelty, or as a warning to her of the doom she must ultimately expect, he gave orders that there should be tied round her brow one of those chaplets of coral,* with which it is the custom of young Christian maidens to array themselves on the

* "Une de ces couronnes de grain de corail, dont les vierges martyrs ornoient leurs cheveux en allant à la mort." *Les Martyrs*.

day of their martyrdom;—"and, thus fearfully adorned," said he, "she was led away, amid the gaze of the pitying multitude, to prison."

With these details the short interval till night-fall,—every minute of which seemed an age,—was occupied. As soon as it grew dark, I was placed upon a litter,—my wound, though not dangerous, requiring such a conveyance,—and conducted, under the guidance of my friend, to the prison. Through his interest with the guard, we were without difficulty admitted, and I was borne into the chamber where the maiden lay immured. Even the veteran guardian of the place seemed touched with compassion for his prisoner, and supposing her to be asleep, had the litter placed gently near her.

She was half reclining, with her face hid in her hands, upon a couch,—at the foot of which stood an idol, over whose hideous features a lamp of naphtha, hanging from the ceiling, shed a wild and ghastly glare. On a table before the image stood a censer, with a small vessel of incense beside it,—one grain of which, thrown voluntarily into the flame, would, even now, save that precious life. So strange, so fearful was the whole scene, that I almost doubted its reality. *Alethe!* my own, happy *Alethe!* *can* it, I thought, be thou that I look upon?

She now, slowly and with difficulty, raised her head from the couch; on observing which, the kind Tribune withdrew, and we were left alone. There was a paleness, as of death, over her features; and those eyes, which when last I saw them, were but too bright, too happy for this world, looked dim and sunken. In raising herself up, she put her hand, as if from pain, to her forehead, whose marble hue but appeared more death-like from those red bands that lay so awfully across it.

After wandering vaguely for a minute, her eyes rested upon me,—and, with a shriek, half terror, half joy, she sprung from the couch, and sunk upon her knees by my side. She had believed me dead; and, even now, scarcely trusted her senses. "My husband! my love!" she exclaimed; "oh, if thou comest to call me from this world, behold I am ready!" In saying thus, she pointed wildly to that ominous wreath, and then dropped her head down upon my knee, as if an arrow had pierced it.

"*Alethe!*" I cried, terrified to the very soul by that mysterious pang,—and the sound of my voice seemed to reanimate her;—she looked up, with a faint smile, in my face. Her thoughts, which had evidently been wandering, became collected; and in her joy at my safety, her sorrow at my suffering, she forgot wholly the fate that impended over herself. Love, innocent love, alone occupied all her thoughts; and the tenderness with which she spoke,—oh, at any other moment, how I would have listened, have lingered upon, have blessed every word!

But the time flew fast,—the dreadful morrow was approaching. Already I saw her writhing in the hands of the torturer,—the flames, the racks, the wheels were before my eyes! Half frantic with the fear that her resolution was fixed, I flung myself from the litter, in an

agony of weeping, and supplicated her, by the love she bore me, by the happiness that awaited us, by her own merciful God, who was too good to require such a sacrifice,—by all that the most passionate anxiety could dictate, I implored that she would avert from us the doom that was coming, and—but for once—comply with the vain ceremony demanded of her.

Shrinking from me, as I spoke,—but with a look more of sorrow than reproach,—"*What, thou, too!*" she said mournfully,—"*thou, into whose spirit I had fondly hoped the same heavenly truth had descended as into my own! Oh, be not thou leagued with those who would tempt me to 'make shipwreck of my faith!' Thou, who couldst alone bind me to life, use not thy power; but let me die, as He I serve hath commanded,—die for the Truth. Remember the holy lessons we heard on those nights, those happy nights, when both the Present and Future smiled upon us,—when even the gift of eternal life came more welcome to my soul, from the blessed conviction that thou wert to be a sharer in it;—shall I forfeit now that divine privilege? shall I deny the true God, whom we then learned to love?*"

"No, my own betrothed," she continued,—pointing to the two rings on her finger,—"*behold these pledges,—they are both sacred. I should have been as true to thee as I am now to heaven,—nor in that life to which I am hastening shall our love be forgotten. Should the baptism of fire, through which I shall pass to-morrow, make me worthy to be heard before the Throne of Grace, I will intercede for thy soul—I will pray that it may yet share with mine that 'inheritance, immortal and undefiled,' which Mercy offers, and that thou,—my dear mother,—and I—*"

She here dropped her voice; the momentary animation, with which devotion and affection had inspired her, vanished:—and a darkness overspread all her features, a livid darkness,—like the coming of death,—that made me shudder through every limb. Seizing my hand convulsively, and looking at me with a fearful eagerness, as if anxious to hear some consoling assurance from my own lips,—"*Believe me,*" she continued, "*not all the torments they are preparing for me,—not even this deep, burning pain in my brow, which they will hardly equal,—could be half so dreadful to me, as the thought that I leave thee—*"

Here her voice again failed; her head sunk upon my arm, and—merciful God, let me forget what I then felt,—I saw that she was dying! Whether I uttered any cry, I know not;—but the Tribune came rushing into the chamber, and, looking on the maiden, said, with a face full of horror, "*It is but too true!*"

He then told me in a low voice, what he had just learned from the guardian of the prison, that the band round the young Christian's brow was—oh horrible cruelty!—a compound of the most deadly poison,—the hellish invention of Orcus, to satiate his vengeance, and make the fate of his poor victim secure. My first movement was to untie that fatal wreath,—but it would not come away—it would not come away!

Roused by the pain, she again looked in my

face, but, unable to speak, took hastily from her bosom the small silver cross which she had brought with her from my cave. Having prest it to her own lips, she held it anxiously to mine, and seeing me kiss the holy symbol with fervour, looked happy, and smiled. The agony of death seemed to have passed away;—there came suddenly over her features a heavenly light, some share of which I felt descending into my own soul, and, in a few minutes more, she expired in my arms.

Here ends the Manuscript; but, on the outer cover there is, in the hand-writing of a much later period, the following Notice, extracted, as it appears, from some Egyptian martyrology:—

"Alciphron,—an Epicurean philosopher, converted to Christianity A. D. 257, by a young Egyptian maiden, who suffered martyrdom in that year. Immediately upon her death he betook himself to the desert, and lived a life, it is said, of much holiness and penitence. During the persecution under Dioclesian, his sufferings for the faith were most exemplary; and, being at length, at an advanced age, condemned to hard labour, for refusing to comply with an imperial edict, he died at the brass mines of Palestine, A. D. 297.—

"As Alciphron held the opinions maintained since by Arius, his memory has not been spared by Athanasian writers, who, among other charges, accuse him of having been addicted to the superstitions of Egypt. For this calumny, however, there appears to be no better foundation than a circumstance recorded by one of his brother monks, that there was found, after his death, a small metal mirror, like those used in the ceremonies of Isis, suspended round his neck."

NOTES.

Page 417.—"The canal through which we now sailed."—"Un canal," says Maillet, "très profond et très large y voiturait les eaux du Nil."

Page 417.—"For a draught of whose flood," &c.—"Anciennement on portoit les eaux du Nil jusqu'au des contrees fort éloignées, et surtout chez les princesses du sang des Ptolomées, mariées dans des familles étrangères." *De Pauze.*

Page 418.—"Bearing each the name of its owner."—"Le nom du maître y étoit écrit, pendant la nuit, en lettres de feu." *Maillet.*

Page 418.—"Cups of that frail crystal"—called Alassontes. For their brittleness *Martial* is an authority:—

Tolle, puer, calices, tepidique toreumata Nili,
Et mihi securâ pocula trade manu.

Page 418.—"Bracelets of the black beans of Abyssinia."—The bean of the Glycyne, which is so beautiful as to be strung into necklaces and bracelets, is generally known by the name of the black bean of Abyssinia. *Niebuhr.*

Page 418.—"Sweet lotus-wood flute."—See *M. Vileteau* on the musical instruments of the Egyptians.

Page 418.—"Shine like the brow of Mount Atlas at night."—*Solinus* speaks of the snowy summit of Mount Atlas glittering with flames at night. In the account of the *Periplus* of Hanno, as well as in that of Eudoxus, we read that as those navigators were coasting this part of Africa, torrents of light were seen to fall on the sea.

Page 418.—"The tears of Isis."—"Per lacrymas, vero, Isidis intelligo effluvia quædam Linae, quibus tantam vim videntur tribuisse Egypti." *Jablonski.*—He is of opinion that the superstition of the Nucta, or miraculous drop, is of a relic of the veneration paid to the dews, as the tears of Isis.

Page 418.—"The rustling of the acacias," &c.—*Travels of Captain Mangles.*

Page 418.—"Supposed to rest in the valley of the moon." *Plutarch. Dupuis*, tom. 10. The Manicheans held the same belief. See *Beausobre*, p. 565.

Page 418.—"Sothis, the fair star of the waters."—*ἡ δὲ ἀστὴρ* is the epithet applied to this star by *Plutarch*, de *Isid.*

Page 419.—"Was its birth-star."—"Ἡ ἑστὶν ἀστὴρ ἡ γενεὴ ἀπαρχοῦσα τῆς αἰς τοῦ κοσμοῦ." *Porphyr. de Antro Nymph.*

Page 420.—"Golden Mountains."—v. *Wilford on Egypt and the Nile, Asiatic Researches.*

Page 420.—"Sweet-smelling wood."—"A l'époque de la crue le Nil Vert charrie les planches d'un bois qui a une odeur semblable à celle de l'encens." *Quatremere.*

Page 420.—"Barges full of bees." *Maillet.*

Page 420.—"Such a profusion of the white flowers," &c.—"On les voit comme jadis cueillir dans les champs des tiges du lotus, signes du débordement et présages de l'abondance; ils s'enveloppent les bras et le corps avec les longues tiges fleuries, et parcourent les rues," &c. *Description des Tombeaux des Rois, par M. Costaz.*

Page 420.—"While composing his commentary on the Scriptures."—It was during the composition of his great critical work, the Hexapla, that Origen employed these female scribes.

Page 421.—"That rich tapestry," &c. Non ego prætulerim Babylonica picta superbe Texta, Semiramidæ quæ variantur acu. *Martial.*

Page 424.—"The Place of Weeping."—v. *Wilford, Asiatic Researches*, vol. 3. p. 340.

Page 426.—"We had long since left this mountain behind."—The voyages on the Nile are, under favourable circumstances, performed with considerable rapidity. "En cinq ou six jours," says *Maillet*, "on pourroit aisément remonter de l'embouchure du Nil à ses cataractes, ou descendre des cataractes jusqu'à la mer." The great uncertainty of the navigation is proved by what *Beldoni* tells us:—"Nous ne mîmes cette fois que deux jours et demi pour faire le trajet du Caire à Melawi, auquel, dans notre second voyage, nous avions employés dix huit jours."

Page 426.—“*Those mighty statues, that fling their shadows.*” —“Elles ont près de vingt mètres (61 pieds) d'élévation; et au lever du soleil, leurs ombres immenses s'étendent au loin sur la chaîne Libyen.” *Description générale de Thèbes, par Messrs. Jollois et Desvilliers.*

Page 426.—“*Those cool alcoves.*” —Paul Lucas.

Page 427.—“*Whose waters are half sweet, half bitter.*” —Paul Lucas.

Page 428.—“*The Mountain of the Birds.*” —There has been much controversy among the Arabian writers, with respect to the site of this mountain, for which see *Quatremere*, tom. 1. art. *Amoun*.

Page 428.—“*The hand of labour had succeeded.*” &c.—The monks of Mount Sinai (*Shaw* says) have covered over near four acres of the naked rocks with fruitful gardens and orchards.

Page 429.—“*The image of a head.*” —There was usually, Tertullian tells us, the image of Christ on the communion-cups.

Page 429.—“*Kissed her forehead.*” —“We are rather disposed to infer,” says the present Bishop of Lincoln, in his very sensible work on Tertullian, “that, at the conclusion of all their meetings for the purpose of devotion, the early Christians were accustomed to give the kiss of peace, in token of the brotherly love subsisting between them.”

Page 429.—“*In the middle of the seven valleys.*” —See Macrizy's account of these valleys, given by Quatremere, tom. 1. p. 450.

Page 429.—“*Red lakes of Nitria.*” —For a striking description of this region, see “*Ramesses*,” —a work which, though, in general, too technical and elaborate, shows, in many passages, to what picturesque effects the scenery and mythology of Egypt may be made subservient.

Page 430.—“*In the neighbourhood of Antinœ.*” —From the position assigned to Antinœ in this work, we should conclude that it extended much farther to the north, than those few ruins of it that remain would seem to indicate; so as to render the distance between the city and the Mountain of the Birds considerably less than what it appears to be at present.

Page 430.—“*When Isis, the pure star of lovers.*” —v. *Plutarch de Isid.*

Page 430.—“*Ere she again embrace her bridegroom sun.*” —“*Conjunctio solis cum luna, quod est veluti utriusque connubium.*” *Jablonski.*

Page 431.—“*Of his walks a lion is the companion.*” —M. Chateaubriand has introduced Paul and his lion into the “*Martyrs.*” liv. 11.

Page 421.—“*Come thus secretly before day-break.*” —It was among the accusations of Celsus against the Christians, that they held their assemblies privately and contrary to law; and one of the speakers in the curious work of Minucius Felix calls the Christians, “*latebrosa et lucifugax natio.*”

Page 432.—“*A swallow,*” &c.—“*Je vis dans*
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le desert des hirondelles d'un gris clair comme le sable sur lequel elles volent.” —*Denon.*

Page 432.—“*The comet that once desolated this world.*” —In alluding to Whiston's idea of a comet having caused the deluge, *M. Girard*, having remarked that the word Typhon means a deluge, adds, “On ne peut entendre par le tems du règne de Typhon que celui pendant lequel le deluge inonda la terre, tems pendant lequel on dut observer la comète qui l'occasionna, et dont l'apparition fut, non seulement pour les peuples de l'Égypte, et de l'Éthiopie, mais encore pour tous les peuples le présage funeste de leur destruction presque totale.” *Description de la Vallée de l'Égarment.*

Page 433.—“*In which the spirit of my dream,*” &c.—“Many people,” said *Origen*, “have been brought over to Christianity by the Spirit of God giving a sudden turn to their minds, and offering visions to them either by day or night.” On this *Jortin* remarks:—“Why should it be thought improbable that Pagans of good dispositions, but not free from prejudices, should have been called by divine admonitions, by dreams or visions, which might be a support to Christianity in those days of distress.”

Page 433.—“*One of those earthen cups.*” —*Palladius*, who lived some time in Egypt, describes the monk Ptolemæus, who inhabited the desert of Scete, as collecting in earthen cups the abundant dew from the rocks.—*Bibliothec. Pat.* tom. 13.

Page 433.—“*It was to preserve, he said,*” &c.—The brief sketch here given of the Jewish dispensation agrees very much with the view taken of it by Dr. Sumner, the present Bishop of Llandaff, in the first chapters of his eloquent and luminous work, the “*Records of the Creation.*”

Page 434.—“*In vain did I seek the promise of immortality.*” —“It is impossible to deny,” says the Bishop of Llandaff, “that the sanctions of the Mosaic Law are altogether temporal. . . . It is, indeed, one of the facts that can only be explained by acknowledging that he really acted under a divine commission, promulgating a temporary law for a peculiar purpose.” —a much more candid and sensible way of treating this very difficult point, than by either endeavouring, like Warburton, to escape from it into a paradox, or still worse, contriving, like Dr. Graves, to increase its difficulty by explanation. v. “*On the Pentateuch.*” See also *Horne's Introduction*, &c. vol. 1. p. 226.

Page 434.—“*All are of the dust,*” &c.—While *Voltaire*, *Volney*, &c. refer to the Ecclesiastes, as abounding with tenets of materialism and Epicurism, Mr. Des Vœux and others find in it strong proofs of belief in a future state. The chief difficulty lies in the chapter from which this text is quoted; and the mode of construction by which some writers attempt to get rid of it, namely, by putting these texts into the mouth of a foolish reasoner,—appears forced and gratuitous. v. *Dr. Hales's Analysis.*

Page 434.—“*The noblest and first-created,*” &c.—This opinion of the Hermit may be supposed to have been derived from his master,
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Origen; but it is not easy to ascertain the exact doctrine of Origen on this subject. In the Treatise on Prayer attributed to him, he asserts that God the Father alone should be invoked,—which, says Bayle is “*encherir sur les Hérésies des Sociniens.*” Notwithstanding this, however, and some other indications of, what was afterwards called, Arianism, (such as the opinion of the divinity being received by *communication*, which *Milner* asserts to have been held by this Father,) Origen was one of the authorities quoted by Athanasius in support of his high doctrines of co-eternity and co-essentiality. What Priestley says is, perhaps, the best solution of these inconsistencies:—“Origen, as well as Clemens Alexandrinus, has been thought to favour the Arian principle; but he did it only in words and not in ideas.” *Early Opinions*, &c. Whatever uncertainty, however, there may exist, with respect to the opinion of Origen himself on this subject, there is no doubt that the doctrines of his immediate followers were, at least, Anti-Athanasian. “So many Bishops of Africa,” says Priestley, “were, at this period (between the years 255 and 258), Unitarians, that Athanasius says, ‘The Son of God,’—meaning his divinity,—was scarcely any longer preached in the churches.”

Page 434.—“*The restoration of the whole human race to purity and happiness.*”—This benevolent doctrine,—which not only goes far to solve the great problem of moral and physical evil, but which would, if received more generally, tend to soften the spirit of uncharitableness, so fatally prevalent among Christian sects,—was maintained by that great light of the early Church, Origen, and has not wanted supporters among more modern Theologians. That Tillotson was inclined to the opinion appears from his sermon preached before the queen. Paley is supposed to have held the same amiable doctrine; and Newton, (the author of the work on the Prophecies) is also among the supporters of it. For a full account of the arguments in favour of this opinion, derived both from reason and the express language of Scripture, see Dr. Southwood Smith’s very interesting work, “*On the Divine Government.*” See also *Magee on the Atonement*, where the doctrine of the advocates of Universal Restoration is thus briefly and fairly explained:—“Beginning with the existence of an infinitely powerful, wise, and good Being, as the first and fundamental principle of rational religion, they pronounce the essence of this being to be *love*, and from this infer, as a demonstrable consequence, that none of the creatures formed by such a Being, will ever be made eternally miserable. . . . Since God (they say) would act unjustly in inflicting eternal misery for temporary crimes, the sufferings of the wicked can be but remedial, and will terminate in a complete purification from moral disorder, and in their ultimate restoration to virtue and happiness.”

Page 435.—“*Fruit of the desert shrub.*”—v. *Hamilton’s Egyptiaca.*

Page 435.—“*The white garment she wore, and the ring of gold on her finger.*”—See, for the custom among the early Christians of wearing white for a few days after baptism, *Ambros. de Myst.*—With respect to the ring, the Bishop

of Lincoln says, in his work on Tertullian; “The natural inference from these words (*Tertul. de Pudicitia*) appears to be that a ring used to be given in baptism; but I have found no other trace of such a custom.”

Page 436.—“*Pebbles of jasper.*”—v. *Clarke.*

Page 436.—“*Stunted marigold.*” &c.—“*Lea Mesembryanthemum nodiflorum et Zygophyllum coccineum, plantes grasses des déserts, rejetées à cause de leur âcreté par les chameaux, les chèvres, et les gazelles.*” *M. Delile upon the plants of Egypt.*

Page 436.—“*Antinoë.*”—v. *Savary and Quatremere.*

Page 437.—“*I have observed in my walks.*”—“*Je remarquai avec une réflexion triste, qu’un animal de proie accompagne presque toujours les pas de ce joli et frêle individu.*”

Page 435.—“*Glistened over its silver letters.*”—The Codex Cottonianus of the New Testament is written in silver letters on a purple ground. The Codex Cottonianus of the Septuagint version of the Old Testament is supposed to be the identical copy that belonged to Origen.

Page 437.—“*Some denial of Christ.*”—Those Christians who sacrificed to idols to save themselves were called by various names, *Thurificati, Sacrificati, Mittentes, Negatores*, &c. Baronius mentions a bishop of this period (253), Marcellinus, who, yielding to the threats of the Gentiles, threw incense upon the altar. v. *Arnob. contra Gent.* lib. 7.

Page 438.—“*The clear voice with which,*” &c.—The merit of the confession “*Christianus sum,*” or “*Christiana sum,*” was considerably enhanced by the clearness and distinctness with which it was pronounced. *Eusebius* mentions the martyr Vetius as making it *λαμπρῶς καὶ καθαῖς*.

Page 439.—“*The band round the young Christian’s brow.*”—We find poisonous crowns mentioned by *Pliny*, under the designation of “*coronæ ferales.*” *Paschalis*, too, gives the following account of these “*deadly garlands,*” as he calls them:—“*Sed mirum est tam salutare inventum humanam nequitiam reperisse, quomodo ad nefarios usus traducunt. Nempe, repertæ sunt nefandæ coronæ harum, quas dixi, tam salubrium per nomen quidem et speciem imitatrices, at re et effectu ferales, atque adeo capitis, cui imponuntur, interfectorices.*” *De Coronis.*

By Walter Scott—
From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

ON THE SUPERNATURAL IN COMPOSITION; and particularly on the Works of Ernest Theodore William Hoffman.

1. *Hoffman’s Leben und Nachlass.* 2 vols. Berlin, 1823.
2. *Hoffman’s Serapions-Brüder.* 6 vols. 1819-26.
3. *Hoffman’s Nachtstücke.* 2 vols. 1816.

No source of romantic fiction, and no mode of exciting the feelings of interest which the authors in that description of literature desire to produce, seems more directly accessible than

the love of the supernatural. It is common to all classes of mankind, and perhaps is to none so familiar as to those who assume a certain degree of scepticism on the subject; since the reader may have often observed in conversation, that the person who professes himself most incredulous on the subject of marvellous stories, often ends his remarks by indulging the company with some well-attested anecdote, which it is difficult or impossible to account for on the narrator's own principles of absolute scepticism. The belief itself, though easily capable of being pushed into superstition and absurdity, has its origin not only in the facts upon which our holy religion is founded, but upon the principles of our nature, which teach us that while we are probationers in this sublunary state, we are neighbours to, and encompassed by the shadowy world, of which our mental faculties are too obscure to comprehend the laws, our corporeal organs too coarse and gross to perceive the inhabitants.

All professors of the Christian Religion believe that there was a time when the Divine Power showed itself more visibly on earth than in these our latter days; controlling and suspending, for its own purposes, the ordinary laws of the universe; and the Roman Catholic Church, at least, holds it as an article of faith, that miracles descend to the present time. Without entering into that controversy, it is enough that a firm belief in the great truths of our religion has induced wise and good men, even in Protestant countries, to subscribe to Dr. Johnson's doubts respecting supernatural appearances.

"That the dead are seen no more, said Im- he, I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages, and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which perhaps prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another could not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers, can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues, confess it by their fears."

Upon such principles as these there lingers in the breasts even of philosophers, a reluctance to decide dogmatically upon a point where they do not and cannot possess any, save negative, evidence. Yet this inclination to believe in the marvellous gradually becomes weaker. Men cannot but remark that (since the scriptural miracles have ceased,) the belief in prodigies and supernatural events has gradually declined in proportion to the advancement of human knowledge; and that since the age has become enlightened, the occurrence of tolerably well attested anecdotes of the supernatural character are so few, as to render it more probable that the witnesses have laboured under some strange and temporary delusion, rather than that the laws of nature have been altered or suspended. At this period of human knowledge, the marvellous is so much identified with fabulous, as to be considered generally as belonging to the same class.

It is not so in early history which is full of supernatural incidents; and although we now use the word *romance* as synonymous with fictitious composition, yet as it originally only meant a poem, or prose work contained in the Romance language, there is little doubt that the doughty chivalry who listened to the songs of the minstrel, "held each strange tale devoutly true," and that the feats of knighthood which he recounted, mingled with tales of magic and supernatural interference, were esteemed as veracious as the legends of the monks, to which they bore a strong resemblance. This period of society, however, must have long past before the Romancer began to select and arrange with care, the nature of the materials out of which he constructed his story. It was not when society, however differing in degree and station, was levelled and confounded by one dark cloud of ignorance, involving the noble as well as the mean, that it need be scrupulously considered to what class of persons the author addressed himself, or with what species of decoration he ornamented his story. "Homo was then a common name for all men," and all were equally pleased with the same style of composition. This, however, was gradually altered. As the knowledge to which we have before alluded made more general progress, it became impossible to detain the attention of the better instructed class by the simple and gross fables to which the present generation would only listen in childhood, though they had been held in honour by their fathers during youth, manhood, and old age.

It was also discovered that the supernatural in fictitious composition requires to be managed with considerable delicacy, as criticism begins to be more on the alert. The interest which it excites is indeed a powerful spring; but it is one which is peculiarly subject to be exhausted by coarse handling and repeated pressure. It is also of a character which it is extremely difficult to sustain, and of which a very small proportion may be said to be better than the whole. The marvellous, more than any other attribute of fictitious narrative, loses its effect by being brought much into view. The imagination of the reader is to be excited, if possible, without being gratified. If once, like Macbeth, we "sup full with horrors," our taste for the banquet is ended, and the thrill of terror with which we hear or read of a night-shriek, becomes lost in that sated indifference with which the tyrant came at length to listen to the most deep catastrophes that could affect his house. The incidents of a supernatural character are usually those of a dark and undefinable nature, such as arise in the mind of the Lady in the mask of Conus,—incidents to which our fears attach more consequence, as we cannot exactly tell what it is we behold, or what is to be apprehended from it:—

"A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes and beck'ning shadows dire,
And aery tongues that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

Burke observes upon obscurity, that it is necessary to make any thing terrible, and notices "how much the notions of ghosts and goblins,

of which none can form clear ideas, affect minds which give credit to the popular tales concerning such sorts of beings." He represents also, that no person "seems better to have understood the secret of heightening, or of setting terrible things in their strongest light by the force of a judicious obscurity, than Milton. His description of Death, in the second book, is admirably studied; it is astonishing with what a gloomy pomp, with what a significant and expressive uncertainty of strokes and colouring, he has finished the portrait of the king of terrors.

'The other shape, —
If shape it might be called, which shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb:
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed, —
For each seemed either; black he stood as night;
Fierce as ten furies; terrible as hell;
And shook a deadly dart. What seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.'

In this description all is dark, uncertain, confused, terrible and sublime to the last degree."

The only quotation worthy to be mentioned along with the passage we have just taken down, is the well-known apparition introduced with circumstances of terrific obscurity in the book of Job:

"Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ears received a little thereof. In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face: the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice."

From these sublime and decisive authorities, it is evident that the exhibition of supernatural appearances in fictitious narrative ought to be rare, brief, indistinct, and such as may become a being to us so incomprehensible, and so different from ourselves, of whom we cannot justly conjecture whence he comes, or for what purpose, and of whose attributes we can have no regular or distinct perception. Hence it usually happens, that the first touch of the supernatural is always the most effective, and is rather weakened and defaced, than strengthened, by the subsequent recurrence of similar incidents. Even in *Hamlet*, the second entrance of the ghost is not nearly so impressive as the first; and in many romances to which we could refer, the supernatural being forfeits all claim both to our terror and veneration, by condescending to appear too often; to mingle too much in the events of the story, and above all, to become loquacious, or, as it is familiarly called, *chatty*. We have, indeed, great doubts whether an author acts wisely in permitting his goblin to speak at all, if at the same time he renders him subject to human sight. *Shakespeare*, indeed, has contrived to put such language in the mouth of the buried majesty of Denmark as befits a supernatural being, and is by the style distinctly different from that of the living persons in the drama. In another pas-

sage he has had the boldness to intimate, by two expressions of similar force, in what manner and what tone supernatural beings would find utterance:

"And the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets."

But the attempt in which the genius of *Shakespeare* has succeeded would probably have been ridiculous in any meaner hand; and hence it is, that, in many of our modern tales of terror, our feelings of fear have, long before the conclusion, given way under the influence of that familiarity which begets contempt.

A sense that the effect of the supernatural in its more obvious application is easily exhausted, has occasioned the efforts of modern authors to cut new walks and avenues through the enchanted wood, and to revive, if possible, by some means or other, the fading impression of its horrors.

The most obvious and inartificial mode of attaining this end is, by adding to, and exaggerating the supernatural incidents of the tale. But far from increasing its effect, the principles which we have laid down, incline us to consider the impression as usually weakened by exaggerated and laborious description. Elegance is in such cases thrown away, and the accumulation of superlatives, with which the narrative is encumbered, renders it tedious, or perhaps ludicrous, instead of becoming impressive or grand.

There is indeed one style of composition, of which the supernatural forms an appropriate part, which applies itself rather to the fancy than to the imagination, and aims more at amusing than at affecting or interesting the reader. To this species of composition belong the eastern tales, which contribute so much to the amusement of our youth, and which are recollected, if not reperused with so much pleasure in our more advanced life. There are but few readers of any imagination who have not at one time or other in their life sympathized with the poet Collins, "who," says Dr. Johnson, "was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination, which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meadows of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens." It is chiefly the young and the indolent who love to be soothed by works of this character, which require little attention in the perusal. In our riper age we remember them as we do the joys of our infancy, rather because we loved them once, than that they still continue to afford us amusement. The extravagance of fiction loses its charms for our riper judgment; and notwithstanding that these wild fictions contain much that is beautiful and full of fancy, yet still, unconnected as they are with each other, and conveying no result to the understanding, we pass them by as the championess Britomart rode along the rich strand.

Which as she overwent,
She saw bestrewn all with rich array
Of pearls and precious stones of great assay,

And all the gravel mixt with golden ore:
Whereat she wondered much, but would not
stay

For gold, or pearls, or precious stones, one
hour;

But them despised all, for all was in her power."

With this class of supernatural composition may be ranked, though inferior in interest, what the French call *Contes des Fées*; meaning, by that title, to distinguish them from the ordinary popular tales of fairy folks which are current in most countries. The *Conte des Fées* is itself a very different composition, and the fables engaged are of a separate class from those whose amusement is to dance round the mushroom in the moonlight, and mislead the belated peasant. The French *Fée* more nearly resembles the Peri of Eastern, or the Fata of Italian poetry. She is a superior being, having the nature of an elementary spirit, and possessing magical powers enabling her, to a considerable extent, to work either good or evil. But whatever merit this species of writing may have attained in some dexterous hands, it has, under the management of others, become one of the most absurd, flat, and insipid possible. Out of the whole *Cabinet des Fées*, when we get beyond our old acquaintances of the nursery, we can hardly select five volumes from nearly fifty, with any probability of receiving pleasure from them.

It often happens that when any particular style becomes somewhat antiquated and obsolete, some caricature, or satirical imitation of it, gives rise to a new species of composition. Thus the English Opera arose from the parody upon the Italian stage, designed by Gay, in the Beggar's Opera. In like manner, when the public had been inundated, *ad nauseam*, with Arabian tales, Persian tales, Turkish tales, Mogul tales, and legends of every nation east of the Bosphorus, and were equally annoyed by the increasing publication of all sorts of fairy tales,—Count Anthony Hamilton, like a second Cervantes, came forth with his satirical tales, destined to overturn the empire of Dives, of Genii, of Peris, *et hoc genus omne*.

Something too licentious for a more refined age, the Tales of Count Hamilton subsist as a beautiful illustration, showing that literary subjects, as well as the fields of the husbandman, may, when they seem most worn out and effete, be renewed and again brought into successful cultivation by a new course of management. The wit of Count Hamilton, like manure applied to an exhausted field, rendered the eastern tale more piquant, if not more edifying, than it was before. Much was written in imitation of Count Hamilton's style; and it was followed by Voltaire in particular, who in this way rendered the supernatural romance one of the most apt vehicles for circulating his satire. This, therefore, may be termed the comic side of the supernatural, in which the author plainly declares his purpose to turn into jest the miracles which he relates, and aspires to awaken ludicrous sensations without affecting the fancy—far less exciting the passions of the reader. By this species of delineation the reader will perceive that the supernatural style of writing is entirely travestied and held up to

laughter, instead of being made the subject of respectful attention, or heard with at least that sort of imperfect excitement with which we listened to a marvellous tale of fairy-land. This species of satire—for it is often converted to satirical purposes—has never been more happily executed than by the French authors, although Wieland, and several other German writers, treading in the steps of Hamilton, have added the grace of poetry to the wit and to the wonders with which they have adorned this species of composition. Oberon, in particular, has been identified with our literature by the excellent translation of Mr. Sotheby, and is nearly as well known in England as in Germany. It would, however, carry us far too wide from our present purpose, were we to consider the comic-heroic poetry which belongs to this class, and which includes the well-known works of Pulci, Berni—perhaps, in a certain degree of Ariosto himself, who, in some passages at least, lifts his knightly vizor so far as to give a momentary glimpse of the smile which mantles upon his countenance.

One general glance at the geography of this most pleasing "*Londe of Faery*," leads us into another province, rough as it may seem and uncultivated, but which, perhaps, on that very account, has some scenes abounding in interest. There are a species of antiquarians who, while others laboured to reunite and ornament highly the ancient traditions of their country, have made it their business, *antiquos accedere fontes*, to visit the ancient springs and sources of those popular legends which, cherished by the grey and superstitious Elde, had been long forgotten in the higher circles, but are again brought forward and claim, like the old ballads of a country, a degree of interest even from their rugged simplicity. The Deutsche Sagen of the brothers Grimm, is an admirable work of this kind; assembling, without any affectation either of ornamental diction or improved incident, the various traditions existing in different parts of Germany respecting popular superstitions and the events ascribed to supernatural agency. There are other works of the same kind, in the same language, collected with great care and apparent fidelity. Sometimes trite, sometimes tiresome, sometimes childish, the legends which these authors have collected with such indefatigable zeal form nevertheless a step in the history of the human race; and when compared with similar collections in other countries, seem to infer traces of a common descent which has placed one general stock of superstition within reach of the various tribes of mankind. What are we to think when we find the Jutt and the Fin telling their children the same traditions which are to be found in the nurseries of the Spaniard and Italian; or when we recognise in our own instance the traditions of Ireland or Scotland as corresponding with those of Russia? Are we to suppose that their similarity arises from the limited nature of human invention, and that the same species of fiction occurs to the imaginations of different authors in remote countries as the same species of plants are found in different regions without the possibility of their having been propagated by transportation from the one to others? Or ought we, rather, to refer

them to a common source, when mankind formed but the same great family, and suppose that as philologists trace through various dialects the broken fragments of one general language, so antiquaries may recognise in distant countries parts of what was once a common stock of tradition? We will not pause on this inquiry, nor observe more than generally that, in collecting these traditions, the industrious editors have been throwing light, not only on the history of their own country in particular, but on that of mankind in general. There is generally some truth mingled with the abundant falsehood, and still more abundant exaggeration of the oral legend; and it may be frequently and unexpectedly found to confirm or confute the meagre statement of some ancient chronicle. Often, too, the legend of the common people, by assigning peculiar features, localities, and specialities to the incidents which it holds in memory, gives life and spirit to the frigid and dry narrative which tells the fact alone, without the particulars which render it memorable or interesting.

It is, however, in another point of view, that we wish to consider those popular traditions in their collected state: namely, as a peculiar mode of exhibiting the marvellous and supernatural in composition. And here we must acknowledge, that he who peruses a large collection of stories of fiends, ghosts, and prodigies, in hopes of exciting in his mind that degree of shuddering interest approaching to fear, which is the most valuable triumph of the supernatural, is likely to be disappointed. A whole collection of ghost stories inclines us as little to fear as a jest book moves us to laughter. Many narratives, turning upon the same interest, are apt to exhaust it: as in a large collection of pictures an ordinary eye is so dazzled with the variety of brilliant or glowing colours as to become less able to distinguish the merit of those pieces which are possessed of any.

But notwithstanding this great disadvantage, which is inseparable from the species of publication we are considering, a reader of imagination, who has the power to emancipate himself from the chains of reality, and to produce in his own mind the accompaniments with which the simple or rude popular legend ought to be attended, will often find that it possesses points of interest, of nature, and of effect, which, though irreconcilable to sober truth, carry with them something that the mind is not averse to believe, something in short of plausibility, which, let poet or romancer do their very best, they find it impossible to attain to. An example may, in a case of this sort, be more amusing to the reader than mere disquisition, and we select one from a letter received many years since from an amiable and accomplished nobleman some time deceased, not more distinguished for his love of science, than his attachment to literature in all its branches:—

"It was in the night of, I think, the 14th of February, 1799, that there came on a dreadful storm of wind and drifting snow from the south-east, which was felt very severely in most parts of Scotland. On the preceding day a Captain M—, attended by three other men, had gone out a deer-shooting in that extensive tract of mountains which lies to the west of Dalnacar-

doch. As they did not return in the evening, nothing was heard of them. The next day, people were sent out in quest of them, as soon as the storm abated. After a long search, the bodies were found, in a lifeless state, lying among the ruins of a *bothy*, (a temporary hut,) in which it would seem Captain M— and his party had taken refuge. The *bothy* had been destroyed by the tempest, and in a very astonishing manner. It had been built partly of stone, and partly of strong wooden uprights driven into the ground; it was not merely blown down, but quite torn to pieces. Large stones, which had formed part of the walls, were found lying at the distance of one or two hundred yards from the site of the building, and the wooden uprights appeared to have been rent asunder by a force that had twisted them off as in breaking a tough stick. From the circumstances in which the bodies were found, it appeared that the men were retiring to rest at the time the calamity came upon them. One of the bodies, indeed, was found at a distance of many yards from the *bothy*; another of the men was found upon the place where the *bothy* had stood, with one stocking off, as if he had been undressing; Captain M— was lying without his clothes, upon the wretched bed which the *bothy* had afforded, his face to the ground, and his knees drawn up. To all appearance the destruction had been quite sudden: yet the situation of the building was such as promised security against the utmost violence of the wind. It stood in a narrow recess, at the foot of a mountain, whose precipitous and lofty declivities sheltered it on every side, except in the front, and here, too, a hill rose before it, though with a more gradual slope. This extraordinary wreck of a building so situated, led the common people to ascribe it to a supernatural power. It was recollected by some who had been out shooting with Captain M— about a month before, that while they were resting at this *bothy*, a shepherd lad had come to the door and inquired for Captain M—, and that the captain went out with the shepherd, and they walked away together, leaving the rest of the party in the *bothy*. After a time, Captain M— returned alone; he said nothing of what had passed between him and the lad, but looked very grave and thoughtful, and from that time there was observed to be a mysterious anxiety hanging about him. It was remembered, that one evening after dusk, when Captain M— was in the *bothy*, some of his party that were standing before the door saw a fire blazing on the top of the hill which rises in front of it. They were much surprised to see a fire in such a solitary place, and at such a time, and set out to inquire into the cause of it, but when they reached the top of the hill there was no fire to be seen! It was remembered, too, that on the day before the fatal night, Captain M— had shown a singular obstinacy in going forth upon his expedition. No representations of the inclemency of the weather, and of the dangers he would be exposed to, could restrain him. He said he *must* go, and was resolved to go. Captain M's character was likewise remembered; that he was popularly reported to be a man of no principles, rapacious, and cruel; that

he had got money by procuring recruits from the highlands,—an unpopular mode of acquiring wealth; and that, amongst other base measures for this purpose, he had gone so far as to leave a purse upon the road, and to threaten the man who had picked it up with an indictment for robbery, if he did not enlist.* Our informer added nothing more; he neither told us his own opinion nor that of the country; but left it to our own notions of the manner in which good and evil is rewarded in this life, to suggest the Author of the miserable event. He seemed impressed with superstitious awe on the subject, and said, 'There was na' the like seen in a' Scotland.' The man is far advanced in years, and is a schoolmaster in the neighbourhood of Rannoch. He was employed by us as a guide upon Schehallion; and he told us the story one day as we walked before our horses while we slowly wound up the road on the northern declivity of Rannoch. From this elevated ground we commanded an extensive prospect over the dreary mountains to the north, and amongst them our guide pointed out that at the foot of which was the scene of his dreadful tale. The account is, to the best of my recollection, just what I received from my guide. In some trifling particulars, from defect of memory, I may have misrepresented or added a little, in order to connect the leading circumstances; and I fear, also, that something may have been forgotten. Will you ask Mr. P—— whether Captain M——, on leaving the bothy after his conversation with the shepherd lad, did not say that he must return there in a month after? I have a faint idea that it was so; and, if true, it would be a pity to lose it. Mr. P—— may, perhaps, be able to correct or enlarge my account for you in other instances.†

The reader will, we believe, be of our opinion, that the feeling of superstitious awe annexed to the catastrophe contained in this interesting narrative, could not have been improved by any circumstances of additional horror which a poet could have invented; that the incidents and the gloomy simplicity of the narrative are much more striking than they could have been rendered by the most glowing description; and that the old highland schoolmaster, the outline of whose tale is so judiciously preserved by the narrator, was a better medium for communicating such a tale than would have been the form of Ossian could he have arisen from the dead on purpose.

It may however be truly said of the muse of romantic fiction,

"Mille habet ornatus."

The Professor Musaeus, and others of what we may call his school, conceiving, perhaps, that the simplicity of the unadorned popular legend was like to obstruct its popularity, and feeling, as we formerly observed, that though individual stories are sometimes exquisitely impressive, yet collections of this kind were apt to be rather bald and heavy, employed their talents in ornamenting them with incident, in

ascribing to the principal agents a peculiar character, and rendering the marvellous more interesting by the individuality of those in whose history it occurs. Two volumes were transcribed from the Volksmarchen of Musaeus by the late Dr. Beddoes, and published under the title of "Popular Tales of the Germans," which may afford the English reader a good idea of the style of that interesting work. It may, indeed, be likened to the Tales of Count Anthony Hamilton already mentioned, but there is great room for distinction. "Le Belier," and "Fleur d'Epine," are mere parodies arising out of the fancy, but indebted for their interest to his wit. Musaeus, on the other hand, takes the narration of the common legend, dresses it up after his own fashion, and describes, according to his own pleasure, the personages of his drama. Hamilton is a cook who compounds his whole banquet out of materials used for the first time; Musaeus brings forward ancient traditions, like yesterday's cold meat from the larder, and, by dint of skill and seasoning, gives it a new relish for the meal of to-day. Of course the merit of the *reficamento* will fall to be divided in this case betwixt the effect attained by the ground-work of the story, and that which is added by the art of the narrator. In the tale, for example, of the "Child of Wonder," what may be termed the raw material is short, simple, and scarce rising beyond the wonders of a nursery tale, but it is so much enlivened by the vivid sketch of the selfish old father who barters his four daughters against golden eggs and sacks of pearls, as to give an interest and zest to the whole story. "The Spectre Barber" is another of these popular tales, which, in itself singular and fantastic, becomes lively and interesting from the character of a good humoured, well meaning, thick sculled burgher of Bremen, whose wit becomes sharpened by adversity, till he learns gradually to improve circumstances as they occur, and at length recovers his lost prosperity by dint of courage, joined with some degree of acquired sagacity.

A still different management of the wonderful and supernatural has, in our days, revived the romance of the earlier age with its history and its antiquities. The Baron de la Motte Fouqué has distinguished himself in Germany by a species of writing which requires at once the industry of the scholar, and the talents of the man of genius. The efforts of this accomplished author aim at a higher mood of composition than the more popular romancer. He endeavours to recal the history, the mythology, the manners of former ages, and to offer to the present time a graphic description of those which have passed away. The travels of Thiodolf, for example, initiate the reader into that immense storehouse of Gothic superstition which is to be found in the Edda and the Sagas of northern nations; and to render the bold, honest, courageous character of his gallant young Scandinavian the more striking, the author has contrasted it forcibly with the chivalry of the south, over which he asserts its superiority. In some of his works the baron has, perhaps, been somewhat profuse of his historical and antiquarian lore; he wanders where the reader has not skill to follow him;

* It is needless to say that this was a mere popular report, which might greatly misrepresent the character of the unfortunate sufferer.

and we lose interest in the piece because we do not comprehend the scenes through which we are conducted. This is the case with some of the volumes where the interest turns on the ancient German history, to understand which, a much deeper acquaintance with the antiquities of that dark period is required than is like to be found in most readers. It would, we think, be a good rule in this style of composition, were the author to confine his historical materials to such as are either generally understood as soon as mentioned, or at least can be explained with brief trouble in such a degree as to make a reader comprehend the story. Of such happy and well chosen subjects, the Baron de la Motte Fouqué has also shown great command on other occasions. His story of "Sintram and his Followers" is in this respect admirable; and the tale of his Naiad, Nixie, or Water-Nymph, is exquisitely beautiful. The distress of the tale—and, though relating to a fantastic being, it is *real* distress—arises thus. An elementary spirit renounces her right of freedom from human passion to become the spouse of a gallant young knight, who requites her with infidelity and ingratitude. The story is the contrast at once, and the *pendant* to the "Diable Amoureux" of Cazotte, but is entirely free from a tone of *polissonnerie* which shocks good taste in its very lively prototype.

The range of the romance, as it has been written by this profusely inventive author, extends through the half illuminated ages of ancient history into the Cimærian frontiers of vague tradition; and, when traced with a pencil of so much truth and spirit as that of Fouqué, affords scenes of high interest, and forms, it cannot be doubted, the most legitimate species of romantic fiction, approaching in some measure to the epic in poetry, and capable in a high degree of exhibiting similar beauties.

We have thus slightly traced the various modes in which the wonderful and supernatural may be introduced into fictitious narrative; yet the attachment of the Germans to the mysterious has invented another species of composition, which, perhaps, could hardly have made its way in any other country or language. This may be called the *FANTASTIC* mode of writing, in which the most wild and unbounded license is given to an irregular fancy, and all species of combination, however ludicrous, or however shocking, are attempted and executed without scruple. In the other modes of treating the supernatural, even that mystic region is subjected to some laws, however slight; and fancy, in wandering through it, is regulated by some probabilities in the wildest flight. Not so in the fantastic style of composition, which has no restraint save that which it may ultimately find in the exhausted imagination of the author. This style bears the same proportion to the more regular romance, whether ludicrous or serious, which Farce, or rather Pantomime, maintains to Tragedy and Comedy. Sudden transformations are introduced of the most extraordinary kind, and wrought by the most inadequate means; no attempt is made to soften their absurdity, or to reconcile their inconsistencies; the read-

er must be contented to look upon the gambols of the author as he would behold the flying leaps and incongruous transmutations of Harlequin, without seeking to discover either meaning or end further than the surprise of the moment.

Our English severity of taste will not easily adopt this wild and fantastic tone into our own literature; nay, perhaps will scarce tolerate it in translations. The only composition which approaches to it is the powerful romance of Frankenstein, and there, although the formation of a thinking and sentient being by scientific skill is an incident of the fantastic character, still the interest of the work does not turn upon the marvellous creation of Frankenstein's monster, but upon the feelings and sentiments which that creature is supposed to express as most natural—if we may use the phrase—to his unnatural condition and origin. In other words, the miracle is not wrought for the mere wonder, but is designed to give rise to a train of acting and reasoning in itself just and probable, although the *postulatum* on which it is grounded is in the highest degree extravagant. So far Frankenstein, therefore, resembles the "Travels of Gulliver," which suppose the existence of the most extravagant fictions, in order to extract from them philosophical reasoning and moral truth. In such cases the admission of the marvellous expressly resembles a sort of entry money paid at the door of a lecture room;—it is a concession which must be made to the author, and for which the reader is to receive value in moral instruction. But the *fantastic* of which we are now treating encumbers itself with no such conditions, and claims no further object than to surprise the public by the wonder itself. The reader is led astray by a freakish goblin, who has neither end nor purpose in the gambols which he exhibits, and the oddity of which must constitute their own reward. The only instance we know of this species of writing in the English language, is the ludicrous sketch in Mr. Geoffrey Crayon's tale of "The Bold Dragoon," in which the furniture dances to the music of a ghostly fiddler. The other ghost stories of this well known and admired author come within the legitimate bounds which Glanville, and other grave and established authors, ascribe to the shadowy realms of spirits; but we suppose Mr. Crayon to have exchanged his pencil in the following scene, in order to prove that the pandours, as well as the regular forces of the ghostly world, were alike under his command:—

"By the light of the fire he saw a pale, weathered faced fellow, in a long flannel gown, and a tall white night-cap with a tassel to it, who sat by the fire with a bellows under his arm by the way of bagpipe, from which he forced the asthmatical music that had bothered my grandfather. As he played too, he kept twitching about with a thousand queer contortions, nodding his head, and bobbing about his tasselled night-cap.

"From the opposite side of the room, a long-backed, bandy-legged chair, covered with leather, and studded all over in a coxcombical fashion with little brass nails, got suddenly into motion, thrust out first a claw-foot, then a

crooked arm, and at length making a leg, glided gracefully up to an easy chair of tarnished brocade, with a hole in its bottom, and led it gallantly out in a ghostly minuet about the floor.

"The musician now played fiercer and fiercer, and bobbed his head and his night-cap about like mad. By degrees, the dancing mania seemed to seize upon all the other pieces of furniture. The antique long-bodied chairs paired off in couples and led down a country-dance; a three-legged stool danced a hornpipe, though horribly puzzled by its supernumerary leg; while the amorous tongs seized the shovel round the waist, and whirled it about the room in a German waltz. In short, all the moveables got in motion, pirouetting, hands across, right and left, like so many devils: all except a great clothes-press, which kept curtsying and curtsying in a corner like a dowager, in exquisite time to the music; being rather too corpulent to dance, or, perhaps, at a loss for a partner."

This slight sketch, from the hand of a master, is all that we possess in England corresponding to the Fantastic style of composition which we are now treating of. "Peter Schlemil," "The Devil's Elixir," and other German works of the same character, have made it known to us through the medium of translation. The author who led the way in this department of literature was Ernest Theodore William Hoffmann; the peculiarity of whose genius, temper, and habits, fitted him to distinguish himself where imagination was to be strained to the pitch of oddity and bizarrerie. He appears to have been a man of rare talent,—a poet, an artist, and a musician, but unhappily of a hypochondriac and whimsical disposition, which carried him to extremes in all his undertakings; so his music became capricious,—his drawings caricatures,—and his tales, as he himself termed them, fantastic extravagances. Bred originally to the law, he at different times enjoyed, under the Prussian and other governments, the small appointments of a subordinate magistrate; at other times he was left entirely to his own exertions, and supported himself as a musical composer for the stage, as an author, or as a draughtsman. The shifts, the uncertainty, the precarious nature of this kind of existence, had its effect, doubtless, upon a mind which nature had rendered peculiarly susceptible of elation and depression; and a temper, in itself variable, was rendered more so by frequent change of place and of occupation, as well as by the uncertainty of his affairs. He cherished his fantastic genius also with wine in considerable quantity, and indulged liberally in the use of tobacco.* Even his outward appearance bespoke the state of his nervous system: a very little man with a quantity of dark brown hair, and eyes looking through his elf locks, that

"E'en like grey goss-hawk's stared wild,"

indicated that touch of mental derangement of which he seems to have been himself conscious, when entering the following fearful memorandum in his diary:—

"Why, in sleeping and in waking, do I, in my thoughts, dwell upon the subject of insanity? The out-pouring of the wild ideas that arise in my mind may perhaps operate like the breathing of a vein."

Circumstances arose also in the course of Hoffmann's unsettled and wandering life, which seemed to his own apprehension to mark him as one who "was not in the roll of common men." These circumstances had not so much of the extraordinary as his fancy attributed to them. For example; he was present at deep play in a watering-place, in company with a friend, who was desirous to venture for some of the gold which lay upon the table. Betwixt hope of gain and fear of loss, distrusting at the same time his own luck, he at length thrust into Hoffmann's hand six gold pieces, and requested him to stake for him. Fortune was propitious to the young visionary, though he was totally inexperienced in the game, and he gained for his friend about thirty Fredericks d'or. The next evening Hoffmann resolved to try fortune on his own account. This purpose, he remarks, was not a previous determination, but one which was suddenly suggested by a request of his friend to undertake the charge of staking a second time on his behalf. He advanced to the table on his own account, and deposited on one of the cards the only two Fredericks d'or of which he was possessed. If Hoffmann's luck had been remarkable on the former occasion, it now seemed as if some supernatural power stood in alliance with him. Every attempt which he made succeeded—every card turned up propitiously.—

"My senses," he says, "became unmanageable, and as more and more gold streamed in upon me, it seemed as if I were in a dream, out of which I only awoke to pocket the money. The play was given up, as is usual, at two in the morning. In the moment when I was about to leave the room, an old officer laid his hand upon my shoulder, and regarding me with a fixed and severe look, said: 'Young man, if you understand this business so well, the bank, which maintains free table, is ruined; but if you do so understand the game, reckon upon it securely that the devil will be as sure of you as of all the rest of them.' Without waiting an answer, he turned away. The morning was dawning when I came home, and emptied from every pocket heaps of gold on the table. Imagine the feelings of a lad in a state of absolute dependance, and restricted to a small sum of pocket-money, who finds himself as if by a thunder-clap, placed in possession of a sum enough to be esteemed absolute wealth, at least for the moment! But while I gazed on the treasure, my state of mind was entirely changed by a sudden and singular agony, so severe as to force the cold sweat-drops from my brow. The words of the old officer now, for the first time, rushed upon my mind in their fullest and most terrible acceptation. It seemed to me as if the gold, which glittered upon the table, was the earnest of a bargain by which the Prince of Darkness had obtained possession of my soul, which never more could escape eternal destruction. It seemed as if some poisonous reptile was suck-

* Tales of a Traveller, vol. i.

ing my heart's blood, and I felt myself fall into an abyss of despair."

Then the ruddy dawn began to gleam through the window, wood and plain were illuminated by its beams, and the visionary begun to experience the blessed feeling of returning strength, to combat with temptations, and to protect himself against the infernal propensity, which must have been attended with total destruction. Under the influence of such feelings Hoffmann formed a vow never again to touch a card, which he kept till the end of his life. "The lesson of the officer," says Hoffmann, "was good, and its effect excellent." But the peculiar disposition of Hoffmann made it work upon his mind more like an empiric's remedy than that of a regular physician. He renounced play less from the conviction of the wretched moral consequences of such a habit, than because he was actually afraid of the Evil Spirit in person.

In another part of his life Hoffmann had occasion to show, that his singularly wild and inflated fancy was not accessible to that degree of timidity connected with insanity, and to which poets, as beings of "imagination all compact," are sometimes supposed to be peculiarly accessible. The author was in Dresden during the eventful period when the city was nearly taken by the allies, but preserved by the sudden return of Buonaparte and his guards from the frontiers of Silesia. He then saw the work of war closely carried on, venturing within fifty paces of the French sharpshooters while skirmishing with those of the allies in front of Dresden. He had experience of a bombardment: one of the shells exploding before the house in which Hoffmann and Keller, the comedian, with bumpers in their hands to keep up their spirits, watched the progress of the attack from an upper window. The explosion killed three persons; Keller let his glass fall,—Hoffmann had more philosophy; he tossed off his bumper and moralized: "What is life!" said he, "and how frail the human frame that cannot withstand a splinter of heated iron!" He saw the field of battle when they were cramming with naked corpses the immense fosses which form the soldier's grave; the field covered with the dead and the wounded—with horses and men; powder-wagons which had exploded, broken weapons, schakos, sabres, cartridge-boxes, and all the relics of a desperate fight. He saw, too, Napoleon in the midst of his triumph, and heard him ejaculate to an adjutant, with the look and the deep voice of the lion, the single word "Voyons." It is much to be regretted that Hoffmann preserved but few memoranda of the eventful weeks which he spent at Dresden during this period, and of which his turn for remark and powerful description would have enabled him to give so accurate a picture. In general, it may be remarked of descriptions concerning warlike affairs, that they resemble plans rather than paintings; and that, however calculated to instruct the tactician, they are little qualified to interest the general reader. A soldier, particularly, if interrogated upon the actions which he has seen, is much more disposed to tell them in the dry and abstracted style of a gazette, than to adorn them with the remarkable

and picturesque circumstances which attract the general ear. This arises from the natural feeling, that, in speaking of what they have witnessed in any other than a dry and affected professional tone, they may be suspected of a desire to exaggerate their own dangers,—a suspicion which of all others, a brave man is most afraid of incurring, and which, besides, the present spirit of the military profession holds as amounting to bad taste. It is, therefore, peculiarly unfortunate, that when a person unconnected with the trade of war, yet well qualified to describe its terrible peculiarities, chances to witness events so remarkable as those to which Dresden was exposed in the memorable 1813, he should not have made a register of what could not have failed to be deeply interesting. The battle of Leipsig, which ensued shortly after, as given to the public by an eye-witness—M. Shoberl, if we recollect the name aright—is an example of what we might have expected from a person of Hoffmann's talents, giving an account of his personal experience respecting the dreadful events which he witnessed. We could willingly have spared some of his grotesque works of *diablerie*, if we had been furnished, in their place, with the genuine description of the attack upon, and the retreat from Dresden, by the allied army, in the month of August, 1813. It was the last decisive advantage which was obtained by Napoleon, and being rapidly succeeded by the defeat of Vandamme, and the loss of his whole *corps d'armée*, was the point from which his visible declension might be correctly dated. Hoffmann was also a high-spirited patriot,—a true, honest, thorough-bred German, who had set his heart upon the liberation of his country, and would have narrated with genuine feeling the advantages which she obtained over her oppressor. It was not, however, his fortune to attempt any work, however slight, of an historical character, and the retreat of the French army soon left him to his usual habits of literary industry and convivial enjoyment.

It may, however, be supposed, that an imagination which was always upon the stretch received a new impulse from the scenes of difficulty and danger through which our author had so lately passed. Another calamity of a domestic nature must also have tended to the increase of Hoffmann's morbid sensibility. During a journey in a public carriage, it chanced to be overturned, and the author's wife sustained a formidable injury on the head, by which she was a sufferer for a length of time.

All these circumstances, joined to the natural nervousness of his own temper, tended to throw Hoffmann into a state of mind very favourable, perhaps to the attainment of success in his own peculiar mode of composition, but far from being such as could consist with that right and well-balanced state of human existence, in which philosophers have been disposed to rest the attainment of the highest possible degree of human happiness. Nerves which are accessible to that morbid degree of acuteness, by which the mind is incited, not only without the consent of our reason, but even contrary to its dictates, fall under the condition deprecated in the beautiful Ode to Indifference.

"Nor peace, nor joy, the heart can know,
Which, like the needle, true,
Turns at the touch of joy or wo,
But, turning, trembles too."

The pain which in one case is inflicted by an undue degree of bodily sensitiveness, is in the other the consequence of our own excited imagination; nor is it easy to determine in which the penalty of too much acuteness or vividness of perception is most severely exacted. The nerves of Hoffmann in particular were strung to the most painful pitch which can be supposed. A severe nervous fever, about the year 1807, had greatly increased the fatal sensibility under which he laboured, which acting primarily on the body speedily affected the mind. He had himself noted a sort of graduated scale concerning the state of his imagination, which, like that of a thermometer, indicated the exaltation of his feelings up to a state not far distant, probably, from that of actual mental derangement. It is not, perhaps, easy to find expressions corresponding in English to the peculiar words under which Hoffmann classified his perceptions: but we may observe, that he records, as the humour of one day, a deep disposition towards the romantic and religious; of a second, the perception of the exalted or excited humorous; of a third, that of the satirical humorous; of a fourth, that of the excited or extravagant musical sense; of a fifth, a romantic mood turned towards the displeasing and the horrible; on a sixth, bitter satirical propensities excited to the most romantic, capricious, and exotic degree; of a seventh, a state of quietism of mind open to receive the most beautiful, chaste, pleasing, and imaginative impressions of a poetical character; of an eighth, a mood equally excited, but accessible only to ideas the most unpleasing, the most horrible, the most unrestrained at once and most tormenting. At other times, the feelings which are registered by this unfortunate man of genius, are of a tendency exactly the opposite to those which he marks as characteristic of his state of nervous excitement. They indicate a depression of spirits, a mental callousness to those sensations to which the mind is at other times most alive, accompanied with that melancholy and helpless feeling which always attends the condition of one who recollects former enjoyments in which he is no longer capable of taking pleasure. This species of moral palsy is, we believe, a disease which more or less affects every one, from the poor mechanic who finds that his *hand*, as he expresses it, is *out*, that he cannot discharge his usual task with his usual alacrity, to the poet whose muse deserts him when perhaps he most desires her assistance. In such cases wise men have recourse to exercise or change of study; the ignorant and infatuated seek grosser means of diverting the paroxysm. But that which is to the person whose mind is in a healthy state, but a transitory though disagreeable feeling, becomes an actual disease in such minds as that of Hoffmann, which are doomed to experience in too vivid perceptions in alternate excess, but far most often and longest in that which is painful,—the influence of an over-excited fancy. It is minds so conformed to

which Burton applies his abstract of Melancholy, giving alternately the joys and the pains which arise from the influence of the imagination. The verses are so much to the present purpose, that we cannot better describe this changeful and hypochondriac system of mind than by inserting them:

"When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook-side or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, and unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness;
All my joys besides are folly,
None so sweet as Melancholy.

"When I lye, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan,
In a dark grove, or irksome den,
With discontents and furies; then
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce;
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so sour as Melancholy.

"Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Sweet music, wonderous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine;
Here now, then, then, the world is mine,
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
What'er is lovely or divine;
All other joys to this are folly,
None so sweet as Melancholy.

"Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Ghosts, goblins, fiends; my phantasie
Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
Headless bears, black men and apes,
Doleful outeries and fearful sights
My sad and dismal soul affrights;
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so damn'd as Melancholy."

In the transcendental state of excitation described in these verses, the painful and gloomy mood of the mind is, generally speaking, of much more common occurrence than that which is genial, pleasing, or delightful. Every one who chooses attentively to consider the workings of his own bosom, may easily ascertain the truth of this assertion, which indeed appears a necessary accompaniment of the imperfect state of humanity, which usually presents to us, in regard to anticipation of the future, so much more that is unpleasing than is desirable; in other words, where fear has a far less limited reign than the opposite feeling of hope. It was Hoffmann's misfortune to be peculiarly sensible of the former passion, and almost instantly to combine with any pleasing sensation, as it arose, the idea of mischievous or dangerous consequences. His biographer has given a singular example of this unhappy disposition, not only to apprehend the worst when there was real ground for expecting evil, but also to mingle such apprehension capriciously and unseasonably, with incidents which were in themselves harmless and agreeable. "The devil," he was wont to say, "will put his hoof into every thing, how good soever in the outset." A trifling but whimsical instance will best ascertain the nature of this unhappy

propensity to expect the worst. Hoffmann, a close observer of nature, chanced one day to see a little girl apply to a market woman's stall to purchase some fruit which had caught her eye and excited her desire. The wary trader wished first to know what she was able to expend on the purchase; and when the poor girl, a beautiful creature, produced with exultation and pride a very small piece of money, the market-woman gave her to understand that there was nothing upon her stall which fell within the compass of her customer's purse. The poor little maiden, mortified and affronted, as well as disappointed, was retiring with tears in her eyes, when Hoffmann called her back, and arranging matters with the dealer filled the child's lap with the most beautiful fruit. Yet he had hardly time to enjoy the idea that he had altered the whole expression of the juvenile countenance from mortification to extreme delight and happiness, than he became tortured with the idea that he might be the cause of the child's death, since the fruit he had bestowed upon it might occasion a surfeit or some other fatal disease. This presentiment haunted him until he reached the house of a friend, and it was akin to many which persecuted him during life, never leaving him to enjoy the satisfaction of a kind or benevolent action, and poisoning with the vague prospect of imaginary evil whatever was in its immediate tendency productive of present pleasure or promising future happiness.

We cannot here avoid contrasting the character of Hoffmann with that of the highly imaginative poet Wordsworth, many of whose smaller poems turn upon a sensibility affected by such small incidents as that above-mentioned, with this remarkable difference—that the virtuous, and manly, and well regulated disposition of the author leads him to derive pleasing, tender and consoling reflections from those circumstances which induced Hoffmann to anticipate consequences of a different character. Such petty incidents are passed noteless over by men of ordinary minds. Observers of poetical imagination, like Wordsworth and Hoffmann, are the chemists who can distil them into cordials or poisons.

We do not mean to say that the imagination of Hoffmann was either wicked or corrupt, but only that it was ill-regulated and had an undue tendency to the horrible and to the distressing. Thus he was followed, especially in his hours of solitude and study, by the apprehension of mysterious danger to which he conceived himself exposed; and the whole tribe of demi-gorgons, apparitions, and fanciful spectres and goblins of all kinds, with which he has filled his pages, although in fact the children of his own imagination, were no less discomposing to him than if they had had a real existence and actual influence upon him. The visions which his fancy excited are stated often to be so lively, that he was unable to endure them; and in the night, which was often his time of study, he was accustomed frequently to call his wife up from bed, that she might sit by him while he was writing, and protect him by her presence from the phantoms conjured up by his own excited imagination.

Thus was the inventor, or at least first dis-

tinguished artist who exhibited the fantastic or supernatural grotesque in his compositions, so nearly on the verge of actual insanity, as to be afraid of the beings his own fancy created. It is no wonder that to a mind so vividly accessible to the influence of the imagination, so little under the dominion of sober reason, such a numerous train of ideas should occur in which fancy had a large share and reason none at all. In fact, the grotesque in his compositions partly resembles the arabesque in painting, in which, is introduced the most strange and complicated monsters, resembling centaurs, griffins, sphinxes, chimeras, rocs, and all other creatures of romantic imagination, dazzling the beholder as it were by the unbounded fertility of the author's imagination, and sating it by the rich contrast of all the varieties of shape and colouring, while there is in reality nothing to satisfy the understanding or inform the judgment. Hoffmann spent his life, which could not be a happy one, in weaving webs of this wild and imaginative character, for which after all he obtained much less credit with the public, than his talents must have gained if exercised under the restraint of a better taste or a more solid judgment. There is much reason to think that his life was shortened not only by his mental malady, of which it is the appropriate quality to impede digestion and destroy the healthful exercise of the powers of the stomach, but also by the indulgences to which he had recourse in order to secure himself against the melancholy, which operated so deeply upon the constitution of his mind. This was the more to be regretted, as notwithstanding the dreams of an overheated imagination, by which his taste appears to have been so strangely misled, Hoffmann seems to have been a man of excellent disposition, a close observer of nature, and one who, if this sickly and disturbed train of thought had not led him to confound the supernatural with the absurd, would have distinguished himself as a painter of human nature, of which in its realities he was an observer and an admirer.

Hoffmann was particularly skilful in depicting characters arising in his own country of Germany. Nor is there any of her numerous authors who have better and more faithfully designed the upright honesty and firm integrity which is to be met with in all classes which come from the ancient Teutonic stock. There is one character in particular in the tale called "Der Majorat"—the Entail,—which is perhaps peculiar to Germany, and which makes a magnificent contrast to the same class of persons as described in romances, and as existing perhaps in real life in other countries. The justiciary R— bears about the same office in the family of the baron Roderick von R—, a nobleman possessed of vast estates in Conrland, which the generally-known Bailie Maewheble occupied on the land of the baron of Bradwardine. The justiciary, for example, was the representative of the Seigneur in his feudal courts of justice; he superintended his revenues, regulated and controlled his household, and from his long acquaintance with the affairs of the family, was entitled to interfere both with advice and assistance in any case of peculiar necessity. In such a character, the

Scottish author has permitted himself to introduce a strain of the roguery supposed to be incidental to the inferior classes of the law,—may be no unnatural ingredient. The Baillie is mean, sordid, a trickster, and a coward, redeemed only from our dislike and contempt by the ludicrous qualities of his character, by a considerable degree of shrewdness, and by the species of almost instinctive attachment to his master and his family, which seem to overbalance, in quality, the natural selfishness of his disposition. The justiciary of R— is the very reverse of this character. He is indeed an original: having the peculiarities of age and some of its satirical peevishness; but in his moral qualities he is well described by La Motte Fouque, as a hero of ancient days in the night-gown and slippers of an old lawyer of the present age. The innate worth, independence, and resolute courage of the justiciary seem to be rather enhanced than diminished by his education and profession, which naturally infers an accurate knowledge of mankind, and which, if practised without honour or honesty, is the basest and most dangerous fraud which an individual can put upon the public. Perhaps a few lines of Crabbe may describe the general tendency of the justiciary's mind, although marked, as we shall show, by loftier traits of character than those which the English poet has assigned to the worthy attorney of his borough:

"He, roughly honest, has been long a guide
In borough business on the conquering side;
And seen so much of both sides and so long,
He thinks the bias of man's mind goes wrong:
Thus, though he's friendly, he is still severe,
Surly, though kind, suspiciously sincere:
So much he's seen of baseness in the mind,
That, while a friend to man, he scorns mankind;

He knows the human heart, and sees with dread

By slight temptation how the strong are led;
He knows how interest can asunder rend
The bond of parent, master, guardian, friend,
To form a new and a degrading tie
Twixt needy vice and tempting villainy."

The justiciary of Hoffmann, however, is of a higher character than the person distinguished by Crabbe. Having known two generations of the baronial house to which he is attached, he has become possessed of their family secrets, some of which are of a mysterious and terrible nature. This confidential situation, but much more the nobleness and energy of his own character, gives the old man a species of authority even over his patron himself, although the baron is a person of stately manners, and occasionally manifests a fierce and haughty temper. It would detain us too long to communicate a sketch of the story, though it is, in our opinion, the most interesting contained in the *reveries* of the author. Something, however, we must say to render intelligible the brief extracts which it is our purpose to make, chiefly to illustrate the character of the justiciary.

The principal part of the estate of the baron consisted in the castle of R—sitten, a majorat, or entailed property, which gives

name to the story, and which, as being such, the baron was under the necessity of making his place of residence for a certain number of weeks in every year, although it had nothing inviting in its aspect or inhabitants. It was a huge old pile, overhanging the Baltic Sea, silent, dismal, almost uninhabited, and surrounded, instead of gardens and pleasure-grounds, by forests of black pines and firs which came up to its very walls. The principal amusement of the baron and his guests was to hunt the wolves and bears which tenanted these woods during the day, and to conclude the evening with a boisterous sort of festivity, in which the efforts made at passionate mirth and hilarity showed that, on the baron's side at least, they did not actually exist. Part of the castle was in ruins; a tower built for the purpose of astrology by one of its old possessors, the founder of the majorat in question, had fallen down, and by its fall made a deep chasm, which extended from the highest turret down to the dungeon of the castle. The fall of the tower had proved fatal to the unfortunate astrologer; the abyss which it occasioned was no less so to his eldest son. There was a mystery about the fate of the last, and all the facts known or conjectured respecting the cause of his fatal end were the following.

The baron had been persuaded by some expressions of an old steward, that treasures belonging to the deceased astrologer lay buried in the gulf which the tower had created by its fall. The entrance to this horrible abyss lay from the knightly hall of the castle, and the door, which still remained there, had once given access to the stair of the tower, but since its fall only opened on a yawning gulf of stones. At the bottom of this gulf the second baron, of whom we speak, was found crushed to death, holding a wax-light fast in his hand. It was imagined he had arisen to seek a book from a library which also opened from the hall and, mistaking the one door for the other, had met his fate by falling into the yawning gulf. Of this, however, there could be no certainty.

This double accident, and the natural melancholy attached to the place, occasioned the present Baron Roderick residing so little there; but the title, under which he held the estate laid him under the necessity of making it his residence for a few weeks every year. About the same time when he took up his abode there, the justiciary was accustomed to go thither for the purpose of holding baronial courts, and transacting his other official business. When the tale opens he sets out upon his journey to R—sitten, accompanied by a nephew, the narrator of the tale, a young man, entirely new to the world, trained somewhat in the school of Werter,—romantic, enthusiastic, with some disposition to vanity,—a musician, a poet, and a coxcomb; upon the whole, however, a very well-disposed lad, with great respect for his grand-uncle, the justiciary, by whom he is regarded with kindness, but also as a subject of raillery. The old man carries him along with him partly to assist in his professional task, partly that he might get somewhat case-hardened by feeling the cold wind of the north whistle about his ears, and undergoing the fatigue and dangers of a wolf-hunt.

They reach the old castle in the midst of a snow-storm, which added to the dismal character of the place, and which lay piled thick up the very gate by which they should enter. All knocking of the postilion was in vain; and here we shall let Hoffmann tell his own story.

"The old man then raised his powerful voice: 'Francis! Francis! where are you then? be moving; we freeze here at the door: the snow is peeling our faces raw; be stirring;—the devil!' A watch-dog at length began to bark, and a wandering light was seen in the lower story of the building,—keys rattled, and at length the heavy folding doors opened with difficulty. 'A fair welcome t'ye in this foul weather!' said old Francis, holding the lantern so high as to throw the whole light upon his shrivelled countenance, the features of which were twisted into a smile of welcome; the carriage drove into the court, we left it, and I was then for the first time aware that the ancient domestic was dressed in an old fashioned lagger livery, adorned with various loops and braids of lace. Only one pair of grey locks now remained upon his broad white forehead; the lower part of his face retained the colouring proper to the hardy huntsman; and, in spite of the crumpled muscles which writhed the countenance into something resembling a fantastic mask, there was an air of stupid yet honest kindness and good humour, which glanced from his eyes, played across his mouth, and reconciled you to his physiognomy.

"Well, old Frank!" said my great uncle, as entering the antichamber he shook the snow from his pelisse, 'well, old man, is all ready in my apartments? Have the carpets been brushed,—the beds properly arranged,—and good fires kept in my room yesterday and to-day?' 'No!' answered Frank, with great composure, 'no, worthy sir! not a bit of all that has been done.' 'Good God!' said my uncle, 'did not I write in good time,—and do I not come at the exact day? Was ever such a piece of stupidity? And now I must sleep in rooms as cold as ice!' 'Indeed, worthy Mr. Justiciary,' said Francis with great solemnity, while he removed carefully with the snuffers a glowing waster from the candle, flung it on the floor, and trod cautiously upon it, 'you must know that the airing would have been to no purpose, for the wind and snow had driven in, in such quantities through the broken window frames: so—' 'What!' said my uncle, interrupting him, throwing open his pelisse, and placing both arms on his sides, 'what! the windows are broken, and you, who have charge of the castle, have not had them repaired?' 'That would have been done, worthy sir,' answered Francis, with the same indifference, 'but people could not get rightly at them on account of the heaps of rubbish and stone that are lying in the apartment.' 'And how, in a thousand devils' names,' said my great uncle, 'came rubbish and stones into my chamber?' 'God bless you, my young master,' said the old man, episodically to me, who happened at the moment to sneeze, then proceeded gravely to answer the justiciary, that the stones and rubbish were those of a partition wall which had fallen in the last great tempest. 'What, the devil! have you had an earthquake?' said my

uncle, angrily. 'No, worthy sir,' replied the old man, 'but three days ago the heavy paved roof of the justice-hall fell in with a tremendous crash.' 'May the devil—,' said my uncle, breaking out in a passion, and about to let fly a heavy oath; but suddenly checking himself, he lifted submissively his right hand towards Heaven, while he moved with his left his fur cap from his forehead, was silent for an instant, then turned to me and spoke cheerfully: 'In good truth, kinsman, we had better hold our tongues and ask no further questions, else we shall only learn greater mishaps, or perhaps the whole castle may come down upon our heads. But Frank,' said he, 'how could you be so stupid as not to get another apartment arranged and aired for me and this youth? Why did you not put some large room in the upper story of the castle in order for the court-day?' 'That is already done,' said the old man, pointing kindly to the stairs, and beginning to ascend with the light. 'Now, only think of the old houlet, that could not say this at once, said my uncle, while we followed the domestic. We passed through many long, high, vaulted corridors,—the flickering light carried by Francis throwing irregular gleams on the thick darkness; pillars, capitals, and arches of various shapes appeared to totter as we passed them; our own shadows followed us with giant steps, and the singular pictures on the wall, across which these shadows passed, seemed to waver and to tremble, and their voices to whisper amongst the heavy echoes of our footsteps, saying—'Wake us not, wake us not, the enchanted inhabitants of this ancient fabric?' At length, after we had passed along the range of cold and dark apartments, Francis opened a saloon in which a large blazing fire received us with a merry crackling, resembling a hospitable welcome. I felt myself cheered on the instant I entered the apartment; but my great uncle remained standing in the middle of the hall, looked round him, and spoke with a very serious and almost solemn tone: 'This, then, must be our hall of justice!' Francis raising the light so that it fell upon an oblong whitish patch of the large dark wall, which patch had exactly the size and form of a walled up or condemned door, said in a low and sorrowful tone, 'Justice has been executed here before now.' 'How came you to say that, old man?' said my uncle, hastily throwing the pelisse from his shoulders. 'The word escaped me,' said Francis, as he lighted the candles on the table, and opened the door of a neighbouring apartment where two beds were comfortably prepared for the reception of the guests. In a short time a good supper smoked before us in the hall, to which succeeded a bowl of punch, mixed according to the right northern fashion, and it may therefore be presumed none of the weakest. Tired with his journey, my uncle betook himself to bed; but the novelty and strangeness of the situation, and even the excitement of the liquor I had drank, prevented me from thinking of sleep. The old domestic removed the supper table, made up the fire in the chimney, and took leave of me after his manner with many a courteous bow.

"And now I was left alone in the wide high

hall of chivalry; the hail storm had ceased to patter, and the wind to howl; the sky was become clear without doors, and the full moon streamed through the broad transome windows, illumining, as if by magic, all those dark corners of the singular apartment into which the chimney light of the wax candles and the chimney fire could not penetrate. As frequently happens in old castles, the walls and roof of the apartment were ornamented,—the former with heavy panneling, the latter with fantastic carving, gilded and painted of different colours. The subjects chiefly presented the desperate hunting matches with bears and wolves, and the heads of the animals, being in many cases carved, projected strangely from the painted bodies, and even, betwixt the fluttering and uncertain light of the moon and of the fire, gave a grisly degree of reality. Amidst these pieces were hung portraits, as large as life, of knights striding forth in hunting dresses, probably the chase loving ancestors of the present baron. Every thing, whether of painting or of carving, showed the dark and decayed colours of times long passed, and rendered more conspicuous the blank and light coloured part of the wall before noticed. It was in the middle space betwixt two doors which led off through the hall into side apartments, and I could now see that it must itself have been a door, built up at a later period, but not made to correspond with the rest of the apartment, either by being painted over or covered with carved work. Who knows not that an unwanted and somewhat extraordinary situation possesses a mysterious power over the human spirit? Even the dullest fancy will awake in a secluded valley surrounded with rocks, or within the walls of a gloomy church, and will be taught to expect in such a situation things different from those encountered in the ordinary course of human life. Conceive too that I was only a lad of twenty years of age, and that I had drunk several glasses of strong liquor, and it may easily be believed that the knight's hall in which I sat made a singular impression on my spirit. The stillness of the night is also to be remembered,—broken, as it was, only by the heavy waving of the billows of the sea, and the solemn piping of the wind, resembling the tones of a mighty organ touched by some passing spirit; the clouds wandering across the moon, drifted along the arched windows, and seemed giant shapes gazing through the rattling casements; in short, in the slight shuddering which crept over me I felt as if an unknown world was about to expand itself visibly before me. This feeling, however silly, only resembled the slight and not unpleasant shudder with which we read or hear a well told ghost story. It occurred to me in consequence that I could find no more favourable opportunity for reading the work to which, like most young men of a romantic bias, I was peculiarly partial, and which I happened to have in my pocket. It was 'the Ghost Seer' of Schiller: I read—and read, and in doing so excited my fancy more and more, until I came to that part of the tale which seizes on the imagination with so much fervour, viz. the wedding feast in the house of the Count von B—. Just at the very moment when I arrived at the pas-

sage where the bloody spectre of Gironimo entered the wedding apartment, the door of the knights' hall, which led into an anti-chamber, burst open with a violent shock;—I started up with astonishment and the book dropped from my hand; but, as in the same moment all was again still, I became ashamed of my childish terror:—it might be by the impulse of the rushing night wind, or by some other natural cause that the door was flung open. 'It is nothing,' I said aloud, 'my overheated fancy turns the most natural accidents into the supernatural.' Having thus reassured myself, I picked up the book and again sat down in the elbow chair; but then I heard something move in the apartment with measured steps, sighing at the same time and sobbing in a manner which seemed to express at once the extremity of inconsolable sorrow and the most agonizing pain which the human bosom could feel. I tried to believe that this could only be the moans of some animal enclosed somewhere near our part of the house; I reflected upon the mysterious power of the night, which makes distant sounds appear as if they were close beside us, and I expostulated with myself for suffering the sounds to affect me with terror. But as I thus debated the point, a sound like that of scratching mixed with louder and deeper sighs, such as could only be extracted by the most acute mental agony, or during the parting pang of life, was indisputably heard upon the very spot where the door appeared to have been built up: 'Yet it *can* only be some poor animal in confinement,—I shall call out aloud, or I shall stamp with my foot upon the ground, and then either every thing will be silent, or the animal will make itself be known;' so I purposed, but the blood stopped in my veins,—a cold sweat stood upon my forehead,—I remained fixed in my chair, not daring to rise, far less to call out. The hateful sounds at last ceased,—the steps were again distinguished,—it seemed as if life and the power of motion returned to me,—I started up and walked two paces forward, but in that moment an ice cold night breeze whistled through the hall, and at the same time the moon threw a bright light upon the picture of a very grave, well nigh terrible looking man, and it seemed to me as if I plainly heard a warning voice amid the deep roar of the sea and the shriller whistle of the night wind speaking the warning—'No farther! No farther! Lest thou encounter the terrors of the spiritual world!' The door now shut with the same violent clash with which it had burst open; I heard the sound of steps retiring along the anti-room and descending the staircase: the principal door of the castle was opened and shut with violence; then it seemed as if a horse was led out of the stable, and, after a short time, as if it was again conducted back to its stall. After this, all was still, at the same time I became aware that my uncle in the neighbouring apartment was struggling in his sleep and groaned like a man afflicted with a heavy dream. I hastened to awake him, and when I had succeeded, I received his thanks for the service. 'Thou hast done well, kinsman, to awake me,' he said; 'I have had a detestable dream, the cause of which is this apartment and the hall, which

set me a thinking upon past times and upon many extraordinary events which have here happened. But now we shall sleep sound till morning."

With morning the business of the justiciary's office began. But, abridging the young lawyer's prolonged account of what took place, the mystic terror of the preceding evening retained so much effect on his imagination, that he was disposed to find out traces of the supernatural in every thing which met his eyes; even two respectable old ladies, aunts of Baron Roderick von R—, and the sole old fashioned inhabitants of the old fashioned castle, had in their French caps and furbelows a ghostly and phantom like appearance in his prejudiced eyes. The justiciary becomes disturbed by the strange behaviour of his assistant; he enters into expostulation upon the subject so soon as they were in private:

"What is the matter with you?" he said; "thou speakest not; thou eatest not; thou drinkest not;—art thou sick; or dost thou lack any thing? in short, what a fiend ails thee?" I embraced the opportunity to communicate all the horrible scenes of the preceding night; not even concealing from my grand uncle that I had drunk a good deal of punch, and had been reading 'the Ghost Seer' of Schiller. 'This, I must allow,' I added, 'because it is possible, that my toiling and overheated fancy might have created circumstances which had no other existence.' I now expected that my kinsman would read me a sharp lecture on my folly, or treat me with some bitter jibes: but he did neither; he became very grave, looked long on the ground, then suddenly fixed a bold and glowing look upon me, 'Kinsman,' said he, 'I am unacquainted with your book; but you have neither it nor the liquor to thank for the ghostly exhibition you have described. Know, that I had a dream to the self same purpose. I thought I sat in the hall as thou didst; but whereas thou only hearest sounds, I beheld, with the eyes of my spirit, the appearances which these voices announced. Yes! I beheld the inhuman monster as he entered,—saw him glide to the condemned door,—saw him scratch on the wall in comfortless despair until the blood burst from under his wounded nails; then I beheld him lead a horse from the stable and again conduct it back;—didst thou not hear the cock crow in the distant village? it was then that thou didst awake me, and I soon got the better of the terrors by which this departed sinner is permitted to disturb the peace of human life.' The old man stopped, and I dared not ask further questions, well knowing he would explain the whole to me when it was proper to do so. After a space, during which he appeared wrapt in thought, my uncle proceeded: 'kinsman, now that thou knowest the nature of this disturbance, hast thou the courage once more to encounter it, having me in thy company?' It was natural that I should answer in the affirmative, the rather as I found myself mentally strengthened to the task: 'Then will we,' proceeded the old man, 'watch together this ensuing night. There is an inward voice which tells me this wicked spirit must give way, not so much to the force of my understanding, as to my courage, which is

built upon a firm confidence in God. I feel, too, that it is no rash or criminal undertaking, but a bold and pious duty that I am about to discharge. When I risk body and life to banish the evil spirit who would drive the sons from the ancient inheritance of their fathers, it is in no spirit of presumption or vain curiosity: since, in the firm integrity of mind, and the pious confidence which lives within me, the most ordinary man is and remains a victorious hero. But should it be God's will that the wicked spirit shall have power over me, then shalt thou, kinsman, make it known that I died in honourable Christian combat with the hellish spectre which haunts this place. For thee, thou must keep thyself at a distance, and no ill will befall thee.'

"The evening was spent in various kinds of employment; the supper was set as before in the knight's hall; the full moon shone clear through the glimmering clouds; the billows of the sea roared; and the night wind shook the rattling casements. However inwardly excited, we compelled ourselves to maintain an indifferent conversation. The old man had laid his repeating watch on the table; it struck twelve,—then the door flew open with a heavy crash, and as on the former night, slow and light footsteps traversed the hall, and the sighs and groans were heard as before. My uncle was pale as death; but his eyes streamed with unwonted fire, and as he stood upright, his left arm dropped by his side and his right up-lifted toward heaven, he had the air of a hero in the act of devotion. The sighs and groans became louder and more distinguishable, and the hateful sounds of scratching upon the wall were again heard more odiously than on the former night. The old man then strode forward right towards the condemned door, with a step so bold and firm that the hall echoed back his tread. He stopped close before the spot where the ghostly sounds were heard yet more and more wildly, and spoke with a strong and solemn tone such as I never heard him before use: 'Daniel! Daniel!' he said, 'what maketh thou here at this hour?' A dismal screech was the reply, and a sullen heavy sound was heard, as when a weighty burden is cast down upon the floor. 'Seek grace and mercy before the throne of the Highest!' continued my uncle, with a voice even more authoritative than before, 'there is thy only place of appeal! Hence with thee out of the living world in which thou hast no longer a portion!' It seemed as if a low wailing was heard to glide through the sky and to die away in the roaring of the storm which began now to awaken. Then the old man stepped to the door of the hall and closed it with such vehemence that the whole place echoed. In his speech, in his gestures, there seemed something almost superhuman which filled me with a species of holy fear. As he placed himself in the arm chair, the fixed sternness of his rigid brow began to relax; his look appeared more clear; he folded his hands, and prayed internally. Some minutes passed away ere he said, with that mild tone which penetrates so deeply into the heart, the simple words, 'now, kinsman?' Overcome by horror, anxiety, holy reverence and love, I threw myself on my

knees, and moistened with warm tears the hand which he stretched out to me; the old man folded me in his arms, and, after he had pressed me to his bosom with heartfelt affection, said, with a feeble and exhausted voice, 'now, kinsman, shall we sleep soft and undisturbed!'

The spirit returned no more. It was the ghost—as may have been anticipated—of a false domestic, by whose hand the former baron had been precipitated into the gulf which yawned behind the new wall so often mentioned in the narrative.

The other adventures in the castle of R——sitten are of a different cast, but strongly mark the power of delineating human character which Hoffmann possessed. Baron Roderick and his lady arrive at the castle with a train of guests. The lady is young, beautiful, nervous, and full of sensibility,—fond of soft music, pathetic poetry, and walks by moonlight; the rude company of huntsmen by which the baron is surrounded, their boisterous sports in the morning, and their no less boisterous mirth in the evening, is wholly foreign to the disposition of the Baroness Seraphina, who is led to seek relief in the society of the nephew of the justiciary, who can make sonnets, repair harpichords, sustain a part in an Italian duet, or in a sentimental conversation. In short, the two young persons, without positively designing any thing wrong, are in a fair way of rendering themselves guilty and miserable, were they not saved from the snare which their passion was preparing by the calm observation, strong sense, and satirical hints of our friend the justiciary.

It may therefore be said of this personage, that he possesses that true and honourable character which we may conceive entitling a mortal as well to overcome the malevolent attacks of evil beings from the other world as to stop and control the course of moral evil in that we inhabit, and the sentiment is of the highest order by which Hoffmann ascribes to unsullied masculine honour and integrity that same indemnity from the power of evil which the poet claims for female purity:

"Some say no evil thing that walks by night
In fog, or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unkind ghost
That breaks his magic chain at curfew time,
No goblin, nor swart fiery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity."

What we admire, therefore, in the extracts which we have given is not the mere wonderful or terrible part of the story, though the circumstances are well narrated; it is the advantageous light in which it places the human character as capable of being armed with a strong sense of duty, and of opposing itself, without presumption but with confidence, to a power of which it cannot estimate the force, of which it hath every reason to doubt the purpose, and at the idea of confronting which our nature recoils.

Before we leave the story of "The Entail," we must notice the conclusion, which is beautifully told, and will read to most readers who are passed the prime of life, feelings which they themselves must occasionally have experienced.

Many, many years after the baronial race of R—— had become extinguished, accident brought the young nephew, now a man in advanced age, to the shores of the Baltic. It was night, and his eye was attracted by a strong light which spread itself along the horizon.

"What fire is that before us, postilion?" said I; 'It is no fire,' answered he, 'it is the beacon light of R——sitten.' 'Of R——sitten!' He had scarce uttered the words, when the picture of the remarkable days which I had passed in that place arose in clear light in my memory. I saw the baron,—I saw Seraphina,—I saw the strange-looking old aunts,—I saw myself, with a fair boyish countenance, out of which the mother's milk seemed not yet to have been pressed, my frock of delicate azure blue, my hair curled and powdered with the utmost accuracy, the very image of the lover sighing like a furnace, who tunes his sonnets to his mistress's eye-brows. Amidst a feeling of deep melancholy, fluttered like sparkles of light the recollection of the justiciary's rough jests, which appeared to me now much more pleasant than when I was the subject of them. Next morning I visited the village, and made some inquiries after the baronial steward: 'With your favour, sir,' said the postilion, taking the pipe out of his mouth, and touching his night-cap, 'there is here no baronial steward: the place belongs to his majesty, and the royal superintendent is still in bed.' On further questions, I learned that the Baron Roderick von R—— having died without descendants, the entailed estate, according to the terms of the grant, had been vested in the crown. I walked up to the castle which lay now in a heap of ruins. An old peasant, who came out of the pine wood, informed me that a great part of the stones had been used to build the beacon-tower; he told me too of the spectre which in former times had haunted the spot, and asserted that when the moon was at the full, the voice of lamentation was still heard among the ruins."

If the reader has, in a declining period of his life, revisited the scenes of youthful interest, and received from the mouth of strangers an account of the changes which have taken place, he will not be indifferent to the simplicity of this conclusion.

The passage which we have quoted, while it shows the wildness of Hoffmann's fancy, evinces also that he possessed power which ought to have mitigated and allayed it. Unfortunately, his taste and temperament directed him too strongly to the grotesque and fantastic,—carried him too far "extra mœnia flammantia mundi," too much beyond the circle not only of probability but even of possibility, to admit of his composing much in the better style which he might easily have attained. The popular romance, no doubt, has many walks, nor are we at all inclined to halloo the dogs of criticism against those whose object is merely to amuse a passing hour. It may be repeated with truth, that in this path of light literature, "tout genre est permis hors les genres ennuyeux," and of course, an error in taste ought not to be followed up and hunted down as if it were a false maxim in morality, a delusive hy-

pothesis in science, or a heresy in religion itself. Genius too, is, we are aware, capricious, and must be allowed to take its own flights, however eccentric, were it but for the sake of experiment. Sometimes, also, it may be eminently pleasing to look at the wildness of an Arabesque painting executed by a man of rich fancy. But we do not desire to see genius expand or rather exhaust itself upon themes which cannot be reconciled to taste; and the utmost length in which we can indulge a turn to the fantastic is, where it tends to excite agreeable and pleasing ideas.

We are not called upon to be equally tolerant of such capricious as are not only startling by their extravagance, but disgusting by their horrible import. Moments there are, and must have been, in the author's life, of pleasing as well as painful excitation; and the Champagne which sparkled in his glass must have lost its benevolent influence if it did not sometimes wake his fancy to emotions which were pleasant as well as whimsical. But as repeatedly the tendency of all overstrained feelings is directed towards the painful, and the fits of lunacy, and the crises of very undue excitement which approaches to it, are much more frequently of a disagreeable than of a pleasant character, it is too certain, that we possess in a much greater degree the power of exciting in our minds what is fearful, melancholy, or horrible, than of commanding thoughts of a lively and pleasing character. The grotesque, also, has a natural alliance with the horrible; for that which is out of nature can be with difficulty reconciled to the beautiful. Nothing, for instance, could be more displeasing to the eye than the palace of that crack-brained Italian prince, which was decorated with every species of monstrous sculptures which a depraved imagination could suggest to the artist. The works of Callot, though evincing a wonderful fertility of mind, are in like manner regarded with surprise rather than pleasure. If we compare his fertility with that of Hogarth, they resemble each other in extent; but in that of the satisfaction afforded by a close examination the English artist has wonderfully the advantage. Every new touch which the observer detects amid the rich superfluities of Hogarth is an article in the history of human manners; if not of the human heart; while, on the contrary, in examining microscopically the diablerie of Callot's pieces, we only discover fresh instances of ingenuity thrown away, and of fancy pushed into the regions of absurdity. The works of the one painter resemble a garden carefully cultivated, each nook of which contains something agreeable or useful; while those of the other are like the garden of the sluggard, where a soil equally fertile produces nothing but wild and fantastic weeds.

Hoffmann has in some measure identified himself with the ingenious artist upon whom we have just passed a censure by his title of "Night Pieces after the manner of Callot," and in order to write such a tale, for example, as that called "The Sandman," he must have been deep in the mysteries of that fanciful artist, with whom he might certainly boast a kindred spirit. We have given an instance of a tale in which the wonderful is, in our opinion,

happily introduced, because it is connected with and applied to human interest and human feeling, and illustrates with no ordinary force the elevation to which circumstances may raise the power and dignity of the human mind. The following narrative is of a different class:

"half horror and half whim,
Like fiends in glee, ridiculously grim."

Nathaniel, the hero of the story, acquaints us with the circumstances of his life in a letter addressed to Lothair, the brother of Clara; the one being his friend, the other his betrothed bride. The writer is a young man of a fanciful and hypochondriac temperament, poetical and metaphysical in an excessive degree, with precisely that state of nerves which is most accessible to the influence of imagination. He communicates to his friend and his mistress an adventure of his childhood. It was, it seems, the custom of his father, an honest watch-maker, to send his family to bed upon certain days earlier in the evening than usual, and the mother in enforcing this observance used to say, "To-bed, children, the Sandman is coming!" In fact, on such occasions, Nathaniel observed that after their hour of retiring, a knock was heard at the door, a heavy step echoed on the staircase, some person entered his father's apartments, and occasionally a disagreeable and suffocating vapour was perceptible through the house. This then was the Sandman; but what was his occupation, and what was his purpose? The nursery-maid being applied to, gave a nursery-maid's explanation, that the Sandman was a bad man, who flung sand in the eyes of little children who did not go to bed. This increased the terror of the boy, but at the same time raised his curiosity. He determined to conceal himself in his father's apartment and wait the arrival of the nocturnal visitor; he did so, and the Sandman proved to be no other than the lawyer Copelius, whom he had often seen in his father's company. He was a huge left-handed, splay-footed sort of personage, with a large nose, great ears, exaggerated features, and a sort of ogre-like aspect, which had often struck terror into the children before this ungainly limb of the law was identified with the terrible Sandman. Hoffmann has given a pencil sketch of this uncouth figure, in which he has certainly contrived to represent something as revolting to adults as it might be terrible to children. He was received by the father with a sort of humble observance; a secret stove was opened and lighted, and they instantly commenced chemical operations of a strange and mysterious description, but which immediately accounted for that species of vapour which had been perceptible on other occasions. The gestures of the chemists grew fantastic, their faces, even that of the father, seemed to become wild and terrific as they prosecuted their labours; the boy became terrified, screamed and left his hiding-place;—was detected by the alchemist, for such Copelius was, who threatened to pull out his eyes, and was with some difficulty prevented by the father's interference from putting hot ashes in the child's face. Nathaniel's imagination was deeply impressed by the terror he had undergone, and a nervous fever was

the consequence, during which the horrible figure of the disciple of Paracelsus was the spectre which tormented his imagination.

After a long interval, and when Nathaniel was recovered, the nightly visits of Copelius to his pupil were renewed, but the latter promised his wife that it should be for the last time. It proved so, but not in the manner which the old watchmaker meant. An explosion took place in the chemical laboratory, which cost Nathaniel's father his life; his instructor in the fatal art, to which he had fallen a victim, was no where to be seen. It followed from these incidents, calculated to make so strong an impression upon a lively imagination, that Nathaniel was haunted through life by the recollections of this horrible personage, and Copelius became in his mind identified with the evil principle.

When introduced to the reader, the young man is studying at the university, where he is suddenly surprised by the appearance of his old enemy, who now personates an Italian or Tyrolese pedlar, dealing in optical glasses and such trinkets, and, although dressed according to his new profession, continuing under the Italianized name of Giuseppe Coppola to be identified with the ancient adversary. Nathaniel is greatly distressed at finding himself unable to persuade either his friend or his mistress of the justice of the horrible apprehensions which he conceives ought to be entertained from the supposed identity of this terrible juris-consult with his double-gauger the dealer in barometers. He is also displeased with Clara, because her clear and sound good sense rejects not only his metaphysical terrors, but also his inflated and affected strain of poetry. His mind gradually becomes alienated from the frank, sensible, and affectionate companion of his childhood, and he grows in the same proportion attached to the daughter of a professor called Spalanzani, whose house is opposite to the windows of his lodging. He has thus an opportunity of frequently remarking Olympia as she sits in her apartment; and although she remains there for hours without reading, working, or even stirring, he yet becomes enamoured of her extreme beauty in despite of the insipidity of so inactive a person. But much more rapidly does this fatal passion proceed when he is induced to purchase a perspective glass from the pedlar, whose resemblance was so perfect to his old object of detestation. Deceived by the secret influence of the medium of vision, he becomes indifferent to what was visible to all others who approach Olympia,—to a certain stiffness of manner which made her walk as if by the impulse of machinery,—to a paucity of ideas which induced her to express herself only in a few short but reiterated phrases,—in short, to all that indicated Olympia to be what she ultimately proved, a mere literal puppet, or automaton, created by the mechanical skill of Spalanzani, and inspired with an appearance of life by the devilish arts we may suppose of the alchemist, advocate, and weather-glass seller Copelius, alias Coppola. At this extraordinary and melancholy truth the enamoured Nathaniel arrives by witnessing a dreadful quarrel between the two imitators of Prometheus, while disputing their respective

interests in the subject of their creative power. They uttered the wildest imprecations, and tearing the beautiful automaton limb from limb, belaboured each other with the fragments of their clock-work figure. Nathaniel, not much distant from lunacy before, became frantic on witnessing this horrible spectacle.

But we should be mad ourselves were we to trace these ravings any farther. The tale concludes with the moon-struck scholar attempting to murder Clara by precipitating her from a tower. The poor girl being rescued by her brother, the lunatic remains alone on the battlements, gesticulating violently and reciting the gibberish which he had acquired from Copelius and Spalanzani. At this moment, and while the crowd below are devising means to secure the maniac, Copelius suddenly appears among them, assures them that Nathaniel will presently come down of his own accord, and realizes his prophecy by fixing on the latter a look of fascination, the effect of which is instantly to compel the unfortunate young man to cast himself headlong from the battlements.

This wild and absurd story is in some measure redeemed by some traits in the character of Clara, whose firmness, plain good sense, and frank affection, are placed in agreeable contrast with the wild imagination, fanciful apprehensions, and extravagant affection of her crazy-pated admirer.

It is impossible to subject tales of this nature to criticism. They are not the visions of a poetical mind, they have scarcely even the seeming authenticity which the hallucinations of lunacy convey to the patient; they are the feverish dreams of a light-headed patient, to which, though they may sometimes excite by their peculiarity, or surprise by their oddity, we never feel disposed to yield more than momentary attention. In fact, the inspirations of Hoffmann so often resemble the ideas produced by the immoderate use of opium, that we cannot help considering his case as one requiring the assistance of medicine rather than of criticism; and while we acknowledge that with a steadier command of his imagination he might have been an author of the first distinction, yet situated as he was, and indulging the diseased state of his own system, he appears to have been subject to that undue vividness of thought and perception of which the celebrated Nicolai became at once the victim and the conqueror. Phlebotomy and cathartics, joined to sound philosophy and deliberate observation, night, as in the case of that celebrated philosopher, have brought to a healthy state a mind which we cannot help regarding as diseased, and his imagination soaring with an equal and steady flight might have reached the highest pitch of the poetical profession.

The death of this extraordinary person took place in 1822. He became affected with the disabling complaint called *tuberculous*, which gradually deprived him of the power of his limbs. Even in this melancholy condition he dictated several compositions, which indicate the force of his fancy, particularly one fragment entitled "The Recovery," in which are many affecting allusions to the state of his own mental feelings at this period, and a novel called "The Adversary," on which he had em-

ployed himself even before his last moments. Neither was the strength of his courage in any respect abated; he could endure bodily agony with firmness, though he could not bear the visionary terrors of his own mind. The medical persons made the severe experiment whether by applying the actual cautery to his back by means of glowing iron, the activity of the nervous system might not be restored. He was so far from being cast down by that torture of this medical martyrdom, that he asked a friend who entered the apartment after he had undergone it, whether he did not smell the roasted meat. The same heroic spirit marked his expressions, that "he would be perfectly contented to lose the use of his limbs, if he could but retain the power of working constantly by the help of an ammanness." Hoffmann died at Berlin, upon the 25th of June, 1822, leaving the reputation of a remarkable man, whose temperament and health alone prevented his arriving at a great height of reputation, and whose works as they now exist ought to be considered less as models for imitation than as affording a warning how the most fertile fancy may be exhausted by the lavish prodigality of its possessor.

From the London Magazine.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

[A TRANSLATION OF Cuvier's Animal Kingdom has been published which does more honour to the science of zoology among us than any thing that has lately been done for that branch of philosophy in this country. It is edited by Mr. Griffith, who, under the modest form of a mere translation, has published the text of Cuvier, with a most copious body of observation and annotation, which fully entitles it to the character of an original work. At present we confine ourselves to a selection of anecdotes of animals from this storehouse of zoological information; this selection we shall continue from time to time, and add to them a more minute and critical account of the work to which we are indebted.]

Dr. Abel's Account of an Orang Outang of Borneo.—The individual described by the doctor, "on his arrival in Java from Batavia, was allowed to be entirely at liberty, till within a day or two of being put on board the *Cæsar* to be conveyed to England; and whilst at large made no attempt to escape; but became violent when put into a large railed bamboo cage for the purpose of being conveyed from the island. As soon as he felt himself in confinement, he took the rails of the cage into his hands, and shaking them violently, endeavoured to break them in pieces; but finding that they did not yield generally, he tried them separately; and, having discovered one weaker than the rest, worked at it constantly till he had broken it, and made his escape. On board ship an attempt being made to secure him by a chain tied to a strong staple, he instantly unfastened it, and ran off with the chain dragging behind; but finding himself embarrassed by its length, he coiled it once or twice, and threw it over his

shoulder. This feat he often repeated; and when he found that it would not remain on his shoulder, he took it into his mouth.

"After several abortive attempts to secure him more effectually, he was allowed to wander freely about the ship, and soon became familiar with the sailors, and surpassed them in agility. They often chased him about the rigging, and gave him frequent opportunities of displaying his adroitness in managing an escape. On first starting, he would endeavour to outstrip his pursuers by mere speed; but when much pressed, eluded them by seizing a loose rope, and swinging out of their reach. At other times, he would patiently wait on the shrouds, or at the mast-head, till his pursuers almost touched him, and then suddenly lower himself to the deck by any rope that was near him, or bound along the main-stay from one mast to the other, swinging by his hands, and moving them one over the other. The men would often shake the ropes by which he clung with so much violence, as to make me fear his falling; but I soon found that the power of his muscles could not be easily overcome. When in a playful humour, he would often swing within arm's length of his pursuer, and, having struck him with his hand, throw himself from him.

"Whilst in Java he lodged in a large tamarind-tree near my dwelling, and formed a bed by intertwining the small branches, and covering them with leaves. During the day, he would lie with his head projecting beyond his nest, watching whoever might pass under; and when he saw any one with fruit, would descend to obtain a share of it. He always retired for the night at sunset, or sooner if he had been well fed, and rose with the sun, and visited those from whom he habitually received food.

"Of some small monkeys on board from Java, he took little notice, whilst under the observation of the persons of the ship. Once, indeed, he openly attempted to throw a small cage, containing three of them, overboard; because, probably, he had seen them receive food, of which he could obtain no part. But although he held so little intercourse with them when under our inspection, I had reason to suspect that he was less indifferent to their society when free from our observation; and was one day summoned to the topgallant-yard of the mizen mast to overlook him playing with a young male monkey. Lying on his back, partially covered with a sail, he for some time contemplated with great gravity, the gambols of the monkey, which bounded over him; but at length caught him by the tail, and tried to envelope him in his covering. The monkey seemed to dislike his confinement, and broke from him, but again renewed its gambols, and although frequently caught, always escaped. The intercourse, however, did not seem to be that of equals, for the orang outang never condescended to romp with the monkey, as he did with the boys of the ship. Yet the monkeys had evidently a great predilection for his company; for whenever they broke loose, they took their way to his resting-place, and were often seen lurking about it, or creeping clandestinely towards him. There appeared to be no gradation in their intimacy: as they appeared as com-

idently familiar with him when first observed, as at the close of their acquaintance.

"But although so gentle when not exceedingly irritated, the orang outang could be excited to violent rage, which he expressed by opening his mouth, showing his teeth, and seizing and biting those who were near him. Sometimes, indeed, he seemed almost driven to desperation: and, on two or three occasions, committed an act, which, in a rational being, would have been called the threatening of suicide. If repeatedly refused an orange when he attempted to take it, he would shriek violently, and swinging furiously about the ropes, then return and endeavour to obtain it; if again refused, he would roll for some time like an angry child upon the deck, uttering the most piercing screams; and then suddenly starting up, rush furiously over the side of the ship and disappear. On first witnessing this act, we thought that he had thrown himself into the sea; but, on a search being made, found him concealed under the chains.

"This animal neither practises the grimaces and antics of other monkeys, nor possesses their perpetual proneness to mischief. Gravely, approaching to melancholy, and mildness, were sometimes strongly expressed in his countenance, and seem to be the characteristics of his disposition. When he first came among strangers, he would sit for hours with his hand upon his head, looking pensively at all around him: and when much incommoded by their examination, would hide himself beneath any covering that was at hand. His mildness was evinced by his forbearance under injuries, which were grievous before he was excited to revenge: but he always avoided those who often teased him. He soon became strongly attached to those who kindly used him. By their side he was fond of sitting; and getting as close as possible to their persons, would take their hands between his lips, and fly to them for protection. From the boatswain of the *Alceste*, who shared his meals with him, and was his chief favourite, although he sometimes purloined the grog and the biscuit of his benefactor, he learned to eat with a spoon; and might be often seen sitting at his cabin door, enjoying his coffee, quite unembarrassed by those who observed him, and with a grotesque and sombre air, that seemed a burlesque on human nature.

"Next to the boatswain, I was, perhaps, his most intimate acquaintance. He would always follow me to the mast-head, whither I often went for the sake of reading apart from the noise of the ship; and, having satisfied himself that my pockets contained no eatables, would lie down by my side, and pulling a topsail entirely over him, peep from it occasionally to watch my movements.

"His favourite amusement in Java was in swinging from the branches of trees, in passing from one to another, and in climbing over the roofs of houses; on board, in hanging by his arms from the ropes, and in romping with the boys of the ship. He would entice them into play by striking them with his hand as they passed, and bounding from them, but allowing them to overtake him, and engage in a mock scuffle, in which he used his hands, feet, and mouth. If any conjecture could be formed

from these frolics of his mode of attacking an adversary, it would appear to be his first object to throw him down, then to secure him with his hands and feet, and then wound him with his teeth.

"On board ship he commonly slept at the mast-head, after wrapping himself in a sail. In making his bed, he used the greatest pains to remove every thing out of his way, that might render the surface on which he intended to lie uneven: and, having satisfied himself with this part of his arrangement, spread out the sail, and lying down upon it on his back, drew it over his body. Sometimes I preoccupied his bed, and teased him by refusing to give it up. On these occasions he would endeavour to pull the sail from under me, or to force me from it, and would not rest till I had resigned it. If it were large enough for both, he would quietly lie by my side. If all the sails happened to be set, he would hunt about for some other covering, and either steal one of the sailors' jackets or shirts that happened to be drying, or empty a hammock of its blankets. Off the Cape of Good Hope he suffered much from a low temperature, especially early in the morning, when he would descend from the mast, shuddering with cold, and running up to any one of his friends, climb into their arms, and clasping them closely, derive warmth from their persons, screaming violently at any attempt to remove him.

"His food in Java was chiefly fruit, especially mangostans, of which he was extremely fond. He also sucked eggs with voracity, and often employed himself in seeking them. On board ship his diet was of no definite kind. He ate readily of all kinds of meat, and especially raw meat; was very fond of bread, but always preferred fruit, when he could obtain it.

"His beverage in Java was water; on board ship it was as diversified as his food. He preferred coffee and tea, but would readily take wine, and exemplified his attachment to spirits by stealing the captain's brandy bottle. Since his arrival in London he has preferred beer and milk to any thing else, but drinks wine and other liquors.

"In his attempts to obtain food, he afforded us many opportunities of judging of his sagacity and disposition. He was always very impatient to seize it when held out to him, and became passionate when it was not soon given up; and would chase a person all over the ship to obtain it. I seldom came upon deck without sweetmeats or fruit in my pocket, and could never escape his vigilant eye. Sometimes I endeavoured to evade him by ascending to the mast-head, but was always overtaken or intercepted in my progress. When he came up with me on the shrouds, he would secure himself by one foot to the ratlings, and confine my legs with the other and one of his hands, while he rifled my pockets. If he found it impossible to overtake me, he would climb to a considerable height on the loose rigging, and then drop suddenly upon me. Or if, perceiving his intention, I attempted to descend, he would slide down a rope, and meet me at the bottom of the shrouds. Sometimes I fastened an orange to the end of a rope, and lowered it to the deck from the mast-head; and as soon as he attempt-

ed to seize it drew it rapidly up. After being several times foiled in endeavouring to obtain it by direct means, he altered his plan. Appearing to care little about it, he would remove to some distance, and ascend the rigging very leisurely for some time, and then by a sudden spring, catch the rope which held it. If defeated again by my suddenly jerking the rope, he would at first seem quite in despair, relinquish his effort, and rush about the rigging, screaming violently. But he would always return, and again seizing the rope, disregard the jerk, and allow it to run through his hand till within reach of the orange; but if again foiled, would come to my side, and taking me by the arm, confine it while he hauled the orange up.

"I have seen him exhibit violent alarm on two occasions only, when he appeared to seek for safety in gaining as high an elevation as possible. On seeing eight large turtles brought on board, whilst the *Cæsar* was off the Island of Ascension, he climbed with all possible speed to a higher part of the ship than he had ever before reached, and, looking down upon them, projected his long lips into the form of a hog's snout, uttering at the same time a sound which might be described between the croaking of a frog and the grunting of a pig. After some time he ventured to descend, but with great caution, peeping continually at the turtle, but could not be induced to approach within many yards of them. He ran to the same height, and uttered the same sounds, on seeing some men bathing and splashing in the sea; and since his arrival in England has shown nearly the same degree of fear at the sight of a live tortoise."

The Delicacy of the Marikina.—The marikina is a pretty little animal which has often been brought into Europe. Its elegant form, graceful and easy motions, beautiful fur, intelligent physiognomy, soft voice, and affectionate disposition, have always constituted it an object of attraction.

The marikina, or silken monkey, can be preserved in European climates only by the utmost care in guarding it from the operation of atmospheric temperature. The cold and humidity of our winters are fatally injurious to its health. Neatness and cleanliness to a fastidious degree, are constitutional traits of the marikina, and the greatest possible attention must be paid to it in this way, in a state of captivity. The slightest degree of dirt annoys them beyond measure, they lose their gaiety, and die of melancholy and disgust. They are animals of the most excessive delicacy, and it is not easy to procure them suitable nourishment. They cannot accustom themselves to live alone, and solitude is pernicious to them in an exact proportion to the degree of tenderness and care with which they have been habitually treated. The most certain means of preserving their existence, is to unite them to other individuals of their own species, and more especially to those of an opposite sex. They will soon accustom themselves to live on milk, biscuit, &c. but mild and ripe fruit is most agreeable to their taste, which to a certain degree is also insectivorous.

The Squirrel Monkey.—The squirrel monkey or titi of the Orinoco (*Simia sciurea*, Linnaeus). This very pretty little animal is called *Bitschschis* and *Bititemis* by different tribes of the native Americans. The fur is of a golden yellow colour, and the animal is not larger than the last. It exhales a slight scent of musk. The physiognomy may be called infantine: with the same expression of innocence, the same unruffled smile, the same rapid transition from joy to sadness. If it cannot laugh, the peculiar faculty of man, it can weep; and when its fears are excited, the eyes become suddenly suffused with tears, and it seems to appeal only to the softer passions for impunity and protection. Irritation seems almost a stranger to it. At other times all its movements are rapid, light, airy, and graceful. It has a habit of steadfastly watching the mouth of a person while speaking, and if it be allowed to sit on the shoulder will frequently touch the lips, teeth, or tongue. Like many of the small American monkeys, it is extremely fond of insects. During damp or cold weather, in the forest, or when several of these animals are in a cage, they crowd as closely together as possible, embrace each other with their arms and with the tail, which seems to have induced an erroneous idea that their tail is prehensile. They are difficult to domesticate, and fetch a considerable price.

Of the Mole.—But it is the parts of generation which are chiefly remarkable in the mole. "Nature," says Buffon, "has been munificent, indeed, to this animal, in bestowing on it as it were, the use of a sixth sense. It possesses a remarkable apparatus of reservoirs and vessels, a prodigious quantity of seminal liquor, enormous testicles, the genital member of exceeding length, and all secretly concealed in the interior of the animal, and, consequently, more active and vivid. The mole is, in this respect, of all animals, the most advantageously gifted, the best organized, and must, of consequence, possess the most vivid sensations."

Of all animals, the mole is, probably, the most advantageously gifted by nature. With the exception of sight, which is the weakest of all its senses, because it is the least exercised, its other organs possess very great sensibility. Its hearing is remarkably fine, its touch delicate, and its sense of smelling most exquisite. Its skin is fine, and it always maintains its "embonpoint." Its fore-limbs are terminated by hands rather than feet. Its strength is very considerable in proportion to the volume of its body; and it possesses an address, in addition to its vigour, that accurately directs the employment of all its faculties.

There is no animal more accustomed to labour than the mole. Its means of subsistence are dispensed through the very bosom of the earth, and it is continually occupied in searching them out. Long alleys, usually parallel to the surface of the soil, and in depth from four to six inches, constitute the evidence of its laborious life. A skilful miner, it forms its galleries with equal art and activity. Sometimes it only raises the superficies of the soil, and sometimes it digs deeper, according to circumstances and temperature. All the roads which it opens have channels of inter-communication.

According as it digs, it throws out the earth which it detaches, which produces these little domes of ejected earth, called mole-hills. If, while engaged in its excavations, it should happen to be disturbed, it does not attempt to fly, by issuing from its galleries, but buries itself in the earth, by means of a perpendicular tunnel, to the depth of nearly two feet. If its channels of communication be disarranged, or the heaps of earth which it has formed, it comes instantly to repair them. The mole is said to pant and blow, when with its muzzle and paws it pushes the earth to a mole-hill, or when it forms a sort of oblong vault of moveable earth in the place where its track has been intercepted.

The male of this species is lustier and more vigorous than the female. Its labours are easily recognised from the volume and number of the hillocks which it raises. Those of the female are smaller and less numerous. Those of the young are small, imperfect, of a zig-zag form, and the channels or trenches which terminate each are nearly on a level with the surface of the soil. It has been observed that the hours of labour with the mole are sunrise and sunset, noon, nine in the morning, and nine at night.

Of the Ursus Candescens, or American Bear.

An instance is recorded, by these travellers, of the tenacity of life in this species. An individual received five balls through his lungs, and five other wounds; notwithstanding which he swam more than half across a river to a sand-bar, and survived more than twenty minutes. He weighed between five and six hundred pounds, and measured eight feet, seven inches and a half, from the nose to the extremity of the hind-feet; five feet, ten inches, and a half, round the breast; three feet, eleven inches, round the neck; one foot, eleven inches, round the middle of the fore-leg; and his claws, five on each foot, were four inches and three-eighths in length. A specimen of this species is now in the Tower.

Character of the South American Coati.

An individual of the fawn-coloured variety was presented to the French menagerie by General Cafarelli. Though very tame, it would never leave its cage, until it had tried to smell out every object around. When its distrust was abated, it would traverse the apartment, examining every corner with its nose, and putting aside with its paws every object that would be an obstacle in the way. At first it would not permit itself to be touched, but turned and threatened to bite when any one put his hand near it. But as soon as it was given something to eat, it became perfectly confident, and from that moment, received all the caresses which were bestowed upon it, and returned them with eagerness, thrusting its long muzzle into one's sleeve, under the waistcoat, and uttering a little soft cry. It took a fancy to a dog, and they both slept in the same cage, but it would not suffer another to approach it. When it scratched itself with its fore-paws, it often made use of both at once; and it had a singular custom of rubbing the base of its tail between the palms of its fore-paws, an action

that appeared quite inexplicable. In drinking it lapped like dogs, and it was fed with bread and soup. When meat was given to it, it would tear it with its nails, and not with its teeth, to reduce it to small pieces. It had six teats. Before it came to the menagerie it enjoyed complete liberty, and would run through hay-lofts and stables in pursuit of mice and rats, which it caught with great dexterity. It would proceed also into the gardens in search of worms and snails.

Of the Badger.—The badgers pass a great part of their time under ground in burrows which they dig with much dexterity. Two young badgers were seen at their work by M. F. Cuvier; they were caught in the burrow of their mother, and placed in a fenced yard. They soon unpaved it, and made a burrow, where they passed an entire year, never quitting it except by night, to take the food which was placed within their reach. From this, they were transferred into a moat, surrounded with walls, in the middle of which was a large mound of earth. These animals first sought all round the walls for a place in which they could dig. Having discovered an empty space between two stones, the upper of which was projecting, they tried to increase it, but as it was rather elevated, and they were obliged to stand on their hind feet to reach it, it was with much difficulty that they tore away the plaster and stone which they wanted to get rid of. The male would then several times lie down at the foot of the wall, and the female mount upon his body to reach the hole more easily, which she was trying to augment. When they found that all their efforts were useless, they recommenced operations under another large stone, the only one in the place beside the former, which projected; but here they found a resistance which they could not overcome. Tired of their vain attempts on the side of the walls, under projecting stones, they turned their attention to the mound of earth, and worked, the female especially, with uncommon ardour and perseverance. At first they made little trenches or excavations all about this mound, and fixed themselves exactly opposite the place where they had made their second attempt against the wall. They commenced by removing the earth with their nose, then they made use of their fore-paws to dig and fling the earth backwards between their hind legs. When this was accumulated to a certain point, they threw it still farther with their hind-paws; and finally, when the most distant heap of earth impeded the clearance they were making from the hole, they would come walking backwards to remove it still farther, making use both of their hind and fore-paws in this operation; and they never returned to work at their burrow until they had completely removed this heap of mould out of their way. One of these animals would often lie down by the side of the other when it was digging, and seemed to annoy it as much in its labours as its own repose must have been disturbed by its coadjutor. During the night the burrow was finished.

Of the Grison (Viverra Vilitata).—An individual, possessed by M. F. Cuvier, had, not-

withstanding its natural ferocity, nevertheless, been tamed to a very considerable degree. It appeared to recognise no person in particular, but it was fond of play, and, for that purpose, all comers were alike to it. It seemed to derive pleasure from being stroked down the back with the hand. When invited to play, it would turn over, return with its paws the carresses addressed to it, bite gently the fingers it could seize, but never so as to hurt or wound them. One might almost have imagined that it felt the degree of resistance which the skin was capable of making, and proportioned the force of its bite accordingly, when it meant only to express its joy. It knew the fingers of a person without seeing them. Nevertheless, this animal preserved its ferocity for all those living beings that could become its prey. Even when satiated with food, it testified, in a lively manner, the desire of getting possession of such animals. One day, it broke the bars of its cage to attack a lemur that was within reach, which it mortally wounded. When it could catch a bird, it killed it directly, and laid it by for provision, as was its custom to do with the meat it received, when it had eaten sufficiently.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE IMAGE IN LAVA.*

Thou thing of years departed!
What ages have gone by,
Since here the mournful seal was set
By Love and Agony!

Temple and tow'r have moulder'd,
Empires from Earth have pass'd—
And woman's heart hath left a trace
Those glories to outlast!

And childhood's fragile image
Thus fearfully enshrined,
Survives the proud memorials rear'd
By conquerors of mankind!

Babe! wert thou calmly slumbering
Upon thy mother's breast,
When suddenly the fiery tomb
Shut round each gentle guest?

A strange dark fate o'ertook you,
Fair babe and loving heart!
One moment of a thousand pangs—
Yet better than to part!

Haply of that fond bosom
On ashes here impress'd,
Thou wert the only treasure, child!
Whereon a hope might rest.

Perchance all vainly lavish'd
Its other love had been,
And where it trusted, nought remain'd
But thorns whereon to lean!

Far better then to perish,
Thy form within its clasp,

* The impression of a woman's form, with an infant clasped to the bosom, found at the first uncovering of Pompeii.

Than live and lose thee, precious one!
From that impassion'd grasp!

Oh! I could pass all relics
Left by the pomps of old,
To gaze on this rude monument,
Cast in Affection's mould!

Love, human Love! what art thou?
—Thy print upon the dust
Outlives the cities of renown,
Wherein the mighty trust!

Immortal, oh! immortal
Thou art, whose earthly glow
Hath given these ashes holiness—
It must, it *must* be so!

F.H.

From The Monthly Review.

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF JOHN FORD, with Notes Critical and Explanatory. By William Gifford, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 36s. London: Murray. 1827.

THE destruction of the monarchy eclipsed for a season the glories of the truly national drama of our ancestors; and it was not till many years after the restoration, that any thing like a general feeling for its beauties was revived. The stern unbending spirit of puritanic zeal, long survived the temporal authority of its advocates; and the foreign habits, manners and predilections of the court of Charles, and his successors, were almost equally unpropitious to the revival of a pure love of English dramatic literature. Towards the commencement of the ensuing century, however, the genuine feelings of nature regained their influence:—Shakspeare was restored to his supremacy on the stage, and his works thrown into general circulation. Such food naturally increased the appetite it gratified; and the growth of a healthy dramatic taste, is henceforth to be traced with accuracy. Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger, were studied with diligence, entertainment and profit, and from the riches they displayed, in absolute profusion, the useful inference was deduced, that (however inferior in general qualifications), it was not possible, but that their contemporaries and immediate successors must have caught some portion of the spirit, which inspired the great luminaries of our stage.

Volumes of specimens of the old dramatists were published, where it was not thought expedient to print the plays entire; if a portion only of an author's works was deemed worthy of attention, a selection of his best was made; sometimes separately printed, sometimes embodied in miscellaneous collections of old plays; sometimes the works of a dramatist were given to the world entire. The rage was carried, and (for it is not yet over) is still carrying, too far. Sufficient distinction was not made, between the old and the intrinsically valuable: between the merely curious, and works calculated for instruction and delight. The consequence may be anticipated: many plays have been dragged from an obscurity, in which they might well have been suffered to repose, and

mingle their mouldering pages with the ashes of authors, to whose memories they are ill-calculated to impart any honourable fame. More solicitude, also, was displayed to make these several publications attractive to the eye, than to procure them an advantage of editorship, which would have insured integrity of text, and propriety of illustration.

The introduction of Ford on the modern stage is connected with some curious circumstances. With the absurd view of striking a blow at the hopes of the Pretender, his "*Perkin Warbeck*" was reprinted in 1714: and, with similar enlightened expectations, the same play was acted at Goodman's Fields in 1745:—Three years subsequently Macklin selected "*The Lover's Melancholy*," for the benefit of his wife; and, finding the town ignorant alike of the merits of the play and of the author, with more craft than honesty, he inserted a letter in the "*General Advertiser*," dilating on the surpassing excellencies of the "*Lover's Melancholy*," and ascribing them to the "*close intimacy that subsisted between the author and Shakespeare, as appears from several of Ford's sonnets and verses*." Still the town was indifferent, and Macklin apprehensive of empty benches. He postponed the performance for a week, to await the effect of a new and more potent stimulant—a daring fabrication—which he called an extract from a pamphlet written in the reign of Charles 1st, with the quaint title of "*Old Ben's Light Heart made heavy, by Young John's Melancholy Lover*." The object of this forgery was, to exalt Ford in public estimation, by representing Jonson as jealous of his fame, talents, and superior dramatic success. However well Macklin's purpose might have been served at the time, by this scandalous transaction, its effects on Ford were merely transitory; one entire play, and a few selections only, were printed between this period and 1811, when his works first appeared in a collected form.

"The person selected by the booksellers as the editor," says Mr. Gifford, "was Mr. Henry Weber. It would be curious to learn the motives of this felicitous choice. Mr. Weber had never read an old play in his life; he was but imperfectly acquainted with the language; and of the manners, customs, habits—of what was, and what was not familiar to us as a nation—he possessed no knowledge whatever; but secure in ignorance, he entertained a comfortable opinion of himself, and never doubted that he was qualified to instruct and enliven the public. With Ford's quarto, therefore, and a wallet containing Cotgrave's French Dictionary, the variorum edition of Shakespeare, and Dodsley's collection of Old Plays, he settled himself to his appointed task, and, in due time, produced two volumes now before the public."—*Introduction*, pp. 51, 52.

This precious work now lies open on our table; and the reader cannot fail to agree in the justice of this sweeping condemnation of its editor, if he will only attend to one or two specimens of that gentleman's improvements. As for example, in the "*Lover's Melancholy*," Pelias asserts that his "*nurse was a woman-surgeon*," and, according to Mr. Weber, *Rhetias* makes this comment on the fact:—"a she-

surgeon, which is in fact, a mere matter of colours." vol. i. pp. 131, 2. Now mark the author's words. "A she-surgeon, which is, in effect, a mere *matcher* of colours;—that is, as the context shews, a dealer in paints and cosmetics. "Go, learn to paint and daub compliments." This is bad enough! But take another instance. "At Athens she lived in the habit of a young man. Till within these three months, or less, her *sweet hearty father* dying some year before, or more, she had notice of it, and with much joy returned home, and, as report voiced it, at Athens enjoyed her happiness; she was long an exile. For now, noble sir, if you did love, &c." vol. i. p. 147. We have here a *sweet hearty father* dead, much joy at the occurrence, and the lady still resident at Athens, notwithstanding her return home thence! Simple folly seems unequal to the production of such nonsense. Ford wrote "At Athens she lived in the habit of a young man; till within these three months or less (her sweetheart's father dying some year before or more), she had notice of it, and with much joy returned home; and as report voiced it at Athens, enjoyed the happiness she was long an exile for. Now, noble sir," &c.

It has been said that Mr. Weber is but an alias for Mr. W. Scott, now Sir Walter; and that much of the bitterness which falls from Gifford's pen on this occasion, was produced by personal feelings of hostility. Be this as it may, it is certain that Weber, whoever he was, was a most bungling editor. Mr. Gifford exhibits a very copious list of his strange readings, a few of which are amusing.

Weber.

"——Stay thy paws,
Courageous beast! also, lo! the gorgeous skull,
That shall transform thee to that stone," &c.

Gifford.

"——Stay thy paws,
Courageous beast; else, lo, the gorgon's skull.
That shall transform thee," &c.

Weber.

"——How they flutter
Wagtails and jays together!"

Gifford.

"——How they flutter,
Wagtails and jays together!"

Weber.

"When any troubled passion makes us halt
On the unguarded castle of the mind."

Gifford.

"When any troubled passion makes assault
On the unguarded castle of the mind."

Weber.

"——Such harmony of *admiral* beauty."

Upon this Gifford drily observes,—"Admiral Beauty is very good. As the name, however, does not appear in the Navy List of Pavy, we may venture to dismiss him at once, and read

——Such harmony of *admirable* beauty."

Weber.

"Roaring oblations of a wounded heart
To thee, offended spirit."

Gifford.

"Pouring oblations of a wounded heart
To thee," &c.

But of these precious examples of Mr. Weber's editorial skill, we have given enough. We now turn to Mr. Gifford; and though we are willing to give him every praise for the care which he appears to have bestowed on his author, we could wish for the character of the critic and of our literature, that he had not indulged in the splenetic vileness of remark which disfigures his Introduction, and some of his notes. It is impossible to defend Mr. Weber from the innumerable charges of negligence and of ignorance, which are here brought against him; but it seems to us, that they might have been stated and proved in terms less objectionable, than those which Mr. Gifford uniformly delights in using. Incidentally, other names are mentioned by him, and treated with a degree of acrimony for which we are at a loss to account, unless it might have sprung from that unpleasant state of the mind, which being often brought on by infirmity, is converted into a habit before we are aware of its influence.

In other respects, Mr. Gifford has proved himself fully equal to the task which he had undertaken. We do not mean to affirm, that he has not left some phrases of his author, and some of his obscurities, unexplained; but it is not too much to say, that his edition of Ford is the only one that can be read with satisfaction. It is in every respect equally valuable as his editions of Massinger and Ben Jonson: it is marked with the same care in establishing the accuracy of the text; and by the same apposite, concise, and conclusive illustrations, that characterise his previous labours. He is every where the master of his subject, and every where treats it with facility and clearness.

Ford was only partially contemporary with Shakespeare. Born in 1566, he did not appear as a dramatic writer till he was somewhat advanced in life, for his time was principally occupied by the profession of the law. As was the custom of the day, he executed several pieces in conjunction with other writers; but his first independent drama, "The Lover's Melancholy," did not appear till 1629, and could not have been written long before: he subsequently composed six others without assistance; and the whole of his surviving works, whether written entirely by himself, or in conjunction with others, consist of eight dramas,* a mask,[†] an elegaic poem, entitled "Fame's Memorial," and some verses to the memory of Ben Jonson: all of which are comprised in the present edition of Ford's Works.

Below Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont and

- * "Lover's Melancholy."
- "'Tis Pity She's a Whore."
- "The Broken Heart."
- "Love's Sacrifice."
- "Perkin Warbeck."
- "The Fancies, Chaste and Noble."
- "The Lady's Trial"
- "The Witch of Edmonton."

† "The Sun's Darling."

Fletcher, and Massinger, Ford stands next to the latter in the scale of dramatic excellence; and he might possibly have risen to an equality with Massinger, had he bestowed more pains in the cultivation of his judgment; for a large, very large, portion of the defects which his works exhibit, are clearly attributable to a want of the controlling exercise of that necessary quality of mind.

What lamentable deficiency of judgment has he displayed in the selection of many of the subjects which he dramatised. The plot of "Tis Pity," &c., is so absolutely repulsive, that, in spite of all the beauties of the composition, the play is scarcely to be tolerated even in the closet. So fertile is "The Broken Heart" in the most disgusting butchery, that but for the extraordinary powers exerted by the author, it must have proved intolerable. In "Love's Sacrifice," Fiormanda's shameless declaration of her passion for Fernando excites aversion; and did we not know that it actually had been tolerated, we should not have hesitated to pronounce, that no audience whatever would have endured the gross indecency of Bianca's conduct. The plot of "The Fancies, Chaste and Noble," hinges on a circumstance, which Ford himself could only touch on lightly, and which it is utterly impossible to mention here.

The better genius of Ford, however, sometimes presided over his selections; but he had ever a strange propensity to disfigure the works of his own hands. Too high praise can scarcely be bestowed on the skill with which he usually opens his play, and excites the interest of the spectator. But he does not long persevere in a course so nobly entered on. Unnecessary incidents and characters accumulate as the plot advances; its simplicity is destroyed, its progress impeded, and the main design drags heavily to the conclusion; or, being early disposed of, the play is prolonged, that all the extraneous matter may be wrought into a climax also. We except "Perkin Warbeck" from the censure of an involved plot, and redundancy of action, and would gladly have coupled with it the "Broken Heart." But it must not be. Through all the early part of that powerfully written drama, the interest centres in the lovely, injured, and innocent Penhea, who, in the fourth act, dies of a "Broken Heart." Calantha, then taking the lead in interest, is doomed to a similar fate in the last scene of the fifth act; so that the play would with more propriety have been entitled the "Broken Hearts," than the "Broken Heart." In the "Lady's Trial," we have no less than three actions, all independent of each other. The "Masque," in the "Lover's Melancholy," is as gratuitous a piece of folly as ever interrupted the serious business of a tragedy. Not to dwell on the useless banishment, and equally useless recall of Rosehill, in "Love's Sacrifice," for what reason could he have been degraded in the disguise of a slavering idiot, and made to dangle in attendance on his mistress in the garb of folly, senselessly jabbering, "Can speak; de e e e e?" "Dud—a clap cheek for nowne sake gaffer: hee e e e e?" No single end of the play is answered, or forwarded, by the metamorphosis! Such faint notions had Ford of the necessity

of establishing a primary and leading interest, to run through the whole of his play, and of making all other parts dependant on, or subsidiary to it.

Ford's want of judgment is also conspicuous in the management of the necessary incidents of his dramas. When once determined on bringing a particular point about, he appears absolutely indifferent to the means by which it is effected. In the "Broken Heart," he is desirous that an interview should take place between Orgilus and Penthea, and there is no end to the inconsistencies he is guilty of to accomplish it. When Orgilus was to consummate his vengeance on Ithocles, Ford did not think it worth his while to task his invention for any noble or dignified revenge, but adopted the clumsy and grotesque expedient, common to the then meanly furnished stage, namely, "a chair with an engine," as it is proudly called. By the assistance of a bit of pack-thread, the two moveable arms of the chair closed over the breast of the person who sat down in it; and thus is Ithocles, like a rat in a trap, caught, and afterwards barbarously put to death.

The perfection Ford so often reached, proves that his failures were not the result of poverty of invention. His mind, in fact, was rich and full, even to abundance; but, unfortunately, he was contented with his first thoughts, and knew not how to reject the faulty suggestions of his fancy. He committed, therefore, many errors; but excellence is ever at hand, which more than atones for his offences, and completely restores him to our favour. The passages are numerous in the "Lover's Melancholy," which bespeak the superiority of the intellect that formed them. Nobler scenes are scarcely to be met with than the "Broken Heart" displays: the opening scene is an example of judiciousness; and the second scene in the third act, in which Ithocles has an interview with his sister, Penthea, whom he had wantonly and proudly thwarted in her affections, is hardly to be surpassed in truth of feeling, beauty of expression, discriminative delineation of character, and delicacy and chastity of tone. The faults, even of "Love's Sacrifice," are redeemed by the transcendent excellence of many of its scenes: it is, after all, a noble play. Once, and once only, Ford ventured on a historic subject. "Perkin Warbeck" cannot be ranked in the first order of excellence, but would well have justified a repetition of the experiment. There is a beautiful evenness and consistency in the conduct of the play, not common to Ford's productions, and which possesses more charms than those of novelty. Its chief faults, perhaps, are deficiency of action, and superabundance of narration, but the dialogue is very ably written.

Pope thought fit to say of Shakspeare, that if his dramas were printed without prefixing the names of the persons to the dialogue, each separate sentence might with certainty be attributed to the speaker. We would not recommend any one to try the experiment with Ford, who seems not always to have established a clear idea in his own mind of what he intended the characters in his dramas to appear; and when desirous of changing, or modifying

them by circumstances, he not only frequently neglected to provide adequate and reasonable motives for the change, but often proceeded with so violent a hand, as to destroy that coherence between the character in its different stages, which is ever perceptible in nature. Bassanes, in the "Broken Heart," is as fine a picture of jealousy, in the early scenes, as ever was exhibited. His passion displays itself in all his words and actions; it absorbs his every thought. His lynx-eye, never tranquil, sees danger in the most trivial incident, and with insane avidity, his jaundiced imagination perverts every circumstance into a confirmation of its morbid conceptions. Though erroneously, Bassanes does not lightly take up jealousy; his vigorous and active mind is perfectly imbued with a conviction of the truth of his suspicions. Yet suddenly, nay, upon the instant, he is converted from his folly; and that on no better evidence than his wife's declaration of her own integrity! He then sinks into mere dotage. Bassanes, therefore, is greatly inferior to Jonson's Kiteley, who, from first to last, is imitatively and consistently delineated.

We might adduce another instance of inconsistency in "Love's Sacrifice," in which the author exhibits a character glaringly the reverse of that which he intended to portray, and which he evidently thought he had faithfully represented. In the first scene, the Duke addresses Fernando as his "but divided self;" and his introduction of him to his wife is,

"Look, Bianca,

On this good man; in all respects to him
Be as to me; only the name of husband,
And reverent observance of our bed,
Shall differ us in persons, else in soul
We are all one."

Bianca is brought forward in a manner that at once challenges admiration. The chosen friend of her husband becomes enamoured of her, and his suit is rejected with becoming dignity and indignation. But in the subsequent acts, she abandons all her virtuous resolves, and her character displays itself in its real deformity; though Ford still remains under the delusion that he is delineating a paragon of purity.

Notwithstanding these and other such inconsistencies, delineation of character is one of the excellencies that distinguish Ford. By few dramatists is he surpassed in the variety, strength, beauty, and individuality of the personages whom he embodied. In female perfection, where are we to look, except in Shakspeare, for the equal of Penthea, that lovely personification of patience, meekness, resignation, and broken heartedness? With what intensity are the remorse and repentance of her brother Ithocles depicted? Nor must Ford's felicitous portrait of Perkin Warbeck be passed over without the highest praise.

"It would be unjust to the author," remarks Mr. Gifford, "to overlook the striking consistency with which he has marked Warbeck's character. Whatever might be his own opinion of this person's pretensions, he has never suffered him to betray his identity with the Duke of York, in a single thought or expression. Perkin has no soliloquies, no aside speech-

es, to compromise his public assertions; and it is pleasing to see with what ingenuity Ford has preserved him from the contamination of real history, and contrived to sustain his dignity to the last with all imaginable decorum, and thus rendered him a fit subject for the tragic muse."

But Warbeck is even surpassed in excellence by his father-in-law, Huntley: a character which may, perhaps, be justly fixed upon as the most perfect of Ford's delineations. Katharine, the unhappy Katharine, is a worthy child of such a sire. In one instance only, Gifford remarks, did the better genius of Ford desert him, and that was in the last speech which he assigned to her.

"By this sweet pledge of both our souls I swear
To die a faithful widow to thy bed;
Not to be forced or won: oh, never, never!"

This savours somewhat of the "Player Queen," and it so happened that, after Warbeck's death, "she married Sir Mathie Cradock, of which marriage is descended William, Earl of Pembroke, by his grandmother, and had some lands by the Cradocks. Lady Katharine Gordon died in Wales, and was buried in a chappell at one of the Earl of Pembroke his dwelling places in that country. The English histories do much commend her for her beauty, comeliness, and chastity."—Sir Robert Gordon; whom Douglass calls the historian of the family.

It is honourable to Ford, that Meleander, in the "Lover's Melancholy," may be mentioned in conjunction with Lear. Meleander is inferior to Shakspeare's great original; but he brings Lear vividly to the mind, without exciting the invidious reflection that the effect is produced by imitation. Ford often, indeed, imitated Shakspeare, but never with servility; he looked up to him as an example of exalted excellence, as an authority, as a master; and hence not infrequent similarity of conception and expression is to be detected in the works of Ford and Shakspeare. But rich himself, Ford borrowed not to conceal the disgrace of his own poverty beneath the wealth of others.

We must conclude with a few examples of the beauty of Ford's style, the delicacy of his sentiments, and the general impressive ardour of his composition. He was peculiarly happy in expressing the tender emotions of the soul; how beautiful does the following passage describe the felicity of a favoured lover.

"Kiss me—so! thus hung love on Leda's neck,

And sucked divine ambrosia from her lips.

I envy not the mightiest man alive;

But hold myself, in being king of thee,

More great than were I king of all the world."

'Tis Pity, &c. Act 2, sc. 1.

The next is in a more desponding strain: it is the reflection of a husband, on parting from his bride.

"So leave the winter'd people of the north,
The minutes of their summer, when the sun
Departing, leaves them in cold robes of ice
As I leave Genoa."

Lady's Trial. Act 1, sc. 1.

The blasting influence of thwarted love has

never been more powerfully represented, than by Erleas to Palador, the object of her affections, to whom she is at last united.

"I am so worn away with fears and sorrows,
So winter'd with the tempests of affliction,
That the bright sun of your life-quickening
presence,

Hath scarce one beam of force to warm again
That spring of cheerful comfort, which youth
once

Apparell'd in fresh looks."

Lover's Melancholy. Act 4, sc. 3.

The contrast to this is delightful, in a fond father's notice of his darling child.

"Kate, Kate, thou grow'st upon my heart like
peace,

Creating every hour a jubilee."

Perkin Warbeck. Act 1, sc. 2.

From the works of Ford, a series of serious reflections upon man might be collected; but we are necessarily confined to a few instances.

"—— in the turmoils of our lives,
Men are like politic states, or troubled seas,
Toss'd up and down with several storms and
tempests,

Change and variety of wrecks and fortunes;
Till labouring to the havens of our homes,
We struggle for the calm that crowns our ends."

Lover's Melancholy. Act 5, sc. 1.

"Oh, what a thing is man,
To bandy factions of distemper'd passions
Against the sacred providence above him!"

Ibid.

"In vain we labour in this course of life
To piece our journey out at length, or crave
Respite of breath, our home is in the grave."

Broken Heart. Act 2, sc. 3.

It is pleasant to remark the beauty and variety of sentiment in Ford. How nobly do the following lines express the sacred obligation of friendship.

"I am so much a subject
To every law of noble honesty,
That to transgress the vows of friendship,
I hold a sacrilege as foul, and cursed,
As if some holy temple had been robbed,
And I the thief."

Lover's Melancholy. Act 3, sc. 2.

Speaking of the return of a victorious warrior, Philulus thus describes the independent dignity of the mind of Ithocles.

"He in this firmament of honour, stands
Like a star fixed, not moved with any thunder
Of popular applause, or sudden lightning
Of self-opinion; he hath serv'd his country,
And he thinks 'twas but his duty."

Broken Heart. Act 1, sc. 2.

Such chastened feelings afford us a favourable occasion for the introduction of a just and pointed reproof, to an undue estimation of the advantages of birth.

Sister! Sister!

She who derives her blood from princes, ought
To glorify her greatness by humility."

Love's Melancholy. Act 1, sc. 2.

Ford must have entertained most exalted ideas of virtue, for on many occasions he strongly and beautifully appeals to its dignity and power.

Spinella—"What friends have slept in your absence?"

Auria—"Many:

Thy virtues are such friends they cannot fail thee;

Faith, purity of thoughts, and such a meekness,

As would force scandal to a blush."

Lady's Trial. Act 1, sc. 1.

Octavian—" * * * No more.

Castamela—"No worse you dare not to imagine,

Where such an awful innocency, * as mine is,

Out-faces every wickedness your dotage

Has lull'd you in."

The untainted purity of *Castamela*, is exquisitely illustrated in her exclamation:

"My stars, I thank thee, for being ignorant, Of what this old in mischief can intend!"

The Fancies. Act 2, sc. 2.

"A devil

Is a rare juggler, and can cheat the eye,

But not corrupt the reason, in the throne

Of a pure soul."

Lover's Melancholy. Act 5, sc. 1.

We must add one single extract more. It is a passage worthy of Dante, and of which any author might be justly proud:

Friar—" * * * There is a place,

List, daughter! in a black and hollow vault,

Where day is never seen; there shines

no sun,

But flaming horrors of consuming fires,

A lightless sulphur, choak'd with smoky fogs

Of an infected darkness: in this place,

Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts

Of never-dying deaths: there damned souls

Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed

With toads and adders; there is burning oil

Pour'd down the drunkard's throat; the usurer

Is forced to sup whole draughts of molten gold;

There is the murderer for ever stabb'd, Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton

On rocks of burning steel, whilst in his soul

He feels the torment of his raging lust."

'Tis Pity, &c. Act 3, sc. 6.

From the London Magazine.

TWO YEARS IN NEW SOUTH WALES:

a Series of Letters, comprising Sketches of the Actual State of Society in that Colony; of its peculiar Advantages to Emigrants; of its Topography, Natural History, &c. &c. By P. Cunningham, Surgeon, R.N. In 2 vols. London. Colburn, New Burlington-street.

MR. CUNNINGHAM is a surgeon in the navy, (brother of the estimable poet of the same name,) who has been employed on several voyages in the superintendence of convicts in their passage to New South Wales, and has become a possessor of land in that colony. The arrangement made with the surgeon of a convict ship, is, that he receives a certain sum per head on those who are landed safely in the colony, and he is entrusted with the full control as well of their morals as their health. In this situation, therefore, he is not only enabled, but obliged to make himself intimately acquainted with the characters of his subjects, and he is thus enabled to obtain a knowledge of delinquents, which seldom falls to the lot of any honest men, except police officers and Old Bailey attorneys. In addition to this acquaintance, with one great element of Botany Bay population, he has resided long enough in the colony to be thoroughly informed as to its condition. He is, besides, a very shrewd, intelligent, unprejudiced man, with a disposition to be witty and inventive. His book is very valuable, and would have been still more so, if some parts of it had been written in a more straight forward style.

The growth of our colonies has been made so often a matter of wonderment, that it is scarcely allowable even to wonder at the spectacle of a great state springing up out of the refuse of our gaols, and the leavings of the halter. In fact, like all other matters of wonderment, it loses by being examined. In the first place, the great secret of the advance of New South Wales, has been the lavish expense bestowed on it. From 1788 to 1797, according to the information collected by Wentworth* (p. 220), the total expense of the colony was 1,037,230*l.* or 86,435*l.* per annum; from 1798 to 1811, it amounted to 1,634,926*l.* or 116,709*l.* per annum; and from 1812 to 1815, both inclusive, to 793,827*l.* or 198,456*l.* per annum; in 1816, the expense was 193,775*l.*, and in 1817, it was 229,152*l.* The expense since that time we have not taken the trouble to collect, but if added to the sums we have enumerated, it cannot have amounted to much less than five millions sterling; a large sum to expend for the purpose of deluding rogues with the idea that they are to be punished.

The sums we have mentioned include the expense of transporting the convicts, but not the expense of recruiting the troops, and the various additions, which, in every direction, an extension of its possessions makes to the general expenses of the empire. When Mr. Cunningham says, "it is pleasing, as surprising, to look back to the foundation of the colony, by

* Description of New South Wales. By W. C. Wentworth. 1819.

Governor Phillips, in 1788, a period of only thirty-eight years, and contemplate the wonderful changes that have been wrought by the labour of the outcasts, thrust by England from her bosom, to expiate their offences on these remote shores," he should take into account what those changes have cost to those who have been left at home in the "bosom."

It could be proved, if an error, past remedy, were worth exposing, that the mode of making a colony of convicts was the most expensive and unprofitable of all plans of colonizing; and that with the same advantages of soil, climate, and position, a third of the expense bestowed on free settlers, would have produced much greater results.

At the first establishment of a "penal colony," the trouble of guarding the rogues must be more than equal to the profit derived from their labour; all the benefits of spontaneous enterprise are wanting. In New South Wales, in particular, as the number of males transported greatly exceeded that of females, there was much more debauchery than marriage, and population did not at first increase with rapidity. After the colony had been settled thirty years, and nearly three millions and a half sterling had been expended on it, the total of the population was only twenty thousand, and the land cleared only forty-five thousand acres. In fact, every acre of cleared land had cost three times as much as it would have cost in England; every man, woman, and child, had cost on an average 175*l.* to settle. The more rapid improvement since that time is owing to the fact, that the colony is now rapidly losing its original character. But the difficulties of a colony are in the first formation; and those difficulties, the use of convicts are calculated to increase.

What has made the experiment less ruinous than it would have otherwise been, is, that under the working of our criminal code, many of the persons transported are as good as those who remain behind. The peasantry transported for the breaches of the Game Laws in England, and those for offences against the Insurrection Act in Ireland, may be just as good as the average of the rural population. There is now, too, a selection in the convicts sent to New South Wales, and the increase of free settlers very much adds to the security against the misconduct of the culprits. The great body of the convicts, Mr. Cunningham says, now turn out to be good servants to the settlers to whom they are assigned—though this character, from his account, is still liable to great deductions.

The following is his account of the manner of managing them:—

"The convict servants are accommodated upon the farms in huts walled round and roofed with bark, or built of split wood and plaster, with thatched roofs. About four of them generally sleep and mess in each hut, drawing their provisions every Saturday, and being generally allowed the afternoon of that day, whereupon to wash their clothes and grind their wheat. Their usual allowance I have already stated to be a peck of wheat; seven pounds of beef, or four and a half of pork; two ounces of tea, two ounces of tobacco, and a

pound of sugar, weekly; the majority of settlers permitting them to raise vegetables in little gardens allotted for their use, or supplying them occasionally from their own gardens. Wages are only allowed at the option of the master; but you are obliged to supply them with two full suits of clothes annually; and you also furnish a bed-tick, (to be stuffed with grass,) and a blanket, to each person, besides a tin pot and knife; as also an iron pot and frying-pan to each mess. The tea, sugar, and tobacco, are considered *bonuses* for good conduct, and withheld in default thereof.

"To get work done, you must feed well; and when the rations are ultimately raised upon your own farm, you never give their expense a moment's consideration. The farm men usually bake their flour into flat cakes, which they call *dampers*, and cook these in the ashes, cutting their salted meats into thin slices, and boiling them in the iron pot or frying-pan, by which means the salt is, in a great measure, extracted. If tea and sugar are not supplied, milk is allowed as a substitute, tea or milk forming the beverage to every meal. Though not living so comfortably as when every thing is cooked and put down before them, yet it is more after their own mind, while the operations of preparing their meals amuse their leisure hours and give a greater zest to the enjoyment of those repasts. When the labour of the day is over, with enlivening chit-chat, singing, and smoking, they chase away *evening*, and make the evening hours jog merrily by. Indeed, without the aid of that magic care killer, the pipe, I believe the greater portion of our 'pressed men' would 'take the bush' in a week after their arrival in our solitudes, before time had attuned their minds to rural prospects and industrious pursuits.

"Convicts, when first assigned, if long habituated to a life of idleness and dissipation, commonly soon become restless and dissatisfied; and if failing to provoke you to return them into the government employ, wherein they may again be enabled to idle away their time in the joyous companionship of their old associates, will run off for head-quarters, regardless of the flogging that awaits them on being taken or on giving themselves up,—the idle ramble they have had fully compensating them for the twenty-five or fifty lashes they may receive, in case they should not be admitted among the list at head-quarters. Many, too, start off for want of something for their fingers to pick at,—the leader of one batch of runaways from a friend of mine, exclaiming to those he left behind, on bidding them adieu, 'Why, I may as well be dead and buried in earnest, as buried alive in this here place, where a fellow has not even a *chance*!'—The chance here wished for, not being the *chance* of bettering his condition by good conduct, but by emptying the full pockets of some luckless wight! If they can be coaxed or compelled to stop, however, for a *twelvemonth* or so, the greater portion, even of the worst, generally turn out very fair and often very good servants; cockneys becoming able ploughmen, and weavers, barbers, and such like soft-fingered gentry, being metamorphosed into good fencers, herdsmen, and shepherds; a little

urging and encouragement on the part of the master, and perseverance in enforcing his authority, generally sufficing.

"The convict servants commence labour at sunrise, and leave off at sunset, being allowed an hour for breakfast, and an hour or more for dinner. It is long before you can accustom the greater portion to steady labour, the best of them usually working by fits and starts, then lying down for an hour or two, and up and at it again. To get your work readily and quietly done, the best method is certainly to task them, and allow them to get through it as they please; but as it is an object to accustom them to regular industry, it will eventually serve your purpose better, and benefit them more, to keep them at constant work. Even some of the freemen who have served their time are perpetually skipping about, seldom remaining long in one situation.

One of the consequences of the mode in which the colony was first settled, is the growth of feuds between two parties—the free settlers and the freed convicts—or, as they are termed in the colony, *Emigrants* and *Emancipists*.—feuds which oppose an obstacle to the introduction at present, of a representative constitution into the colony, and form the staple of Australian politics. Mr. Cunningham blames the late Governor Macquarie for their origin; though the seeds of such feuds scattered throughout the colony, could scarcely have been prevented, at some time or other, from germinating.

"It was during the administration of Governor Macquarie that those party feuds commenced which have kept the colony in a ferment ever since. Deeming the colony to have been founded as much with a view to the reformation as punishment of offenders, he justly concluded that the surest way of achieving the former object was, by elevating the character of the emancipated convict, in raising him to a suitable moral station in society again. But, unfortunately, the mode Governor Macquarie took of carrying his correct and beneficent views into execution, entirely frustrated the attempt. He conceived that the governor's countenance alone would overwhelm all opposition, and that authority ought to step in, to enforce what a mere expression of his wish failed to effect. Now, in matters of opinion, man is like a pig,—if you attempt to force him on, he only retrogrades from the point you wish to urge him to, and you must coax him along quietly, if you are really serious in attaining your object, or else drive him onwards by making him believe the reverse is the object you have in view. Governor Macquarie, finding a number of demurrers to his opinions, instead of coaxing them on to his views, or taking no notice of what was done or said, but quietly inviting such individuals of the emancipist body to his table as he deemed respectable enough, and letting time and reason work the rest; forthwith began to look upon all who opposed his projects as *personal* enemies, and often indeed treated them as such. This line of conduct at once severed from him many individuals; while the more marked attention he paid to members of the emancipist body in comparison with the free inhabitants, made it

be believed by others that it was his intention to exalt the emancipist above the emigrant, and thus disgusted those who might probably have countenanced the plan. Now, what has been the result in Van Dieman's Land, where a different course was pursued by the able and judicious Sorell? An individual of the emancipist body has been lately elected there to the bank-directorship, in opposition to several most respectable emigrants, and by a body of proprietors too, the greater portion of whom are *free emigrants*.—On Governor Macquarie's departure the emancipists were again thrown into the shade, and not one ever visited the succeeding governor at a party of any description, nor did he ever dine even in company with a single emancipist, until the very close of his administration. This sudden downfall produced, as you may suppose, a disheartening effect upon the whole body, and some most respectable individuals among them felt it, I know, keenly; deeming themselves and their descendants thus for ever doomed to be, like the seed of Cain, a stigmatized race, as they saw even their very children debarred from the governor's society, and thus held forth as equally unworthy with themselves. Things continued in this state, till the appearance of the 'Australian' newspaper roused the emancipist body to oppose the course pursued toward them in omitting their names in the new list of magistracy, in conformity to the commissioner's recommendation, and driving them out of the pale of respectable society; contrary, however, to the commissioner's evident wish.

"The individuals supposed to have influenced the commissioner were the principal objects of attack, personal motives with some of these assailants having obviously even greater weight than their professed public creed. A case was now got up to make it appear that the emancipists were an oppressed body, trampled on by the *emigrants*, and deprived by unfair means of what they deemed their rights. Now, neither the magistracy nor council were shut by any legislative enactment against the emancipists, the local government having the power to appoint any individual, whether emigrant or emancipist, whom it deemed deserving—juries being the only bodies they were at that period legally disqualified from. This disqualification they were most anxious to remove; but the commissioner, who foresaw great disturbance likely to ensue either from the emancipists or the emigrants being admitted to sit on juries, suggested that both parties should be excluded, and the juries composed of military and naval officers alone as formerly, who might be fairly presumed destitute of all prejudice as to either class. Another cry was now raised by the emancipists for a house of assembly, but stoutly opposed by the emigrants, who saw nothing therein but the seeds of disorder and confusion."—Vol. ii. pp. 131—135.

The emancipists too are divided into *pure* and *impure*. The impure are those who have been convicted of offences since their transportation, (all lapses and relapses in England go for nothing,) and these are shunned by

their pure brethren as these are by the emigrants.

These inconveniences would have been probably avoided, if, from the commencement of the colony, the free settlers had borne a large proportion to the convicts, instead of making the convicts, as it were, the nucleus of the population. Labour is valuable where there is capital to employ it; and if the convicts had not been sent to the colony till there had been free colonists to employ and guard them, they would have been less expensive in the first instance, and less an object of jealousy afterwards. But the greater part of the capital of New South Wales seems to have accrued from the profits of individuals on a large, if not wasteful, government expenditure; and there was, at least in the early times of the settlement, such a scarcity not only of capital, but of intelligence and honesty, that moderate portions of these qualities enabled the convicts to amass fortunes. They have, in fact, we believe, if not the greatest landed possessions, the greatest part of the wealth of the colony.

The feuds arising from this source must, however, disappear with the present generation; and the probable fate of the colony is an interesting subject of speculation; as there are physical peculiarities which distinguish it in many respects from any of our other colonies. The following is the account of the differences in the circumstances which an emigrant meets with in Australia and America; the more worthy of attention, as Mr. Cunningham has resided in Canada as well as New South Wales:

"In the American States and the Canadas, you have to proceed seldom less than a thousand miles inland before you can obtain unlocated ground, which even then, in the states, you are obliged to purchase, while your produce has all to be transported by land and interior water carriage from one to two thousand miles, before it reaches the point of exportation. In New South Wales, on the contrary, you may have abundance of land within from fifty to a hundred and fifty miles of the coast, upon terms neither irksome nor burdensome. In America, the soil is almost uniformly covered with such dense forests, that a cart cannot pass readily through them without cutting down trees here and there on the route; while the grass is either completely choked by the fallen leaves, or so smothered by the overshadowing summer foliage, that its scantiness and sickly vegetation quite unfit it for pasture, except in the interior *prairies* and a few spots on the banks of rivers, where the soil is too wet for the growth of timber. Upon our very seacoast, or as soon as you have traversed at farthest from twenty to forty miles, the country is generally so thinly timbered that you may drive a carriage over it in all directions; while the trees also, being but slightly clothed, and all evergreens—consequently never shedding their leaves—afford both a cool retreat for the cattle in the summer heats, and a tolerable protection for the sward of native grass which every where abounds. Hence all kinds of stock may be kept here at the very *outset*—a thing quite impracticable in America.

"Again—in America, the severe winter totally precludes the field-pasturing of cattle,

which must during that season be supported on hay, or the tender buds and sprouts of the forest trees, lopped off for them to browse upon. Here the winters are so mild, that native grass always sufficiently abounds whereupon to winter all the stock you are for many years likely to possess. In America, labourers are so scarce, labour so dear, and agricultural productions so low, that the settler is necessitated to perform most of his field labour himself, (or with the assistance of his family,) to insure even a moderate profit for his outlay of capital. Here, labourers are plentiful; labour consequently cheap; and a handsome profit in general easily realized in the colony on most agricultural products. Indeed, when you consider that upwards of £100,000 sterling is annually expended here by the British government in paying the expenses of the civil administration, the military, and the convicts, and this sum too distributed among a population not yet exceeding forty thousand, the advantages resulting to the agricultural emigrant must be clearly apparent. In America, again, look at the diseases which carry off yearly so many newcomers, and even not a few of the native population; such as yellow fever, agues, remittent fevers, and so forth—in New South Wales, we have neither ague, remittent fever, nor indeed any fever but the *ram* fever—while measles, hooping-cough, small-pox, and all your similar European pests, are alike strangers to our soil—the most common and fatal diseases being dysentery, which is seldom productive of danger to any but the imprudent and intemperate.

"To be sure, the passage to America is much cheaper; but when you come to add the expense of the *inland* journey to that of the voyage, I think the passage to this country will turn out to be fully as moderate. The land in America is certainly, generally speaking, richer, from being fattened by the manure of the deciduous leaves accumulated for centuries thereupon; but our more genial climate surely compensates this deficiency; while all the other eligibilities I have stated, combine to throw the relative merits of America as a desirable abode for an English emigrant quite in the shade—not to say, that a man who takes an honest pride in many of the institutions of his native land, will feel small pleasure in transplanting himself into a country where (as in the United States) the discordant name of '*foreigner*' is perpetually jarring in his ears.

"Over Van Dieman's Land, (or *Tasmania*, as we love to call it here,) New South Wales enjoys also many advantages. Though the climate of Tasmania is generally cooler than that of New South Wales, (or *Australia*, as we colonials say,) yet on the extensive table lands beyond the fine pastoral county of Argyle, and at Bathurst, the climate differs little from that of Tasmania. In the latter country, the good land is now granted; so that an individual emigrating there with a rising family, sees no prospect of acquiring ground for them on their attaining the age of manhood; when both policy and the course of nature prescribe for them a separate establishment. Besides, from this want of good unlocated land whereon to graze his superfluous stock, (when increased beyond the means of his farm's maintenance,) he will

be forced ineligible to kill or dispose thereof. But in Australia, boundless districts of fine grazing land lie open to the north and south of Sydney for the selection of the emigrant man with a family, whenever the government shall render them accessible by means of roads from the sea-coast; in which districts all his children may have 'ample room and verge enough,' and all his superfluous stock means of pasturage. The constant failure of crops at the English Cape settlement; the total want of a good harbour near it; the numerous savage animals existing there—human and otherwise; these circumstances combine to render any comparison between it and Australia altogether unnecessary.

"I would counsel no man encumbered with a family, however, to risk emigration to New South Wales with a capital of less than £1200, and even then he should proceed cautiously and economically. If Australia is better suited to the agricultural capitalist than America, the latter is probably more advantageous to the agricultural labourer. In Australia, farm labour is performed almost entirely by convicts, whose only remuneration consists of food and clothing; to which arrangement they are compelled to submit; and as their numbers are generally abundant, farm labour is kept low. But in America, labourers have and ought to have a *retro* in the question of remuneration; so that wages there cannot be thus arbitrarily kept down, but will necessarily be regulated according to the relative supply and demand. I question much, however, whether many English labourers live better than our convict servant here, whose weekly ration consists of a sufficiency of flour to make four quartern loaves at least, of seven pounds of beef, two ounces of tea, one pound of sugar, and two ounces of tobacco, with the occasional substitution of two or three quarts of milk daily for the tea and sugar allowance. Numbers of the English working poor would doubtless be happy to bargain for such a diet; and thus their situation might in these points be bettered, by their being placed upon an equality with convicts! (Mechanics, nevertheless, of all descriptions, earn here liberal pay.) The wages of labour therefore, being so low, and the price of farm produce comparatively so high, it must be apparent to all how profitably capital may be invested here."—Vol. i. pp. 5—11.

Part of these advantages, it will be observed, however, depend on political accidents, the accidents of extraordinary generosity and profusion on the part of the government. The great subjects of alarm in New South Wales are the projects in England for the employment of convicts at home; while the colonial wags work on the fears of the settlers, "by propagating alarming reports of the increasing morality of the people of Great Britain, and the lightness of the last gaol deliveries."

It certainly is a fit subject of consideration, whether we should continue to part with our convict labour on such favourable terms. A good plan, if some precaution could be taken against the buying off of delinquents by their friends, would be, to sell the transported convicts for the term of their sentences to the best bidder. These are times of economy; and

though the bounty of Providence has liberally supplied us with rogues, they are much too costly a commodity to be given away. It is, in fact, the great disgrace of modern ingenuity, that rogues are in all their stages expensive; costly in the time of their impunity—costly in the time of their trial—horribly costly in the time of their punishment. Bentham's Panopticon scheme, which was for a time entertained by the government, and which promised to make them less expensive in the latter state, was rejected, apparently, because some sentimental parson thought it would be very horrible to see a number of rogues collected in dens like wild beasts; and, in consequence, a penitentiary has been built, in which the penitents stand the nation at about £30 a year per head, for rent alone. Hanging, on a liberal scale, (to which, on the first blush of the matter, the unprejudiced mind turns with affection,) is not only inconsistent with the humanity of the times, but would create a ferocity among criminals much more mischievous than the evils to be avoided. Corporal punishment is cheap indeed; but the offender is set free, not reformed, but degraded; and the rogue population is not lessened. In such a country as England, what is wanted is some cheap mode of carrying off the growth of rogues; and selling their forced labour is, perhaps, the best mode that can be devised. We should not be without hopes that, if the thing were judiciously managed, a lease of a rogue for seven years would be found worth the expense of transporting him. But to return from this digression.

The great peculiarity of New South Wales, as far as it is yet settled, seems to be its fitness for flocks and herds; though on the long line of coast there are capabilities for productions of all climes—the tea-tree, the sugar-cane, the vine, the olive, the *cerealia*. The growth of the import of fine wool thence is well known. Of all the countries in the world, it seems best suited for that valuable produce. If the flocks increase as they have done in the last two or three years, Mr. Cunningham calculates, that the wool exported to England, which this year exceeds half a million, will in 1840 reach to between thirty and forty millions of pounds; that is to say, quite as much as England now imports from all parts of the world. The three-hooped shall then have ten hoops; we shall all be clothed in the finest cloth.

The following is an account of the establishment of Mr. Macarthur, who first introduced this source of wealth into the colony:—

"Mr. Macarthur's property in this county in grants and purchases exceeds thirty thousand acres, all lying contiguous, and consisting chiefly of undulating, thinly wooded hills, covered with a sward of fine dry native pasture, with alluvial plains towards the margin of the river of the most fertile description, producing wheat equalling in quality and quantity the best in England, and maize of the most luxuriant growth. About four hundred acres adjoining the river were originally clear of timber, and being intersected with ponds, having no ready outlet for the discharge of their waters, this portion was always considerably flooded in every heavy fall of rain, and the

whole bore much the appearance of a rich English meadow. Here a herd of wild cattle (originating from a stray bull and two cows) was first discovered by a runaway convict; and backwards from this the largest herds are still found. It was this circumstance which suggested to the acute mind of Mr. Macarthur the idea of selecting a grant here,—conceiving that cattle, being the best judges of their own food, would naturally graze upon the land which produced it in greatest abundance, and most suitable to their taste. A forty miles' remove from Sydney, through a line of country where no human habitations were then fixed, was, in those days, counted such a piece of thoughtless boldness, that some pitied and most laughed at Mr. Macarthur, for taking the step: but perceiving ere long the rapid increase of his stock in these fine pastures, where all had free range of food without being crippled by a neighbour's encroachments,—they soon saw it was true wisdom on his part, and that the *folly* rested only with *themselves*.

"It was while ruminating deeply on the future prospects of his adopted country, that Mr. Macarthur was led to conceive the Merino sheep-husbandry as peculiarly suitable to it. He knew that in order to *import*, it must *export* too; and what that export should be, became the matter of consideration. Its natural productions afforded no hopes of realizing his wishes on that head, and towards artificial resources his views were therefore directed. He considered what England could not produce, and what this country could. Almost all England's great wants he saw provided for, either within her own territory or that of her other colonies, *excepting* the article of fine wool, for which she had to depend upon a foreign country, and that country her enemy. This decided the point. Here, he saw, was an article which neither England nor any of her other colonies could produce; and its cultivation (while it did not enter into hostile competition with any of the home or colonial productions of Great Britain) would place her independent of the precarious resource of *foreign* supply. The fine, dry, pastoral nature of the country,—wherein he saw the coarsest fleeces sensibly ameliorated,—all tended to confirm him in his resolve; and we now reap the valuable effects of his sound reasoning and discernment.

"From three ewes and a ram, with which he began the breed, his stock of pure Merinos exceeds now two thousand, and from their produce he has sold upwards of forty rams annually, these many years back, at an average of £17 sterling per head, besides improving his other flocks by crossing, until many of the cross-breeds are quite equal to the pure bloods. Mr. Macarthur has been for some years experimentalizing to increase both the quantity and quality of his fleeces, by selecting the largest and finest ewes and rams, and keeping up a distinct breed therefrom; and there can be no doubt that this experiment, founded on sound deductions, will prove eminently successful. All breeds naturally deteriorate at first in a new country, because we look then more to numbers than individual value; it is only when land becomes more valuable, and capital accu-

mulates, that people find their interest in attending to the amelioration of the breeds.

"Neither has the breed of horses and cattle passed unnoticed by Mr. Macarthur; his cattle partaking much of the Devon peculiarities, being mostly of a deep red with large spreading horns, and appearing to answer this climate particularly well, from being hardy feeders; fattening easily; giving a good supply of milk; and standing well, as working oxen, the fatigue of farm labour.—A thriving vineyard is seen planted upon the face of a rising ground, with an eastern exposure, from which a progressive quantity of wine is yearly making; while a patch of the various English grasses, cultivated in rows for seed, occupies a site nearer to the river. An excellent pack of fox-hounds are also kept here, affording much enlivening sport when opening in chorus after a native dog.¹⁰—Vol. i. pp. 108—112.

The increase of black cattle has also been rapid, as well as that of sheep; and there are we think some indications, that instead of the squatters and hunters of North America, a population like the Gauchos of the Pampas will spring up on the frontiers of our Australian settlements. There are already on the outskirts of the settlements large herds, "as wild as deer, and almost as fleet," which require to be hunted into the stock-yard by bands of horsemen.—(p. 290, vol. i.)—When an ox is wanted for killing, or branding, a noose (the *lasso*) is thrown over its horns, and the rope carried round a post, to which it is dragged. Horses will speedily increase also, and a population of mounted herdsmen, as wild as the cattle they guard, will soon be seen on the out-settlements.

The ancient Greek colonies retained the name and stamp of the particular city which sent it forth; its dialect and habits. Australia is a colony of the Athens of England; not the false Athens of the north, but the true Athens within the sound of Bow bell. We hope to live to see the day when, in a parliament of the great Australian empire, the *voice* of eloquence shall be heard in an Attic dialect, not to be rivalled in the Ward of Vintry. The following is a picturesque account of the growth of the Australian Athenians. It is pleasing to mark the infancy of nations as well as of individuals:

"Our colonial-born brethren are best known here by the name of *Currency*, in contradistinction to *Sterling*, or those born in the mother country. The name was originally given by a facetious paymaster of the seventy-third regiment quartered here,—the pound currency being at that time *inferior* to the pound sterling. Our Currency lads and lasses are a fine interesting race, and do honour to the country whence they originated. The name is a sufficient passport to esteem with all the well-informed and right-feeling portion of our population; but it is most laughable to see the capers some of our drunken old Sterling madonnas will occasionally cut over their Currency adversaries in a quarrel. It is then, 'You saucy baggage, how dare you set up your *Currency*

* The native dog is hunted in New South Wales, as well as the kangaroo and the gnu, a sort of ostrich.

erest at me? I am *Sterling*, and that I'll let you know.'

"To all acquainted with the open manly simplicity of character displayed by this part of our population, its members are the theme of universal praise; and, indeed, what more can be said in their favour, than that they are little tainted with the vices so prominent among their parents! Drunkenness is almost unknown with them, and honesty proverbial; the few of them that have been convicted having acted under the bad auspices of their parents or relatives. They grow up tall and slender, like the Americans, and are generally remarkable for that Gothic peculiarity of fair hair and blue eyes which has been noticed by other writers. Their complexions, when young, are of a reddish sallow, and they are for the most part easily distinguishable—even in more advanced years—from those born in England. Cherry cheeks are not accompaniments of our climate, any more than that of America, where a blooming complexion will speedily draw upon you the observation, 'You are from the old country, I see!'

"The young females generally lose their teeth early, also like the Americans and West Indians,—this calamity always commencing about the period of puberty: it may possibly be ascribed to the climatizing process, as we see nearly all plants and animals suffer considerable change in appearance on transplantation to a different latitude: we may therefore hope this defect will subside when a few generations have passed away. 'The Currency lads' is now a popular standing toast, since it was given by Major Goulborn at the Agricultural dinner, while 'The Currency lasses' gives name to one of our most favorite tunes.

"The young men of low rank are fonder of binding themselves to trades, or going to sea, than passing into the employ of the settlers, as regular farm-servants. This, no doubt, arises partly from their unwillingness to mix with the convicts so universally employed on farms, partly from a sense of pride; for, owing to convicts being hitherto almost the sole agricultural labourers, they naturally look upon that vocation as degrading in the same manner as white men in slave colonies regard work of any kind, seeing that none but slaves do work. It is partly this same pride, as much as the hostile sentiments instilled into them by their parents, that makes them so utterly averse to fill the situation of petty constables, or to enlist as soldiers.

"The young girls are of a mild-tempered, modest disposition, possessing much simplicity of character; and, like all children of nature, credulous, and easily led into error. The lower classes are anxious to get into respectable service, from a laudable wish to be independent, and escape from the tutelage of their often profligate parents;—and like the 'braw Scotch lasses,' love to display their pretty curly locks, tucked up with tortoiseshell combs—and, slipshod or bare-footed, trip it merrily along. They make generally very good servants, their wages varying from £10 to £15 per annum. They do not commonly appear to class chastity as the *very first* of virtues, which circumstance arises partly from their

never being tutored by their parents so to consider it, but more especially from never perceiving its violation to retard marriage. They are all fond of frolicking in the water, and those living near the sea can usually swim and dive like dab-chicks.

"The Currency youth are warmly attached to their country, which they deem unsurpassable, and few ever visit England without hailing the day of their return as the most delightful in their lives; while almost every thing in the parent-land sinks in relative value with similar objects at home. Indeed, when comparing the exhilarating summer aspect of Sidney, with its cloudless sky, to the dingy gloom of a London street, no wonder a damp should be cast over the ethereal spirits of those habituated to the former; and who had possibly been led into extravagant anticipations regarding London, by the eulogiums of individuals reluctantly torn from its guilty joys. A young Australian, on being once asked his opinion of a splendid shop on Ludgate-hill, replied, in a disappointed tone, 'It is not equal to *Big Cooper's*,' (a store-shop in Sydney,) while Mrs. Rickard's *Fashionable Repository* is believed to be unrivalled, even in Bond street. Some of them, also, contrive to find out that the English cows give less milk and butter than the Australian, and that the choicest Newmarket racers possess less beauty and swiftness than *Junius*, *Modus*, *Currency Lass*, and others of Australian turf pedigree;—nay, even a young girl, when asked how she would like to go to England, replied with great *naïveté*, 'I should be afraid to go, from the number of *thieves* there,' doubtless conceiving England to be a downright hive of such, that threw off its annual swarms to people the wilds of this colony. Nay, the very miserable-looking trees that cast their annual coats of bark, and present to the eye of a raw European the appearance of being actually dead, I have heard praised as objects of incomparable beauty! and I myself, so powerful is habit, begin to look upon them pleasantly. Our ideas of beauty are, in truth, less referrible to a natural than an artificial standard, varying in every country according to what the eye has been habituated to, and fashion prescribes.

"The youths generally marry early, and do not seem to relish the system of concubinage so popular among their *Sterling* brethren here. In their amorous flirtations, I cannot find that they indulge in exchange of love-tokens mementoes of roses, shreds of ribbons, broken sixpences, and the like tender reminiscences, fashionable among the melting striplings of humble birth in England; the only approach to these antique customs witnessed by me, consisting of a hock of pickled pork and a pound of sixpenny sugar, conveyed by way of *sap* to undermine the impregnable fortress reared by the virtue of one of our Newgate nuns; but whether in accordance to colonial custom, or to minister to the lady's refined penchant for such delicacies, I cannot take upon me to decide.

"A number of the slang phrases current in St. Giles's *Greek* bid fair to become legitimized in the dictionary of this colony: *plant*, *swag*, *pulling up*, and other epithets of the

Tom and Jerry school, are established—the dress passing here as genuine, even among all ranks, while the native word *jirrand* (afraid) has become in some measure an adopted child, and may probably puzzle our future Johnsons with its *unde derivatur*. In our police-offices, the slang words are taken regularly down in examinations, and I once saw a little urchin, not exceeding ten years, *patter* it in evidence to the bench with the most perfect fluency. Among the lower classes, these terms form a part of every common conversation; and the children consequently catch them. An acquaintance in Van Dieman's Land, who had ordered his eldest boy to give up a plaything to a younger, only a week after arrival, was puzzled to make out the meaning of the latter, on its afterwards running in to him and calling out, 'Pa! Bill has *planted* it' (hid it). In addition to this, the London mode of *pronunciation* has been duly engrafted on the colloquial dialect of our Currency youths, and even the better sort of them are apt to meet your observation of 'A fine day,' with their *improving* response of '*Wery fine indeed!*' This is accounted for by the number of individuals from London and its vicinity, who speak in this manner, that have become residents in the colony, and thus stamped the language of the rising generation with their unenviable peculiarity—an explanation according with all past experience. In the north of Ireland, Scotch superstitions, Scotch prudence, and Scotch pronunciation, still strongly mark the majority of the people, though that portion of the country was settled two centuries ago by emigrants only partly from Scotland. To similar causes may be traced the various tones and expressions now prevalent in the United States. Thus the nasal twang generally current there is doubtless derived from the Puritan ancestors of New England, who would—

'Quarrel with mince-pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend plum-porridge;
Fat pig, and goose itself oppose,
And blasphemous eustard *through the nose.*'

Vol. ii. pp. 53—61.

If the corruptions of modern times had not destroyed the religious feelings which bind colonies to their founders, the Currency youths would send envoys annually to hunt at Epping, and roll down the hill of Greenwich, and to join in the celebration of the Pan-cockneyics on Lord Mayor's day.

The Currency lads are famous, like their progenitors, for pugnacity. Boxing is practised in the purest style, and "scientific mills" often take place.

The extent to which this estimable population can spread hereafter, is unknown: uncertainty yet hangs over the interior of the Australian continent. Parallel to the coast, and at a distance of from fifty to one hundred miles, runs a chain of mountains. It is beyond these mountains, if at all, that a great nation must be formed in Australia. The mountains have been passed; fertile land has been found; a river has been traced for some distance, till its current seemed lost in marshes; but whether it has an outlet, and if any exist, where it is to be found, is entirely unknown. The following

is Mr. Cunningham's speculation on the subject:—

"But the question regarding the termination of all those rivers which take their rise in the interior of this extensive barrier range, is a problem yet to be solved, and one which deserves the most serious consideration of the government. That they have an outlet *somewhere*, is evident from the very sudden fall of the Macquarie's inundation, observed by Mr. Oxley, where that river merged in the extensive interior marshes, and from the rapidity of the current even after he lost the channel among the reeds there. That, also, there can be no very extensive interior sea, may be argued from the fact that no rain clouds are ever seen coming from that quarter. It is more than probable that these marshes communicate with the Alligator rivers, discovered by Captain King, which fall into Van Dieman's Gulf, opposite to Melville and Bathurst Islands, on the north-west coast, to which direction the current of the marshes tends. The distance from the junction of the Macquarie, with the marshes to this point, is about eighteen hundred miles, while Mr. Oxley calculated the height of the river at that junction to be two hundred feet above the sea,—giving thus four inches per league of descent to the sea, which is equal to that of the Nile from Cairo to Rosetta. This calculation of two hundred feet, however, is mere guess-work, as no barometrical measurement was made; but it is evident, that rivers taking their rise from great altitudes, will have the water in the portions of their channel below (where there is but trifling descent) impelled onwards with greater rapidity than the portions of those rivers (having the same descent as the former, in their channels towards the sea) which derive their origin from a less elevated source; inasmuch as, the impetus from behind being greater, increased rapidity in the whole course will naturally ensue. Thus the origin of the Macquarie being two thousand six hundred feet above the sea, it will be manifest that a considerable impetus must necessarily be given to the more level portions of its channel-current towards its termination.

"Three rivers, named Alligator Rivers, were all seen to discharge their waters into Van Dieman's Gulf, at so short a distance from each other, as to make it very probable they will turn out to be the mere mouths of one great river. Up two of these, Captain King sailed: one having a mud-bar of twelve feet at its entrance, but deepening to six and eight fathoms beyond; and the other having eight fathoms for nine miles up, and shoaling very gradually afterwards to fifteen feet at high water, thirty-six miles from its mouth, at which place it was one hundred and fifty yards broad. The bottom and banks were found to be composed of soft alluvial mud, and the country in the direction of its source, and indeed nearly all round, is so low, that no high land could be seen, even in the distance.

"No other part of the coast affords such hopes of finding the outlet of our interior waters as this; for almost every where else (as far as examinations have been made), mountains are found to approach so near the coast

as to preclude the likelihood of rivers forcing their way through, whilst here the country is one continued level, as far as the eye extends. Even Regent's River, at no very great distance herefrom, is discovered to have its course nearly parallel to the coast, like our Hawkesbury,—from being jammed in between the sea and the dividing range of mountains so nearly approaching it. The depth of the Macquarie, at the point where Mr. Oxley lost it in the marshes, was five feet only; but it is generally supposed that gentlemen had here lost the proper channel, since he had thirty feet of sounding immediately before. For more than a hundred miles of the river's previous course, the depth of water was never less than ten feet, and often as great as thirty—the medium being about twenty, and the stream navigable much beyond. If the Alligator Rivers prove to be the outlet of the Macquarie marshes, and a navigable communication should be traced to them from the Macquarie, a fine field will be opened for successful colonization and commercial adventure; and the supposition is strengthened by the frequently reported accounts of animals, resembling alligators, being seen in the Macquarie, manifesting its actual termination to be in the sea, and that in tropical latitudes.

"At Melville Island, fronting the entrance of the Alligator Rivers, a commercial establishment has been some years formed for the purpose of attracting the trade of the adjoining Malay islands, and the Chinese trade with the Dutch likewise, to this spot—and certainly few places could be found better adapted for fixing a settlement upon with such a view; but it would require the genius and enterprise of a Sir Stamford Raffles to carry the plan successfully into effect."—Vol. i. pp. 28—32.

The most recent examinations have not added to, but have rather lessened, the hopes of finding a navigable inlet to the interior of this great continent. But still, if the interior beyond the reach of Mr. Oxley's investigation, shall prove to be an arid plain, as some anticipate, the country already explored will maintain a large population. That conjectures on the subject are of little value, is proved by their variety and contradictoriness. There are many anomalies in geography, and the interior of New South Wales may add one to the number.

If we had not made this article so long, we should have liked to have given some of Mr. Cunningham's notices of the manners of the colonists, and his humorous description (though in that the newspapers have generally anticipated us) of the tricks and management of the convicts on their passage. The manners and etiquette of the colony seem to be those of a small town, heightened by the too well founded suspicion that every stranger is a rogue.

"The pride and dignified *hauteur* of some of our *ultra* aristocracy far eclipse those of the nobility in England. An excellent Yorkshire friend of mine, in command of a merchant ship, unaware of the distance and punctilio observed here, very innocently stepped up to one of our 'eminent lawyers,' (to whom he had been casually introduced but a few days previous,) to ask some trifling question, which he

prefaced with 'Good morning, Mr. —.' The man of the law, however, recoiled as if a toad had tumbled in his path, and ejaculated with a stern frown, 'Upon my life, I don't know you, sir.' This proved a subject of much merriment afterwards to my friend, who would receive my usual 'How d'ye do's,' when we met, with a disdainful toss of the head, and 'Upon my life, I don't know you, sir!'

"While strolling once with an acquaintance on my first arrival in the colony, we chanced to encounter a couple of our men of rank, with one of whom my friend walked aside, to hold some private conversation, leaving the other and me standing together. As the gentleman was known to me by sight, and I knew him also to have lately come down the country in a direction which I was about to take on the morrow, I incautiously asked of him the state of the roads. But what was my surprise when, drawing himself up with a most self-important air, he replied in the exact terms of the lawyer before-mentioned, 'Upon my word I don't know you, sir.' Being yet a novice with respect to colonial dignity, I naturally concluded that some wag had been chalking P. B. or such-like villainous insignia upon my back (as is sometimes practised), which had brought on me this contemptuous rebuff; but on satisfying myself of the incorrectness of the surmise, I naturally began to marvel who this *great man* could be, and should doubtless have set him down as the Duke de las Sierras, or the Marquis of Aquaro at least, had I not been afterwards assured that he was nothing more than a retired subaltern of infantry some time rusticated here."—Vol. ii. pp. 121—23.

We shall conclude with a picture of the progress of the colony. Dearly as it has been paid for, it is pleasant to contemplate; though, not having been in Australia, we cannot sympathise in the raptures at "eleven separate benches of magistrates."

"But when we seriously contemplate the wonderful revolution wrought in the colony since its formation, we cannot but be proud of the energies displayed by our enterprising community. Here, where, thirty-eight years ago, not one civilized being disputed the dominion of the woods with their savage inhabitants, now forty thousand such exist, spread over an extent of country of two hundred square miles, having justice administered by civil and criminal courts;—six separate courts of quarter sessions, and eleven separate benches of magistrates being instituted among them. Where, thirty-eight years ago, not a single European animal breathed, now upwards of 200,000 sheep, upwards of 100,000 head of cattle, and many thousand horses and other animals destined for the support and pleasure of man are peacefully grazing. Where, thirty-eight years ago, not an ear of grain was cultivated, we now see fifty thousand bushels advertized for—for the mere annual consumption of one of our distilleries;—while four steam-mills, ten water-mills, eighteen wind-mills, and two horse-mills, furnish us with an abundance of excellent flour from our own wheat; two very extensive distilleries, with several hundred thousand galloche annually of a pure spirit from our barley and maize; and thirteen breweries, with ale and

beer from our various descriptions of colonial grain,—eight thousand hogsheds being the average yearly amount of this wholesome beverage supplied to the public.

"On the site of Sidney alone what a change has been effected! Where, thirty-eight years ago, not a human hut was to be counted, nor the slightest hum of commerce heard, we have now a city occupying a mile square, crowded with industrious citizens, and teeming with vehicles wheeling along the varied productions of the soil,—the market-dues for this traffic renting, the present year, at £40*l*. and the toll-gate dues at 1000*l*.—the town containing twenty-two agents for the management of shipping affairs; eleven auctioneers for expeditiously disposing of colonial and foreign wares; a chamber of commerce to push forward and watch over colonial enterprise, effect insurances, and arbitrate in matters relating to shipping; two flourishing banks, dividing forty per cent. on their advances; and three newspapers, (one weekly, and two printed twice a week,) in one of which I counted one day 124 advertisements.

"Our commerce I may say is but of six years' duration; only beginning to rise at that period from its prostrate state, in consequence of the repeal of the absurd regulations with which Governor Macquarie had oppressively chained it down.

"Six years ago, the colonial shipping was in a manner annihilated:—now we have four vessels constantly whaling; six sealing: two employed as regular packets between Sidney and Newcastle; one between Sydney and Hobart Town (the principal traffic this way being carried on in English vessels on their way out and home); several trading constantly between Sydney and Port Dalrymple:—besides irregular traders to all these places, and a number of small craft coasting to the Hawkesbury, Illawarra, and other points.

"Our English and foreign commerce is so mixed up with that of Van Diemen's Land, that the two colonies must in this respect be taken *partially* together; but six years ago, their whole intercourse with England did not exceed three ships annually, while in the thirteen months preceding June, 1826, we had twenty-four ships from England, conveying to us numerous respectable emigrants, and importing cargoes valued at 200,000*l*., while we exported in seventeen ships to England, cargoes consisting of wool, skins, oil, timber, pearl-shells, trennails, and hides, to the value of more than 100,000*l*., the difference being made up in ships' disbursements while in harbour, and the invested capital of the various individuals who came to reside among us.

"Again:—six years ago, some six or seven vessels yearly from India and China, comprised the *whole* of our foreign traders; but in the period above alluded to, we imported cargoes of teas, sugars, silks, nankeens, India calicoes, tobacco, Cape wines, &c. valued at about £200,000, in ten vessels from the Isle of France,—five from India,—four from the Brazils,—two from the Cape, and five from China; amounting thus to twenty-six foreign, and altogether to fifty vessels entered inland from England and other parts, with cargoes estimated

at £400,000; the foreign importations being paid principally in government bills and dollars. We have also a tolerably thriving trade with the South Sea Islands, and New Zealand, wherefrom we import sandal-wood, pearl-shells, arrow-root, salted pork, spars, &c. Our tea and sugar imports are a considerable drawback to colonial advancement, seeing that nearly the whole must be paid for in government bills and dollars, thus rendering government expenditure in a manner essential to enable us to procure these luxuries. If we could exchange our flour, wool, beef, pork, coals, timber, &c. for this tea and sugar, we should be not only independent of government expenditure, but import more than we now do from England."—Vol. ii. pp. 73—77.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE STREAMS.

THE power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths: all these have
vanish'd;

They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language.

COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

Ye have been holy, O founts and floods!
Ye of the ancient and solemn woods,
Ye that are born of the valleys deep,
With the water-flowers on your breast asleep,
And ye that gush from the sounding caves,
Hallow'd have been your waves.

Hallow'd by man in his dreams of old,
Unto beings not of this mortal mould;
Viewless and deathless and wondrous powers,
Whose voice he heard in his lonely hours,
Or sought with its fancied sound to still
The heart Earth could not fill.

Therefore the flowers of bright summers gone,
O'er your sweet waters, ye streams! were
thrown;

Thousands of gifts to the sunny sea
Have ye swept along in your wanderings free,
And thrill'd to the murmur of many a vow,
Where all is silent now.

Nor seems it strange that the heart hath been
Thus link'd in love to your margins green;
That still, though ruin'd, your early shrines
In beauty gleam through the southern vines,
And the ivied chapels of colder skies
On your wild banks arise.

For the loveliest scenes of the glowing earth
Are those, bright Streams! where your springs
have birth;

Whether their cavern'd murmur fills
With a tone of plaint the hollow hills,
Or the glad sweet laugh of their healthful flow
Is heard midst the hamlets low.

Or whether ye gladden the desert-sands
With a joyous music to pilgrim bands,
And a flash from under some ancient rock,
Where a shepherd-king might have watch'd
his flock,
Where a few lone palm-trees lift their heads,
And a green acacia spreads.

Or whether, in bright old lands renown'd,
The laurels thrill to your first-born sound,
And the shadow flung from the Grecian pine
Sweeps with the breeze o'er your gleaming
line,

And the tall reeds whisper to your waves
Beside heroic graves.

Voices and Lights of the lonely place!
By the freshest fern your course we trace;
By the brightest cups on the emerald moss
Whose fairy goblets the turf emboss,
By the rainbow glancing of insect wings,
In a thousand mazy rings.

There sucks the bee, for the richest flowers
Are all your own through the summer-hours;
There the proud stag his fair image knows,
Traced on your glass beneath alder-boughs,
And the halcyon's breast, like the skies array'd,
Gleams through the willow-shade.

But the wild sweet tales that with elves and
fays

Peopled your banks in the olden days,
And the memory left to departed love
To your antique founts in glen and grove,
And the glory born of the poet's dreams—

These are your charms, bright Streams!

Now is the time of your flowery rites
Gone by with its dances and young delights;
From your marble urns ye have burst away,
From your chapel-cells to the laughing day;
Low lie your altars with moss o'ergrown,
And the woods again are lone.

Yet holy still be your living springs,
Haunts of all gentle and glad-some things!
Holy, to converse with Nature's lore,
That gives the worn spirit its youth once more,
And to silent thoughts of the love divine,
Making the heart a shrine!

F. H.

Literary Intelligence.

THE celebrated orientalist M. von Hammer has recently published the first volume of his *History of the Turkish Empire*, which is to form 6 vols. 8vo. with Maps. This work is the fruit of thirty years research in nearly two hundred Turkish, Arabic, and Persian works, independently of those examined on this subject in almost every important library in Europe, amongst which M. von Hammer cites particularly the collections of Oxford and Cambridge.

For a long time vain attempts were made to abolish the Bohemian language at Prague. As the Bohemians constitute the majority in their native country, the national language has triumphed, and the government has become convinced that it is lost labour to attempt abolishing the idiom of a whole kingdom. A theatre has recently been opened for the performance of national pieces.

In general, every village in Hungary has its schoolmaster, (vide Magda, *Statistique et Geographie de la Hongrie*), and it is very rare to meet with a Catholic or Protestant peasant unable to read. After this we may be able to estimate the accuracy of a statement recently emitted by a high authority—the Edinburgh

Review—that almost all the inhabitants of Hungary, Transylvania, and Croatia, can neither read nor write. Vide *Revue Encycl. Mars*, 1827.

A new edition of Eckhel's *Doctrina Nummorum Veterum* has lately appeared at Vienna, in 8 vols., together with the hitherto inedited *Addenda*.

The Lives of the principal Latin poets of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries with a metrical Translation of their best Poems, accompanied with the original Texts, and the necessary historical and mythological Notes, will speedily appear at Vienna, in 3 vols.

Beethoven, the celebrated composer, died at Vienna, on the 26th March.

Lithographic Impressions of Select Drawings, by celebrated Masters of all the Schools, from the collection of the Archduke Charles, will speedily appear. This collection contains 14,000 original designs. The work will be published in livraisons, the number of which is not yet fixed. The early Numbers will contain the Schools of Italy and Germany, and the later the Schools of France and the Netherlands. A part will be published monthly. Each plate will be 26 inches long by 18 broad.

The education of the clergy has been at all times an object of solicitude with the German princes. It is more particularly during the last half century, however, that their chief attention has been directed to it, in order that the clergy might keep pace with the improvement of the people. The reforms effected in Austria under Maria Theresia and Joseph II. and even under the present Emperor are well known. It is chiefly in other parts of the south of Germany, that ecclesiastical instruction has been organized on a large scale, and adapted to the moral and intellectual wants of the nineteenth century. It is in the Grand Duchy of Baden, in Wirtemberg, and Bavaria where such a state of things has been established, and where its good effects are felt. The clergy in these countries, having become truly adapted to the wants of the nation, exert a salutary influence on all classes of society. The Catholic is the religion of the state, but all others are free; and all citizens, whatever their creed, are equally admissible to the same public functions and employments, and possess the same civil and political rights. The Articles of the Concordat concluded with the Pope are subordinate, in their application, to the fundamental law of the state, and particularly to the *Edict on religious matters* annexed to this law. On all these, and many other points, the excellent Manual of Ecclesiastical Law of M. Brendel, Public Professor of Ecclesiastical Law at the University of Wurzburg, may be consulted. It is one of the most important works that has appeared in Germany in our days, and combats, in a manner equally victorious, the doctrines of the Ultras, and the false opinions attempted to be circulated in Europe.

The publication of the *Kayserchronik*, or Chronicle of the Emperors, is to take place immediately. It is an historical poem of the twelfth century, containing 17,500 verses, and

will be edited by Dr. Massman, in 2 vols. 8vo. The first volume will contain the Text, with various Readings and Notes; the second will consist of a Dictionary, Historical Notes, Fac-Similes, &c. The editor also intends publishing, in parts, a Series of Documents on the Language and Literature of Germany, during the Early and Middle Ages, collected during a voyage of two years, devoted to visiting the libraries of Wolfenbüttel, Heidelberg, Munich, Strasburg, &c.

We have already received notices of several of the various annuals which are being prepared to greet the new year. We notice them in the order received. Mr. A. A. Watts states the *Souvenir* to be in great forwardness, and that its illustrations have been selected from the galleries of some of the most distinguished patrons of living art. The *Souvenir* will thus have twelve splendid line engravings, by eminent engravers, after original paintings of first-rate excellence; and its literary contents are promised to be of as high an order as heretofore.

The *Amulet* also promises superior embellishments, and the contributions of nearly sixty celebrated authors.

The *Bijou* (a new publication) gives a list of interesting and valuable graphic illustrations, and announces the Author of *Waverley* and Sir T. Lawrence among its contributors. Two early productions of His Majesty and the Duke of York are to appear in this volume.

The *Forget-Me-Not*, by Mr. Ackermann, is almost ready. Its literary wealth (above eighty compositions in verse and prose) and ornaments of art are advertised as improvements upon preceding years which have been so widely popular.

Preparing for publication, in 1 vol. 8vo., The Journal or Itinerary of Thomas Beckington, Secretary to Henry VI., and afterwards Bishop of Bath, Sir Robert Ross, Knt., and others, during their journey from Windsor to Bordeaux on an Embassy to negotiate the Marriage between Henry VI. and one of the daughters of the Count Arminack, in June 1442; from a contemporary MS. With Illustrative Notes, Historical and Biographical, by Nicholas Harris Nicolas, Esq. F. S. A.

The Influence of Apathy, and Other Poems, by Henry Trovanion, fcap. 8vo., is in the press.

The Rev. Thomas Sims has nearly ready for publication, An Apology for the Waldenses; exhibiting an Historical View of their Origin, Orthodoxy, Loyalty, and Constancy, in 8vo.

A Clergyman of the Church of England, is preparing for the press, a History of England, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time; in which it is intended to consider Men and Events on Christian Principles. To be published in Monthly Numbers, and to be completed in 4 vols. 12mo.

The Second Part of the Rev. S. T. Bloomfield's *Recensio Synoptica Annotationes Sacre: or Critical Digest of the most important Annotations on the New Testament*. In 4 vols. 8vo.

The Fourth Part of Mr. Thome's Series of Early Prose Romances will contain the Merry Exploits of Robin Hood; and the Curious MS. Life of that Outlaw, preserved in the Sloanean Library, in the British Museum, will be printed, for the first time, in the Appendix.

History of the Campaigns of the British Armies in Spain, Portugal, and the South of France, from 1808 to 1814. By the Author of "Cyril Thornton." In 2 vols. is announced.

In the press, the *Southside Papers*, edited by Timothy Tiekler, Esq. In 2 vols. 8vo.

Lieut. Col. Vans Kennedy has announced for publication, *Researches into the Origin and Affinity of the Principal Languages of Asia and Europe*.

A Narrative of the Capture, Detention, and Ransom of Charles Johnston, of Botecourt County, Virginia, who was made Prisoner by the Indians, on the river Ohio, in the year 1790, is nearly ready.

Nearly ready, the *Miscellaneous Prose Writings of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* now first collected in 6 vols. 8vo.

The Reasons of the Laws of Moses, from the More Nevochim of Maimonides, with Notes, Dissertations, and a Life of the Author, by James Townley, D.D., is announced.

Mr. T. Hood, the author of *Whims and Oddities*, *National Tales*, &c., has announced for early publication, a volume entitled *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies, Hero and Leander, Lyeus the Centaur, and Other Poems*.

Mr. Gent, who is well known to the literary world as the author of a *Monody on Sheridan*, has now in the press a volume of Poems, which will include all those already published in a separate form.

A new Translation of the Odes of Anacreon, with a sketch of his life, will shortly be published.

The Poetical Works of Collins, with ample Biographical and Critical Notes. By the Rev. Alex. Dyce.—Also, the Dramatic Works of John Webster, now first collected; with Notes, by the same Rev. Gentleman. The publication of this latter work will be a valuable and much-wanted addition to our dramatic literature.

NEW BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Chronicles of London Bridge, 8vo. 11. 8s. bds.; large paper, 2l. 8s. bds.—Butler's Questions on Roman History, 12mo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Common-Place Book of British Eloquence, 12mo. 4s. bds.—Allison's Child's French Friend, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Howard's Colonial Law, 2 vols. royal 8vo. 3l. 3s. bds.—Hymns for Private Devotion, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Sponsor's Gift, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Kitchiner's Traveller's Oracle, 2 vols. fcp. 15s. bds.—Hind's Farmery, 12mo. 12s. bds.—Kelly's Religious Thoughts, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Twigger's Illustrations of Christianity, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Second Supplement to Bateman's Turnpike Act, 12mo. 2s. bds.—Falmyn on Friendly Societies, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Fosbroke's Foreign Topography, Part I. 4to. 5s.—Outline of a System of Surveying, for Geographical and Military Purposes, 8vo. 5s.—Euclid Symbolically Arranged; 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.